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ABSTRACT

The curriculum projects described in this collection were developed by U.S. classroom teachers who traveled to Tanzania and Zambia as part of the Fulbright-Hays teacher exchange program in the summer of 1992. The included projects are as follows: "Curriculum Project: Tanzania/Zambia Seminar Abroad '92" (Donelle Blubaugh); "East Africa and Its Women: A Unit Designed for Twelfth Grade Modern Problems Classes" (Thom Brzoska); "An African Unit Using Resource Based Learning" (Doris Cosley); "International Pen Pal Project" (Ellen Icolari); "Kickin' It in Khangas" (Betty Lau and Susan Renaud); "A View From Kilimanjaro" (Jean McCall); "To Be or Not To Be: A Question of Survival." (Carol E. Murphy--Middle School Curriculum, Diane Isaacs--High School Curriculum); "Teaching Africa through the Arts" (Tamara Sax); "Developing Nations: Tanzania and Zambia" (Bob Scheele); "Africa Alive" (Mary Lillian Smith); and "Introduction to Africa" (Marilyn Strelau). (DB)

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HISTORY AND CULTURE OF TANZANIA AND ZAMBIA

A Fullbright-Hays Seminars Abroad Program

Summer 1992

Curriculum Projects

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
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"HISTORY AND CULTURE OF TANZANIA AND ZAMBIA"

A Fulbright-Hays Seminars Abroad Program
Summer 1992

Curriculum Projects

Title	Author
Curriculum Project: Tanzania/Zambia Seminar Abroad '92	Donelle Blubaugh
East Africa and Its Women: A Unit Designed for Twelfth Grade Modern Problems Classes	Thom Brzoska
An African Unit Using Resource Based Learning	Doris Cosley
International Pen Pal Project	Ellen Icolari
Kickin' It In Khangas	Betty Lau Susan Renaud
A View From Kilimanjaro	Jean McCall
To Be or Not To Be: A Question of Survival Middle School Curriculum High School Curriculum	Carol E. Murphy Diane Isaacs
Teaching Africa Through the Arts	Tamara Sax
Developing Nations: Tanzania and Zambia	Bob Scheele
Africa Alive	Mary Lillian Smith
Introduction to Africa	Marilyn Strelau

NOTE

Thom Brzoska recommends the following publication for short stories:

> Other Voices, Other Vistas: Short Stories from Africa, China, India, Japan, and Latin America (Mentor/Penguin Group, 1992)
>
> Thom particularly recommends Charles Mungoshi's (Zimbabwe) "Who Will Stop the Dark," p.74

DONELLE BLUBAUGH, Middlebury Union High School Middlebury, Vermont 05753

Curriculum Project
Tanzania/Zambia Seminar Abroad '92

What follows are descriptions of short lessons and longer term projects I developed with the classroom teachers with whom I consult. These activities are part of an African Studies unit for 9th grade students enrolled in an interdisciplinary, team-taught course which combines the study of world geography and Language Arts. Since students with a wide range of abilities, from learning impaired to gifted, take the course, many of the activities are "customized" projects for individual students.

By the time our students begin their African studies they have had considerable practice applying the idea that all cultures have many things in common. We usually focus on the following: all cultures have histories, form governments, form groups, gather food, have ways of passing information and traditions from one generation to the next, use language (including oral language and the languages of the visual and performing arts) to express ideas and emotions and build shelter appropriate to their physical location and group needs. These "commonalities" serve as the lenses through which most of the regions and cultures we study are analyzed and compared. The conflict between tradition and modernity becomes a unifying theme as we study issues facing modern Africa.

INTRODUCTORY ACTIVITIES--Our introductory activities focus on helping students realize that many aspects of Africa are more familiar than they might think.

1. **Slide presentation**: Photographs of people engaged in daily routine(work, marketing, conversation, play, etc.) and of "ordinary" sights (storefronts, transportation vehicles, signs, cinema, dairy farms, etc.) in Lusaka and Livingstone, Zambia are alternated with similar situations and scenes from our students' hometown. Prior to viewing the slides, students are asked to predict what they will see in a slide presentation intended to introduce them to life in an African country. Answers have varied from "huts" to "lions" to "starving children". The point is made when the students recognize, for example, that the parking lot farmer's market in Middlebury, Vermont is related to the giant, open-air market in Lusaka, Zambia.

2. The children's picture book, ASHANTI TO ZULU, is useful for introducing students to the customs of 26 different African groups. For a simple object lesson, students are asked to identify family or community customs they practice that serve functions similar to those illustrated in the book. On a more sophisticated level the book can serve as a starting point for individual student research on the relationship between physical geography and the characteristics of a culture.

FOOD--I prefer to prepare specific foods in connection with their mention in articles, stories and novels rather than organize giant end-of-unit feasts. A simple meal of ugali (stiff porridge) and spinach stew can be used to teach volumes about African ways with food.

1. THE AFRICA NEWS COOKBOOK (Penguin, 1985) is the best source I've found locally for recipes that replicate the flavors of foods I ate in homes and restaurants in Tanzania and Zambia. Recipes from all regions of the continent are presented and many of them are uncomplicated and inexpensive enough to meet the requirements of classroom cooking. Just as valuable is the introductory information about African foods, women and the production and preparation of food, and hunger issues. Many recipes are introduced with discussions of eating customs and the place of particular ingredients in African diets.

NEWSPAPERS--A ten-minute browse through a local newspaper can generate a semester's worth of questions to research and problems to solve.

1. Newpapers from Nairobi, Dar Es Salaam and Lusaka can be used to illustrate the influences of European colonialism in East and Southern Africa. Students will observe, of course, that the newspapers are printed in English and that golf scores are reported. Students also notice that many Africans have Anglo given names and that many articles are concerned with post-independence issues. This review can serve as a way of generating topics for researching and reporting on colonialism and independence movements in African nations.

2. The newspapers can also be used to refute students' stereotypical images of Africa as a place devoid of modern conveniences, products and technology. We ask students to predict the content of Zambian and Tanzanian newspapers in the following categories: news, advertising, photographs and classified advertising. As they look at the newspapers

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the students record the observed content of those four areas and compare their expectations with reality.

DEVELOPMENT--Ninth grade students are moved by reports of hunger, illness and poor living conditions from Africa and frequently think that rapid development that would make the lives of Africans more like their own is a logical solution. We try to stress that the purpose of development is to improve the quality of life in ways that respect the beliefs, values and environment of the developing region.

1. The textbook used in our course, GLOBAL INSIGHTS (Hantula, Flickema, et.al. Merrill, 1987), provides students with some background on development efforts in African countries. WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN TANZANIA, an analysis of the quality of life for women and children in mainland Tanzania, published by UNICEF and the Tanzanian government, can provide information for students who would like to examine development issues closely. Once students have identified some health, education and economic needs of women and children in Tanzania, they can research how small-scale development projects sponsored by humanitarian organizations are meeting these needs. Information about such projects can be found in organization newsletters and magazines. For example, The Hunger Project (One Madison Ave., New York, NY 10010) publishes a magazine called African Farmer and USAID publishes a monthly newsletter. Africa News is a bi-weekly publication that is frequently a good source of information about development projects as well as general reporting from all parts of Africa (P.O. Box 3851, Durham, NC 27702).

LITERATURE--We have found the following titles to be particulary helpful for bringing our students to understanding of both traditional African values and contemporary issues. Many of these authors and titles are part of secondary school literature curricula in Tanzania and Zambia. Most of the authors are African.

"The Ultimate Safari" by Nadine Gordimer. In CRIMES OF CONSCIENCE (Heinemann, 1991). Gordimer contrasts the flight of a family from civil war-torn Mozambique through Kruger National Park to a refugee center with the adventure promised in an advertising blurb for a luxury safari.

"Makonde Carvers" by Maria Thomas. In AFRICAN VISAS (Soho Press, 1991). A story about the ironic relationship between a master carver and the tourists and expatriots who are his customers. Also provides some insight into Makonde carving traditions and the political context in which they work in Tanzania.

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WHEN RAIN CLOUDS GATHER by Bessie Head (Heinemann. 1969). Set in the rural Botswana where a British agricultural expert tries to revolutionize traditional farming with modern techniques. The conflicting pressures of tradition and contemporary politics are explored.

"The Wind and a Boy" by Doeglas Wood. In THE MANY TOOLS OF CHRISTOPHER BY (New York. 1971). This story constitutes a warning about the dangers of progress.

A BOOKLET: EIGHT MODERN STORIES OF LIFE IN A WEST AFRICAN VILLAGE by Tom Hilsky (Nairobi. 1970). Just as the title suggests.

THE RIVER BETWEEN by Ngugi wa Thiong'o (Heinemann. 1965). This novel has become the central reading for study of the conflict between change and tradition. Less able readers will need support, especially through the first half of the novel and teachers should be prepared to discuss male and female circumcision.

"Marriage is a Private Affair" by Chinua Achebe. In GIRLS AT WAR AND OTHER STORIES (Archer. 1981). About the conflict between an aging father and his son who marries outside the Ibo tribe.

THREE SOLID STONES by Martha Mlagala Mvungi (Heinemann. 1975). Retellings of traditional Tanzanian tales.

SONG OF LAWINO and SONG OF OCOL by Okot p'Bitek (Heinemann. 1954). This book contains two long poems. "Song of Lawino" is a woman's protest against her husband's rejection of traditional Acoli ways. "Song of Ocol" is her husband's reply and call for complete modernization. I would not recommend assigned reading of the complete poem for most ninth grade students. Excerpts provide valuable information about traditional values.

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EAST AFRICA AND ITS WOMEN:
A UNIT DESIGNED FOR TWELFTH GRADE MODERN PROBLEMS CLASSES.

THOM J. BRZOSKA
FULBRIGHT-HAYS, EAST AFRICA, SUMMER 1992

EAST AFRICA AND ITS WOMEN: A UNIT DESIGNED FOR TWELFTH GRADE MODERN PROBLEMS CLASSES.

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The following unit is focusing on Eastern Africa. It will analyze the economic, political, and social issues affecting women there, and developing countries in general. This curriculum unit will study how traditional values and attitudes are used to keep women from having a major voice in deciding their place in society. It will also include specific issues such as physical abuse against women, rape, property inheritance, and the impact of AIDS. (It is important to note that the degree of freedom that women have to be educated, own property, start businesses, to be involved in the political life of a country is an excellent indicator of the degree of democratic change or lack thereof taking place in developing countries.)

The following three activities will give students a general background about the continent of Africa and, specifically, Eastern Africa.

Activity One:
This first activity is designed to evaluate student knowledge of Africa in general.

Have students list on a piece of paper the words, phrases, or descriptions that come to mind when they think of the continent of Africa.

Give the students several minutes to make their lists. Ask the students to read them aloud while the teacher writes them on the board.

After writing students thoughts on the board, analyze each response by placing a plus (P), minus (M), or interesting (I) before each if the students think the comment reflects positively, negatively or neutrally on Africa Discuss their responses and analyze the results to see if they have more positives then negatives etc. Ask students why they think the way they do about this continent. Where do they get most of their information? Do

they think they have enough knowledge of this area to make judgements about the people and societies there?

It is suggested that various pictures of African life be shared with students at this time that include pictures of modern cities with skyscrapers, modern homes, and businesses, and western garbed people. Many students have a narrow view of Africa that is focused on wild animal life, starvation and mud huts that is extremely incomplete.

Activity Two:
This activity will study some of the major demographic factors affecting Eastern Africa. The following two activities will be using the Scholastic Update World Affairs Annual 1992-93, Vol. 125, No. 4, October 23, 1992. (This World Affairs Update is published and updated each year in the fall by Scholastic Update, 2931 McCarty Street, P.O. Box 3710, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102-3710.)

Have students attempt to name as many African countries without looking at a list or map as they can. Afterwards, have them turn to a map or atlas of Africa (page 7) and review the names of the countries missed. The following questions might be asked to elicit more interest and knowledge about this continent.

> How many African countries are there? Is Africa mostly in the Southern or Northern Hemisphere? What is the tallest mountain on this continent? Where is it located? What are the various water features that border it? How many miles across is it? How does the United States compare? How large is this continent in comparison to the North American Continent? Which is bigger? What is the time difference between Seattle, Washington and Nairobi, Kenya?

Have the students view the "Economic Map of the World" (page 14-15) and analyze the economic situation of the African continent in comparison to the rest of the world. (This map compares per capita GNP in U.S. Dollars of all countries of the world from Less than 401$ to $10,000 or more using various colors.)

Ask students to analyze what they see. How do the economies of Africa compare to the rest of the world? The United States? Have students try to imagine what it would be like to live on less than $401 per person per year. What things that they now enjoy would they have to give up? Of those things given up, what would they miss the most, least? What type of education might they receive in a country with this amount of income? How might their school look different? Their classroom? Would all children be able to attend school equally? Would girls receive the same education as boys? Why might girls be treated differently?

Activity Three:

The next activity will have students compare several demographic features of Eastern African countries to each other and to the United States. The purpose of this activity is help students have a broader understanding of the demographic factors influencing this area.

Have students review the demographic data on pages 22 and 23 on Eastern Africa.

The data displayed should be explained to students before giving the following assignment. For example, students should be told that Population Annual Rise(%) might mean more if they divide 70(a constant number used to find doubling time of a population) by the growth rate which will equal the length of time it will take a population to double. This implies that food, housing, employment etc. will also have to double to meet the increasing demands of population. See explanation of data headings on pages 30, 32-33.)

After reviewing the data headings and helping students to analyze what the information might show them, have students work in groups of 2-3 and write out 5 to 10 generalizations about East African countries from the data. After they have finished, next have them compare The United States' data to that of East Africa. Have the students share their insights from the data analysis. Generalizations might focus on (for examples) the major forms of governments, the high number of children under 15 years of age and how this relates to the high annual population rise and doubling time of each country, the average doubling time for all East African countries together, the high amount of money being spent on the military

versus health and education, the major languages and others as well.

(Students individually or in groups of two at this time could be assigned to research more on the demographic data of one of the East African countries in greater detail so they could gain more individual knowledge and then share with the rest of the class their findings.)

The following activities will focus on women's changing role in East African countries and The Developing World in general.

Activity Four:
The following activity is taken from a photo copy in the Lusaka, Zambia Young Women's Christian Association Office (YWCA) of the March 9, 1992 THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSWEEK, "Woman Power In the rural Third World, women do most of the work. Now there is a campaign to help them", pages 24-30.
Students are to read the article and then write on the following questions:

1). Why does this article state that women are "key to economic advancement in the developing world"?

2). What does actress Audrey Hepburn mean when she states: "There is a dreadful apartheid of gender going on in the developing world that must be stopped."

3). What are some of the programs being instituted around the world that are helping women? List and briefly explain.

4). How do you feel about the problems mentioned in this article and the solutions being presented? Do you think more should be done to help out women and children in the developing world? In the United States?

(A supplementary article is included which could be assigned as well titled: "The Economic Woman In Africa", from Finance & Development/June 1992. This article gives specific details of women's economic struggles in Africa.)

Activity Five.
Discuss the students' responses to the above questions and article. Also, have students look at the chart on page 27 'Unfair Share' from this handout and interpret its meaning. Do students feel that women in America have a fair shake when it comes to employment and treatment by society in general?

The next part of this activity should follow naturally out of the above discussion. Have students **brainstorm** issues and concerns affecting women in their communities. This list should include a wide variety of responses. The purpose of this brainstorming activity is help students understand that they may have some similar concerns that are impacting women in other countries and especially Eastern African countries such as Tanzania, Zambia, and Zimbabwe.

Rape, AIDS, physical abuse within families, and women's rights are major concerns within the United States. This is no less true for developing countries as well. Have students read the following quotes and pick one that they have a strong feeling towards and write their response to it. (Minimum one page).

The following quotes were taken from sources focusing on women and family issues within the countries of Tanzania and Zambia, Africa.

From the bulletin board of the Lusaka, Zambia's Young Women's Christian Association.

> "The homes have become more dangerous than streets. Stop family violence."
>
> "Women, let's decide for ourselves what is best for us."
>
> "It is time for women to remove their subsidies."
>
> "It is time for women to stop subsidizing men."
>
> "Subsidies kill."

"Does marriage have to be a risky business?"

"Dead men don't rape." (An angry response to the problem of rape)

"His friends think he is a gentleman... She knows he is a wife beater."

"He married me because of my eyes." (Picture of a women's face with bruised eye.)

"If he won't use a condom...he's not worth your life. Let's stop AIDS."

"Being sorry afterwards won't help. Be careful stick to one sexual partner."

"Treat everyone else as suspect, use a condom or stick to one partner."

Sarah Lgngwe, a forty-one year old Zambian woman, was arrested for going into The International Hotel's bar in Lusaka because she was unaccompanied by a man. She is currently fighting this case in court. (August 1992)

The following quotes are from a presentation on "Marital Rights for (Zambian) Women", July 29, 1992 by Dr. Beatrice Mondalla in Lusaka, Zambia.

"When a man and a women become married, they become one person. The man."

"Usually it is the man that decides."

"Very few women are in a position to take the initiative themselves."

"When there is a shortage of money, it is always the women's issues that are pushed to the side."

"Women in Zambia must prove they have contributed to the marriage

financially to claim property in a divorce or death." (Raising the children and taking care of the house is not considered adding financially to the marriage.)

"The cost of paying a lawyer eats up all the benefits that a woman might receive going to court challenging customary law."

"It will be pressure from the women that will change the laws."

"A women may be offered a position and goes home, then the husband says no."

"I think that this is homework for all of us (women) to stop this property grabbing (by the husband's family because customary law allows it)."

From THE UNSUNG HEROINES Edited by Magdalene K. Ngaize and Bartha Koda.

"A woman cannot always depend on a man" (Eva (a Tanzanian woman), "Her Struggle For Survival")

The students should be asked to share their papers with partners. The partner should read the paper aloud with authors approval. The discussion of these statements should involve the possible meaning of the quotes and why women might have made them. Could any of these quotes be made by American women? Which ones?

Activity Six:
The next activity deals specifically with the issue of sexual harrassment and physical violence against women. This is a world-wide problem and none the less so in African societies. The articles and overheads were all obtained from the YWCA in Lusaka, Zambia in June 1992.

Make a transparency of **"WOMEN'S STORIES... Situations of violence in our daily lives..."**. Place this on the overhead and have students read and respond to its central issues.

Do they think women experience sexual harrassment at school, and

at jobs? Have women in your classroom experienced it? How so? Is it hard to stop sexual harrassment by fellow students, peers, and employees? If it is difficult to stop in our society? What options might women have in societies that don't have a free and open court system or legal system willing to take these types of cases to court as is the case in much of the developing world?

Next display: **"Violence against women is global"** on an overhead transparency. Have students read and respond.

Handout the quotes from: **"BEHIND EVERY COMMENT... HEAR A WOMAN'S STORY... AND ALL THE OTHER STORIES... THAT NEVER GET TOLD"**

How do students feel about these quotes and pieces of information? Why do they think these things happen? What are the underlying causes? Are these issues of concern to us as well? Why, why not?

Activity Seven:
The following jigsaw activity will help students gain a greater understanding of what is women's traditional role in rural villages and society of Eastern Africa, specifically Tanzania. The following writings were taken from Women In Development: A Creative Role Denied? By Marja-Liisa Swantz, C. Hurst & Company, London Publisher; ALTERNATIVE STRATEGIES FOR AFRICA AFRICA 2. Environment. Women. by Ed. M. Suliman, Institute for African Alternatives Publishers; The Unsung Heroines, Edited by Magdalene K. Ngaize & Bartha Koda, Women's Research and Documentation Project, WRDP Publications, Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, 1991.

In this activity students are being asked to read sections from three different sources, take notes, discuss what they read in small groups and then share their readings with the rest of class. The purpose of this jigsaw process is to have students become mini-experts on the portion they have read and thus be more actively involved in the lesson.

Have two students read each of the following numbered sections:

Women in Development: A Creative Role Denied by Marja-Liisa Swantz.

1). "Growing up at the River Delta", pages 32-36.
2). "Women of the River", pages 36-41.
3). "The pattern of women's activities", pages 56-top of 62.
4). "Women's economic position in relation to marital status, pages 66-67.
5). "Position of widows", pages 67-70.
6). "Divorce", pages 70-72.
7). "'Bisisi' children", pages 72-73.
8). "Work and marriage: the appearance of notions of sexual equality", pages 146-147.
9). "The degree of economic independence attained by working women", pages 147-148.

ALTERNATIVE STRATEGIES FOR AFRICA, Edited by Mohamed Suliman.

10). Chapter 13, "The Invisible Woman" by Annar Cassam, pages 113 -116.
11). Chapter 16, "African Women and Feminist Schools of Thought", by Fatima Babiker Mahmoud, pages 140-147.

The Unsung Heroines, Edited by Magdalene K. Ngaize & Bartha Koda.

12). Chapter Four, "A migrant Peasant Woman in the City : Her Struggle for Survival" by Eva with Anna Nkebukwa, pages 61-63.
13). Chapter Four, "II. Marriage, Motherhood and Divorce", pages 64-69.
14). Chapter Four, "Divorce", pages 69-71.

Ask students, as they read, to take notes, and then discuss with their partner what they have read. Have the students think about the following questions as they read, take notes and discuss:

> What is the position of women in this Tanzanian culture? Do women have the same freedoms that you have? Are women given the same opportunity that men have in this culture? What are the specific duties of women? What are the men's duties do you think? What interesting customs did you read about in this culture? What have you learned about this culture from the reading? Are there any comparisons that can be made to your culture? If so, what are they?

This activity can be shortened by having students all read one or two of

the same sections and then discuss in large group.

After the student groups have given their presentations from their sections, summarize on the chalkboard what they learned from their readings about the life of women in Tanzania.

Activity Eight:
The last activity in this unit focuses on what women can do about their situation in East Africa and the rest of the world.

Have students read **"Real Life Story From Zimbabwe Chipo Gets Her Children Back"** From Speak Out/Taurai/Khulumani, the magazine of the Women's Action Group, Zimbabwe. After reading, have the class discuss why this story was put in a cartoon format? What is the story's purpose? What might be a problem with this cartoon format? How did Chipo get her children back?

Activity Nine:
Make an overhead transparency of: **we will no longer be passive!** Have the students read and respond to this overhead which discusses actions being taken by women's groups around the world against violence towards women.

Activity Ten:
The last activity for students in this unit has students reading and discussing possible actions that could be taken in all societies to decrease violence against women and improve the overall condition of women in society.

Hand out a copy of "**Jigsaw Puzzle Putting Together Our Lives... Putting Together Our Community**" which came from the YWCA Lusaka, Zambia. Have the students read the poem by Neena Nehru and discuss in large group what its meaning might be. Next have the students review the list of suggested actions that might help women and have each pick the five top ones they think would have the most impact for women. Have them share with the whole class. Will the actions most picked help women in developing countries such as Tanzania, Zambia and Zimbabwe? Why, why not? What other changes might be needed in these societies to

improve the life of women?

Several closing questions are important for students to think about:

Can developing countries afford not to accord women an equal place in their society if they want to improve their economic and social conditions?

Has the United States done enough to insure the equality of women and the prevention of physical violence against them in our society?

How can we best help ourselves? Countries such as Tanzania, Zambia, and Zimbabwe? Should we help them?

An African Unit using Resource Based Learning

Introduction to Unit:

Slide show: Emphasis on city life,
villages
families, children
schools, games
animals
music, art

Resource Based Learning:

Divide a classroom of children into Cooperative Learning groups of 3 or 4 children. Establish as many stations as you need to have each group attend one station. I usually use seven stations.

They are: Art
Computers
Laser Disk Player
Online cartalog
Telephone Station
Literature
Encyclopedia

Activities at these stations are:

Art: Painting an animal painting using the method used in a slide that I had of paintings done in Tanzania.
Red-orange water color background with cut out black construction paper animal and tree pasted on top.

Computers: MacGlobe- Geography of Africa

Laser Disk Player: Play disk of Encyclopedia of Animals. Write the names of African Animals seen. Check with books of African Animals.

Using postcard size tagboard, pretend you are in Africa and write a postcard home describing a safari and draw your favorite animals.

Online Catalog: Each group of 3 or 4 has a country to study. Look up that country, find the call number and book title. Find that number and book on the shelf.

Make up questions (and write answers) that you are going to share with the rest of the class.

Telephone Station: Figure out what you need to know about your traveling. Call a travel agent...find out the fare, time difference, route, name of airline, etc.

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Literature: Read many African folk tales and decide how you will share this with your class. (Drama, puppets, etc.)

Encyclopedia: Look up your country. Answer questions about the country.

Each station time is 45-60 minutes, and so we did it over two weeks, three days one week, four weeks another. It is helpful if you have adult help at the Online and Telephone stations. Adults can often oversee two stations. If your class has not worked at stations before, you will need more help. (Often you can use older students to help)

Each station is numbered in the room as they forget when they have to rotate each day.

We made rather elaborate Passports which had to be stamped as they left each station. It was a replica of a real passport with photo and statistics. Contained birthdate, city of residence, date, and name of country.

This kind of research can be used with many kinds of Research:

I also did it using only African Animals instead of countries. It is adaptable to any subject. (You can do Authors, Westward Movement, etc. etc.)

Prior to the week of the Research Based Learning:

Each day I read an African story that complemented an artifact that I had brought from Africa:

Galimoto--three African wire toys

Village of Square and Round Houses - Replicas of huts, both round and square.

The Masai and Me - Masai doll and beaded jewelry.

Tree of Life - Photos of the Baobob tree

Black snowman - Kente cloth

We also sang African songs from Tapes that I had, and also used the 10 instruments that I had brought.

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MULTICULTURAL BOOKS

Doris Cosley

BLACK LITERATURE

Adoff, Arnold. In For Winter, Out for Spring
Adoff, Arnold. Hard to Be Six
Berleth, Richard. Samuel's Choice
Bryan, Ashley. All Night, All Day
Burden-Patman, Denise. Imani's Gift at Kwanzaa
Caines, Jeanette. Daddy
Cameron, Ann. Stories Julian Tells (and sequels)
Carter, Polly. Harriet Tubman
Craft, Ruth. Day of the Rainbow
Crews, Donald. Bigmama's
Dragonwagon, Crescent. Home Place
Ellis, Veronica. Afro-Bets
Golenbock, Peter. Teammates
✓ Greaves, Nick. When Hippo Was Hairy and Other Tales from Africa * folktales
Greenfield, Eloise. Nathaniel Talking
Guthrie, Donna. A Rose for Abby
Hill, Virginia. Evans Corner
Hoffman, Mary. Amazing Grace
Hooks, William. Ballad of Belle Dorcas
Hort, Lenny. How Many Stars in the SKy?
Howard, Elizabeth. Chita's Christmas Tree
Hudson, Cheryl Willis. Bright Eyes, Brown Skin
Jones, Rebecca C. Matthew and Tilly
McKissack, Patricia. Mirandy and Brother Wind
Mandelbaum, Pili. You Be Me, I'll Be You
✓ Mendez, Phil. The Black Snowman
O'Dell, Scott. My Name is not Angelique
Oliver, Elizabeth. Black Mother Goose
Pomerantz, Charlotte. Chalk Doll
Price, Leontyne. Aida
Ringgold, Faith. Tar Beach
Rosales, Melody. Double Dutch and the Voodoo Shoes
San Souci, Robert. Talking Eggs
Taylor, Mildred. The Friendship
The Gold Cadillac
Turner, Glennette. Take a Walk in Their Shoes
Walker, Alice. Finding the Greenstone
Walter, Mildred Pitts. Have a happy....
Walter, Mildred. Justin and the Best Biscuits in the World
Williams, Karen. When Africa Was Home
Winter, Jeanette. Follow the Drinking Gourd

Coretta King Awards: Mirandy and Brother Wind, Aida, and Justin and the Best Biscuits in the World
Talking Eggs

Books about Africa and Africans

Aardena, Verna. Bimwili and the Zimjwi
Bringing the Rain to Kapiti
Oh, Kojo! How could you!
What's so funny, Ketu?
Who's in Rabbit's House?
Why Mosquitoes buzz in People's Ears
Tales from the story hat

Alexander, Lloys. Fortune Tellers

Brown, Marcia. Shadows

Bryan, Ashley. Sing to the Sun

Chiasson, John. African Journey

Eisenberg, Phyllis You're My Nikki

Ellois, Veronica. First Book about Africa

Feelings, Muriel. Jambo means Hello
Moja means One

Freeman, Dorothy. Kwanzaa

Gray, Nigel. One day

Greenfield, Eloise. Africa Dream

Grifalconi, Ann. Osa's Pride
The Village of Round and Square Houses

Hadithi, Mwenye. Hot Hippo
Lazy Lion

Isadora, Rachel. Over the Green Hills

Knutson, Barbara. How the Gluinea Fowl got her spots

Kroll, Virginia Masai and I

Lester, Julius How many spots does a leopard have?

Mennen, Ingrid. Somewhere in Africa

Mollel, Tololwa. A promise to the Sun
Orphan Boy
Rhinos for Lunch and Elephants for Supper

Pinkney, Gloria. Back Home

San Souci, Robert. Sukey and the Mermaid

Seabrooke, Brenda. Bridges of Summer

Slier, Deborah. Make a Joyful Sound

Williams, Karen. Galimoto
When Africa was Home

Zaslavsky, Claudia. Count on your finers African Style

Teacher References: Multicultural Folktales by Judy Sierra
Bookpeople, A multicultural Album by Sharon McElmeel

Children of the World Series: Tanzania and Zambia

Global: Krupp, Robin. Let's go Traveling
Kuklin, Susan. How my family lives in America
Lankford, Mary. Hopscotch around the world
Rosen, Michel, ed. Home

Doris Cosley

Dear

Welcome to our Tour of the African Continent! Mrs. Cosley is the Tour Guide for the trip, but you will be traveling with a small group each day as you explore your country on the Continent. You will be with:

1.
2.
3.
4.

You will be going to _____. I hope you will enjoy your trip! At each stop on the trip you will have a local guide. It is important to have them sign and stamp your Visa. This verifies that you were at that stop. So - ALWAYS have your PASSPORT with you. Your FOLDER will be important also. You will need to keep track of your information in this.

At each stop, the local guide will have a guide sheet that tells you what you should be doing. If you have questions, ask your guide!

Most of all- Enjoy your trip! I am looking forward to hearing all about what you find out on this journey!

Sincerely,

ART

Look at the sample picture from the magazine. This is similar to art work done by children in Africa. We saw some in Mrs. Cosley's slides.

1. Use watercolors for your background. Use bright yellow-orange-red combinations. Allow the colors to run together - experiment!

2. Use black construction paper. Cut out the "picture characters and setting" you want in your picture. You might use palm trees, or Elephant grasses along with the silhoutte of an animal, or village scene.

3. Glue the silhouttes on to the watercolor background. Isn't it beautiful!

Among the animals congregating at the end of the day at the Savuti water hole in Botswana's Chobe National Park are an African elephant, a kudu (between the elephant's legs) and several impalas. The same warm, late-evening colors permeate both halves of the image, but the photographer's eye has captured sunlight streaming toward the camera only in the reflected lower portion.

More like an impressionistic painting than a photograph, a watery reflection of birch, aspen, rock and blue sky on a summer morning transforms a scene typical of thousands of unnamed lakes like this one in northwestern Ontario, Canada. The photographer composed the muted image "by eliminating reality." He adds, "Reflections are the point of departure from reality."

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Computers

Your parents are not sure where you are going! Find some information that will help you tell them?

1.Find MacGlobe.

Open the file and look for a map of Africa.

Print it.

Find a world map.

Print it.

2. Color your country on the African continental map.

3. Find Washington State on the World map. Draw a line from where we are to the country you are "visiting."

Keep this information in your Africa folder.

Laser Disk Station

African Animals - Station #7

When you get back from your trip, everyone will want to see pictures of the animals that you have seen. What animals do you think you will see in Africa?

1.

2.

3.

4.

5

6.

7.

8.

9.

10.

(Check with African Animals and Animals of East Africa Call

#_____

#_____

On Line Catalog

If traveling to Mexico, topics to search would include:

Mexico--History
Mexico--Social Life and Customs
Mexico--Juvenile Literature
Mexico--Fiction
Mexico--Description and Travel

List call numbers and titles of books here...

Call Number	Title

Select a recorder from your group. Create and record at least eight questions about your country below. Answer your questions in short phrases and key words.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

8.

Example:

1. What places will we visit?
-icecap 1 mile thick
-Mount Bunnbjorn 12,129 ft
-village with houses of stone and earth
2. What do we see the people doing?
-seal hunters
3. What holidays...

4.

Telephone
Travel Agent

Note to Guide.

Have the kids think of things that they will need to know before they go on a trip. Be sure that they include the following:

what airline?
When is the time of departure and arrival
What is the route?
What is the difference in time?
What is the fare?

How might we get this information?
How do we look it up in the telephone book?
(Time difference is in Almanac)

Flag: If there is is time, tell them that the person that is going to pick them up will be waving the flag of their country, and how can they find it. (It's in the Almanac).

Comments: (what went OK? What didn't?

Cindy
Camelot Travel 454-9924
(Have kids find it

Reading

When you get "back", you are going to be invited to share your reading with the class.

Look through the books in the basket. Choose two to read with each other. Decide how you will tell this story to the class. If it is not too long, you might want to read it to the class.

If you read, you will have some decisions to make. How will you share the presentation so that all will help? How will you manage the book so that the class can enjoy the pictures?

Think carefully about your presentation. We are going to enjoy hearing what you read!

If there is time, enjoy another book!

PASSPORT

United States of America

The Secretary of State
of The
United States of America
hereby requests all whom it may concern to permit the citizen(s) of the United States named herein to pass without delay or hindrance and in case of need to give said citizen(s) all lawful aid and protection.

WARNING: ALTERATION, ADDITION OR MUTILATION OF ENTRIES IS PROHIBITED. ANY UNOFFICIAL CHANGE WILL RENDER THIS PASSPORT INVALID.

NAME

BIRTH DATE

BIRTHPLACE

HEIGHT

HAIR

EYES

PARENTS

ISSUE DATE
October 19, 1992

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

EXPIRATION DATE
November 20, 1992

Signature of Bearer

IMPORTANT: THIS PASSPORT IS NOT VALID UNTIL SIGNED BY THE BEARER. PERSONS INCLUDED HEREIN MAY NOT USE THIS PASSPORT FPR TRAVEL UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY THE BEARER.

A Visa for

_____

Art Station

A Visa for

_____

Reading Station

INTERNATIONAL PEN PAL PROJECT

by: ELLEN ICOLARI

Pen Pal Correspondence can provide educators with opportunities to improve students' academic skills, and influence their attitudes toward others. Instituting a Pen Pal correspondence exchange is an excellent way to reinforce and promote basic skill acquisition; provide enrichment opportunities; raise the level of self esteem, for some students, and to broaden the perspectives through which they view their lives and the world. With brevity in mind I will mention only a few ways in which Pen Pal correspondence can enhance and support academic programs:

- It increases language proficiency by strengthening communication skills, especially those associated with reading, writing and information processing.
- It provides information about other people and communities .
- It increases factual knowledge.
- It develops awareness of different customs and life styles.
- It stimulates interest in foreign language aqusition.

A Pen Pal correspondence exchange supports the goals of multicural education by:

- Promoting understanding of other people and groups and making it possible for students to see the world from different points of view, by providing insights into other cultures.
- Teaching tolerance of differences.
- Acknowledging the existence of a global community and the necessity for cooperative interaction among people, for mutual benefit.

Finally, a Pen Pal exchange stimulates higher order cognitive processing when it includes:

. The Identification of relationships between events, ideas and people; circumstances and practices.

. Comparison of similarities and differences, cause and effect.

. The carryover of skills and information to new situations.

. The initiation of new ways of doing things.

Most importantly, exposure to alternative ways of being and functioning, provides students with a broader array of options to select from when making their own life decisions. Ideally, this exposure will enable them to make choices that steer their lives in positive directions. A major attribute of Pen Pal programs is that they are easy to start and inexpensive to operate. They can be conducted between people across town, or across the world. Neither age nor gender is an inhibiting factor.

This project will be conducted through letters written by students from Marine Park Intermediate School in Brooklyn, New York, who were participating in a computer technology program. The letters, accompanied by a photograph of the author, were given to high school teachers in Arusha, Tanzania. The Tanzanian teachers agreed to find students in their schools who will answer them. Conversely, an address list of Tanzanian and Zambian students and teachers interested in corresponding with American students and teachers will be distributed in Brooklyn's Community School District 22, as part of a Teacher's Resource Packet on Africa.

Copies of the letters, addresses and a partial bibiliography, that can be used to provide background on Africa and stimulate interest in partiicipation, are enclosed to help you start your own Pen Pal exchange

LETTERS FROM STUDENTS AT MARINE PARK INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL

103 Dictum Ct.
Brooklyn New York
Valerie Trnka
June 23, 1992

Dear friend

What is your name? How are you and your family? Do you have two things to do?
My name is Valerie Jean Trnka. I am 12 years old. How old are you? I was born in Brooklyn, New York. And I am going to tell you about my family. I have six brothers. The other both brothers is Adam who younger brother is Danny. I will tell my sister name is Christa Trnka do you have a big family?

Sincerely,
Valerie Jean Trnka

682 E 51st
Bklyn New York
6/23/92

Dear Friend

How are you doing. My name is Jane What is your name? I was born in Trinidad it is not just like Africa. What is the name of your school? The name of my school is Marine Park I.S 278 Do you have a pet? I am going to get a dog and I want it to be black. I wish I could meet you maybe one day I might come to africa and meet you. Or you will come to america and see me.

From
Jamaica Jones

2119 Surface Street
June 23 1992

Dear friend,

How are you dogs I am doing fine. How is it in Africa. I am Robert Correa. I was born in Brooklyn New York, where were you born? I ride my bike for fun. And I go outside you go out? I have friends, do you? Do you go to school? I go to school I am a 5th grade in the 5th grade. If you go to school what grade are you in? What do you want to be when you grow up? I want to be a firefighter I have alot of interests. Is it nice in Africa? Well I have to go write back soon.

From
Robert Correa

Tarana Graham
Marine Park I.S.
1925 Strang Street
6/23/92

Dear friend

My name is Tarana. I am 12 years old I am a girl.

I am come from Russia and now I live in New York. In my family I am one. I and My mother's name is Nina. My father's name Serguei. I do not have animals in my house but I have animal in my country. Russia.

I am going to this school and we have computers. In the computers we have games and we can draw picture. In school I learn to speak English. And I know how to speak Russian. I like to do for fun play in a fun games.

What is your name? I want to ask you about your family. Do you have any pets do you have in your search or in your house a computer? What languages do you speak? I want to know all about you!

I see you next letter.

From sincerely
Tatiana

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Raymond [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
5/23/92

Dear Friends

Hi How are you doing in Africa? what is your name? And what do you want to be when you grow up? And I want to be a army scientist. I'm 9 years. my parents are chinese and that are your Parents? I was born in china but now I live in Brooklyn, New York DO you go to school in summer what kind of languages do you speak at home? Do you have computers at your school? In my school we have a lot of computers and Television. Do you have pets and do you like Pets? I like Pets and I especially I like Fish (goldfish)

from your friend

Raymond Huang

2021 E. 42 ST,
Brooklyn, New York
6/23/92

Dear friend

My name is Roscoe and I was born in Nigeria. I am eleven years old and I am a boy. I would like to tell you about my family. My father works in my school, my brother goes to high school and he is eight years old. I go to Marine Park Jr. High school. I'm 11 years, and My mother goes to work with. I like to work on computers. My name of the computer was invented in [illegible]. today the computers were [illegible] because yesterday was the last day for computers. I like it a lot. [illegible] and I will [illegible] and books.

I will like to hear about Africa and you about your family

sincerely
Roscoe [illegible]

Caroline Ng Shu
Marine Park J.H.S.
925 Start Street
[illegible]

Dear Friend

My name is Caroline I am 13 years old and I am a girl I was born in Colombia. It is in South America. It's a real far away country from our country. Africa and now I am living in New York with my mother and my little brother we [illegible] in America [illegible] in my country where I came from. I.S. some friends of mine.

Marine Park J.H.S. is the school where I go now in this school I am learning a lot about computers and the programs the computer and the computer teacher name is [illegible] changed of the name computer and [illegible] to our class math games and they are really fun. The teacher that is in charge of the computer is a she the name is Miss Herington she is very good personality and she is also good in the computers

I have told you all about me now I am curious and would like to hear more about you like what's your name? and I want to know [illegible] where are you [illegible] and I also want to know if you have computers in your school like I do?

Well, I hope you will write me back See you in the next letter.

Sincerly.

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STUDENTS SEEKING PEN PALS

Pen Pal List for: Matero Boys' Secondary School
P.O. Box 32494
Lusaka, Zambia

Enosy Matulaka
Eustance Phiri
Harrison Mbewe
Modest Nondo
Joachim Kabwe
Mathews C. Tembo
Edward Silumbwe
Segulani Mulamei
Tuman Tulu
William Wabalika
Francis Nyirenda
Chabala Chammy
Bernard Tulo
Sydney Lupeta
Soakala Masauso
Richard Lwanja
Eliphas Mwale
Ali Malisawa
Langson Chilupula, #987
Kebbie Mwanamoono, #911
Thomas Nyingka
Aaron Muleya, Zambezi House 1
Ackim Fernadez Chirwa, #902

Boyd Phiri
c/o Mr. Wize Phiri
National Assembly
P.O. Box 32199
Lusaka, Zambia

Mr. Uri H.K. Mizinga -- math teacher in the above school

Pen Pal List for: Arusha Meru Secondary School
P.O. Box 710
Arusha, Tanzania

Pamel Achad
Anna Kimaio
Paskazia Kambanga
Gevase Mofulu
Judith Twai
Wilfred Gideon
Adam Fazle
Ayaaz Mohamed
Lawi Sailaae
Beatris Massawe
Salimu Mohamed
Elinijunda Juma
Pilly Mataba
Satpal Lalh
Maio Fernandes
Lilian Peter
Happyness Daudi
Mazaheiv Punja
Editha Patrick
Whahdil Shivji
Harvinder Bhachu
Asiya Qayyum

Harjivan Bhachu
P.O. Box 518
Arusha, Tanzania

TANZANIAN HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS

N. J. Masaki - Principal
P.O. Box 3162
Arusha, Tanzania E.A.

Mr. Wilson Shumbi
Box 3162
Arusha, Tanzania E.A.

Mrs. Rebeca Mabaga
Box 6087
Arusha, Tanzania E.A.

Mrs. E. Priscilla Schawa
Box 3162
Arusha, Tanzania E.A.

Mrs. Mary Kissila
Box 362
Arusha, Tanzania E.A.

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STUDENTS MET IN TRANSIT

Iam girl of 16 years and am
looking for a Penpal Girl, boy
from hobbies are cooking
Dancing Swimming modelling
and Exchange Photos
Precious Chileshe
C/o Mrs Ca CHILESHE
Box 630788
CHOMA
ZAMBIA East Africa

Iam a girl of 15 years.
Iam looking for a pen pal.
my hobbies are to making
friends exchanging photos
cooking. Swimming and going
to church
my Box NO = C/o address is
Daomah Ireen
C/o J-L. Msama.
Marketing & Co-operation
Box 680186
Choma Zambia
East Africa

Iam a girl of 18 years looking
for a penpal. My hobbies are
listening to Radio, swimming
modeling. My address is
Sandra Nonyelo Msama
C/o mrs J L Msama
marketing & co-operation
Box 680186
Choma, Zambia, E.A.

AFRICA

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PARTIAL BIBILIOGRAPHY

Bash, Barbara — Tree of Life — Baobob Tree

Children of the World: Tanzania and Zambia

Feelings, M — Zamani goes to market. New Jersey: Africa World Press

Moja means one: Swahili counting book. New York: Dial Books

Jambo means hello: Swahili alphabet book New York Dial

Greenfield, E. — Africa dream — New York: Crowell

Haskins, J — Count your way through Africa — Minneapolis: Carolrhoda

Hudson, C. — Afro-bets, abc book — Orange, New Jersey: Just Us Books

Afro-bets, 123 book — Orange, New Jersey: Just Us Books

Kaula, Edna — Land and People of Tanzania

Margolies, Barbara — Rehema's Journey — Girl in Tanzania

Musgrove, M. — Ashanti to Zulu; African Traditions — New York: Dial Books

Riwkin-Brick, Anna — Sia Lives On Kilimanjaro

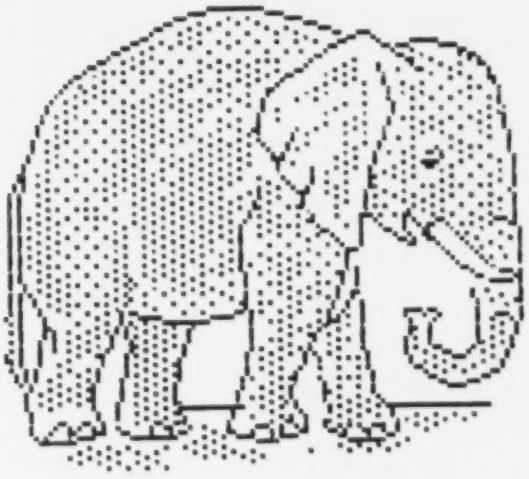
Ryden, Hope — Wild Animals of Africia

Williams, Karen — Galimoto

When Africia Was Home

TO BE OR NOT TO BE:

a question of survival



by Carol E. Murphey

A Fulbright -Hays Seminar Abroad

Tanzania and Zambia, 1992

TO BE OR NOT TO BE: A Question of Survival

by Carol E. Murphey

A Fourth through sixth grade environmental theme

INTRODUCTION:

Over the past hundred years, humans the world over have quickly destroyed their environment in the name of progress. It has become apparent that we cannot continue to do this and still expect our planet to survive. Students today are very aware of environmental issues and eager to do their part to save their future. These same students also need to look at the issues and understand that the solutions are as complex as the reasons for destruction. The following theme examines environmental problems in the United States, Tanzania and Zambia. The learners will think critically about a problem and propose solutions based on the information they have.

The theme consists of lessons dealing with comparative ideas about recycling products, land use, water conservation and wildlife conservation. The tasks will incorporate several areas of curriculum, so that the theme may be integrated into the daily schedule. The lessons are written in a cooperative group format, but can be easily changed to whole class experiences. Critical thinking is the focus of each piece. There are no right or wrong answers, but simply student solutions based on the material they are given.

SUGGESTED GRADE LEVELS: 4th through 6th

TIME REQUIREMENTS : 5 to 6 one hour periods

OBJECTIVES OF THEME:

Students will examine conservation questions in order to:

- think critically about conservation issues.
- look at the issue of survival from more than one perspective.
- understand that people in Africa share the same global problems as Americans.
- discover that solutions to conservation issues may be differ from place to place based on the needs of the people solving the problems.
- compare solutions from two places.
- experience an integrated theme.

MATERIALS NEEDED:

- slide projector (optional)
- individual lessons with group cards and other items that need to be reproduced
- paper and pencil
- plastic grocery bag
- a six foot piece of thin wire
- large butcher paper and crayons
- theme slides (optional)

HOW TO OBTAIN THE COMPLETE THEME:

The theme includes a lesson on recycling, on land conservation, on water conservation, and on wildlife conservation. It contains slides, instructions for the lessons and a bibliography of related children's books. The complete lesson packet will be available for loan after March 1, 1993 and may be obtained by writing to:

Bay Area Global Education Program
World Affairs Council of Northern California
312 Sutter Street
San Francisco, California, 94108

WHAT'S IN A BAG? Lesson 1

ZAMBIAN AND TANZANIAN MATERIALS NEEDED:

- slides of a "Mealy-Meal" Bag and some uses and of a Tanzanian child with his wire car (optional)
- six foot length of thin wire for each Tanzanian group
- plastic grocery sack for each Zambian group
- paper and pencil
- map of Africa

PROCEDURE:

- Have the students find Zambia and Tanzania on the map of Africa.

- Divide the class into groups of four or five.
- Half of the groups should be given the Zambian task and the others the Tanzanian task.
- Each group should have a supply person, a recorder, a timer, an encourager.
- Give the groups the amount of time to complete their task that you think they need. The timer keeps track of the deadline for the group
- Have each group share their results.
- Debrief the experience by asking the following questions:

1-Are there any differences between African and American approaches to recycling?

2-Which group, the Americans or the Africans,recycle the most products? Why have you come to that conclusion? What evidence do you have?

3-How well do you think your group did with working cooperatively on a product? Why do you feel that way? What would you change if the group worked together again.

BACKGROUND READING ZAMBIAN GROUP:

The main diet of the people of Zambia Africa is white corn meal, called Mealy-meal. Due to a drought that caused the 1992 corn crop to fail Zambians are importing corn meal from South Africa, the United States and other corn producing countries. This ground meal or the corn kernels themselves come in strong, woven, plastic fiber, fifty pound sacks. The sacks are never discarded, but are recycled in many ingenious ways.

In the United States, each time we go to the grocery store our goods are packed in plastic sacks that hold approximately thirty pounds. Many Americans also recycle these. In this lesson you will be asked to answer these questions:

- How might Zambians recycle their Mealy-Meal sacks?
- How might Americans recycle their plastic grocery sacks?
- Are there similarities in the solutions?
- How may this effort help our planet?

THE TASK:

- View the Zambian slides.
- The group will answer the questions above and decide on how to share their decisions. This may be done in a large mural comparing the two places, or a discussion in which all members of the group takes part, or a play created and performed by the group.

BACKGROUND READING TANZANIAN GROUP:

The people of Tanzania are poor and do not have many possessions. They are very clever in thinking of ways to recycle any metal and plastic that comes their way. Your task is to think of a way to reuse the piece of wire given to your group and to answer the questions below.

- Are there similarities in your solution with that of the Tanzanian solution?
- How might your group convince others to use your recycled wire product?
- How may this effort help our planet?

THE TASK:

- View the Tanzanian slide.
- The group will answer the questions above and decide on what to produce and how to produce their product. All members of the group take part in creating and presenting the product to the class. The group needs to create an advertising campaign to convince the class they want and need your recycled product.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE: A Question of Survival

by Dr. Diane S. Isaacs
Fulbright-Hayes Summer Seminar Abroad
Tanzania and Zambia 1992

A ninth through twelfth grade environmental theme

RATIONALE:

Literature is a viable, significant source for discussion and understanding of global problems. It allows students to empathize, analyze, and synthesize information through creative and critical thinking, reading and writing. While high school students may have a heightened awareness about environmental issues today, they tend to associate Africa with "animals in the wild" and have little factual knowledge about the complex human issues involved in conservation. Not only have schools neglected to introduce this material, since social studies is primarily political, but also the media have limited coverage of Africa, as shown for example in the delayed response to famine and starvation in Somalia. Therefore, this unit will use several kinds of literature through which students will examine environmental problems in Tanzania and Zambia.

The theme of wildlife conservation will be taught as a two-week unit in the ninth grade, although it could be adapted for higher grade levels. In New York State, ninth grade global studies involves the study of Africa, so this unit could provide interdisciplinary connections as well as specific opportunities for skill development, cooperative learning, and individual response. It was composed in conjunction with the work of Carol Murphey, my partner and colleague in the seminar, who first suggested we address the issue of conservation collaboratively. Her knowledge and insight throughout our trip contributed to the formulation of this unit with its emphasis on problem-solving.

SUGGESTED GRADE LEVEL: Grade 9 or above

TIME REQUIREMENTS: 10 class periods.

OBJECTIVES:

Students will examine conservation questions in literature in order to:

- read critically about conservation issues.
- think critically about conservation issues.
- look at the issue of survival from more than one perspective.
- understand that people in Africa share the same global problems as Americans.
- discover that solutions to problems are complex and varied.
- create three pieces of writing (essay, folk tale, story or literary essay) using the writing process to express their ideas about wildlife conservation.
- look at the issue of survival from more than one perspective.
- experience an integrated theme.
- connect this study with what they are learning in global studies.
- create a poem or pictoral map of Africa.
- analyze and synthesize information inferred through literature.
- evaluate their learning in this unit.

MATERIALS NEEDED (in packet provided)

poster from Tanzania advertising hunting safaria
cartoon
three kinds of maps of Africa (paper, crayons, markers for class)
an African fable and an African tale
picture of two postcards from Tanzania and Zambia on the environment
ad for Ngorogoro Crater
two newspaper articles, one a book review and one news story
an article and poem on conservation from Tanzania
an article on conservation from Zambia
"The Ultimate Safari," a short story by Nadine Gordimer
"An African Betrayal," a short story by Ernest Hemingway
(2 poems by Diane Isaacs, my creative response to this experience)
optional: slides of wildlife and people in Tanzania and Zambia which are not part of the packet.

SYLLABUS FOR UNIT:

Day One: ask what students know about Africa, particularly Tanzania and Zambia. Show poster and slides or photographs from our trip. Give students three maps. Ask them to draw or write a poem in shape of a map of Africa and to locate Tanzania and Zambia.
Homework: read the fable and "Voices from the Wilderness" poem.

Day Two: Complete and share maps. In groups, discuss the fable and compose a group fable about a conservation issue that is important to them. (Teacher reads "An African Tale" as a model.)
Homework: Read book review and do a double-journal entry and read article and do a double-journal entry.

Day Three; in pairs, share entries and then share with class.
Divide class: half reads article on conservation in Tanzania and the other half reads article on Zambia.
Prepare three perspectives to DEBATE: from the view of the government, the people, conservationists
Day Four: prepare for debate: problems and solutions.
Day Five: DEBATE. Then respond in writing to the process so far. What did you learn that you did not know before? This should be an essay.
Day Six: Read Gordimer story. Group discussion of female narrator, plot, role of animals, death, displacement. Do a double-entry.

Day Seven: Read Hemingway story.Act out dialogue between father and son. Discuss narrator, plot, role of animals, death, displacement.
Choice: literary essay comparing/contrasting the two stories or rewrite one of the stories from the point of view of an animal. Brainstorm in class. Rough draft due.

Day Eight: Peer review of essay or rewritten story.

Day Nine: Final draft of essay or story due. Group share.

Day Ten: Review unit and ask students to compare what they wrote on day one with what they would write today. What aspects of unit worked well? What could be improved? Who do they think will survive - people or animals or both? How and why? What can learning about Africa teach us about ourselves? (my poems as model)
Add individual final synthesis to individual map done day 2.

EXPECTATIONS (for TANZAM '92)

by Dr. Diane Isaacs

Conrad took us into
the heart of darkness
to explore white colonialism
and hopefully be enlightened.

We begin our journey
full of hope and apprehension
sixteen teachers
seeking knowledge
and cultural understanding

We will face challenges
that teach us about ourselves
and come back changed
by experiences reaffirming
the collective power
we did not know we had.

I like this group:
fourteen women and two men
obviously sharing a vision
about cooperation and
enrichment and personal growth.

These expectations link us together
strangers assembled first in D.C.
and now on a plane preparing
to land in East Africa.

Inspired by the survival power
of African peoples who faced
so much hardship and drought
and negativity,

We begin a journey
on a continent far from home
leading us ultimately
to ourselves.

July 1, 1992
somewhere over Kenya

LIFE IN HELL

BY MATT GROENING

VOICE September 29, 1992

"WE COVER THE CONTINENT"

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Political map of Africa

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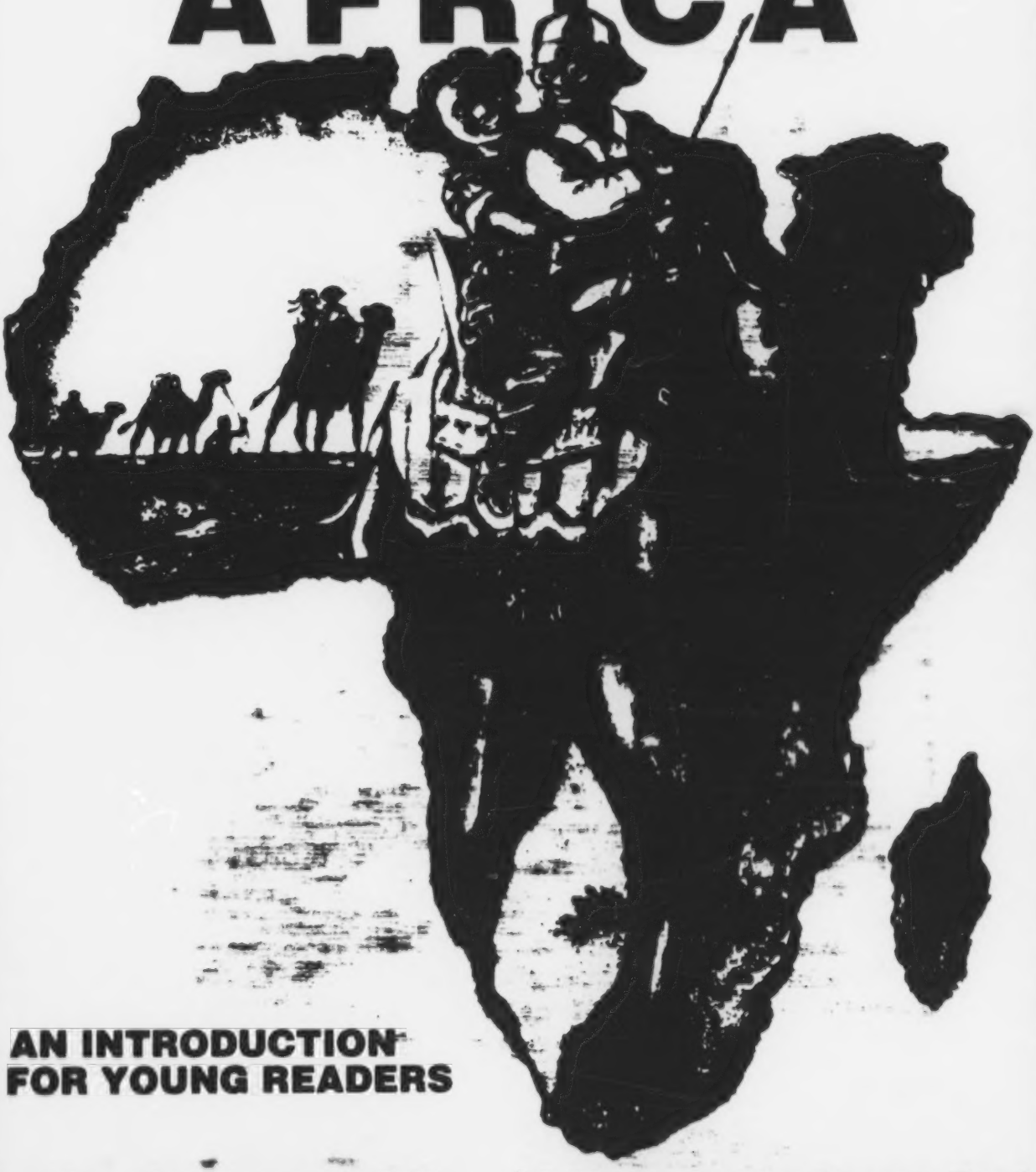
AFRO-BETS

FIRST BOOK ABOUT AFRICA



AN INTRODUCTION FOR YOUNG READERS

by Veronica Freeman Ellis

illustrated by George Ford

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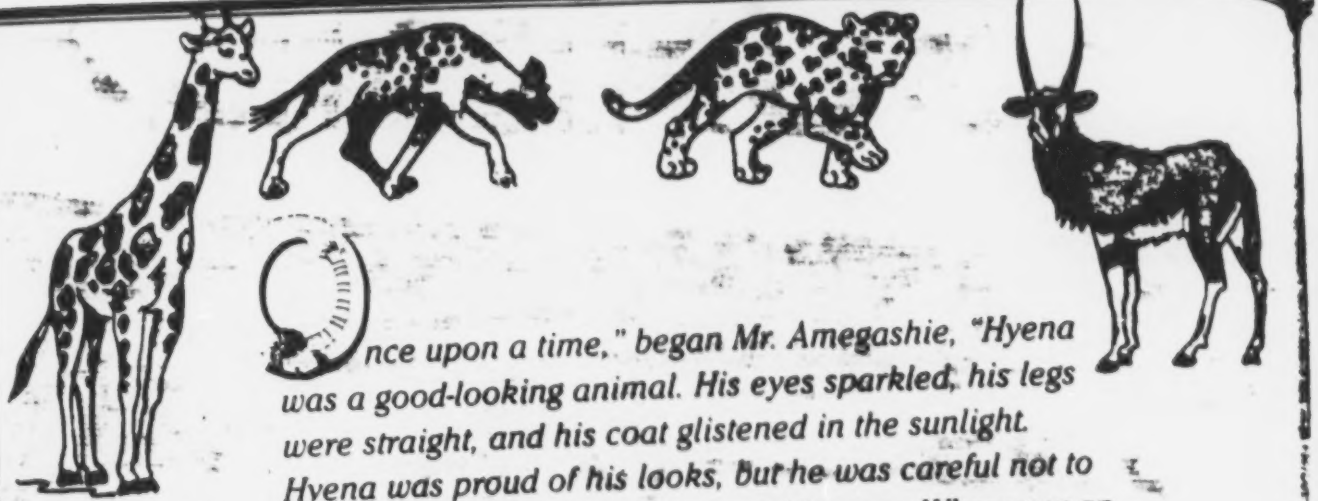


"Once upon a time," began Mr. Amegashie, "Hyena was a good-looking animal. His eyes sparkled, his legs were straight, and his coat glistened in the sunlight. Hyena was proud of his looks, but he was careful not to let other animals know how proud he was. Whenever an animal mentioned his good looks, Hyena replied, 'You're just being kind. I'm not good-looking at all.'

"Hyena was kind and friendly to all the animals, too. One day Leopard found an antelope that a hunter had killed. Leopard didn't know that the antelope had died from poison.

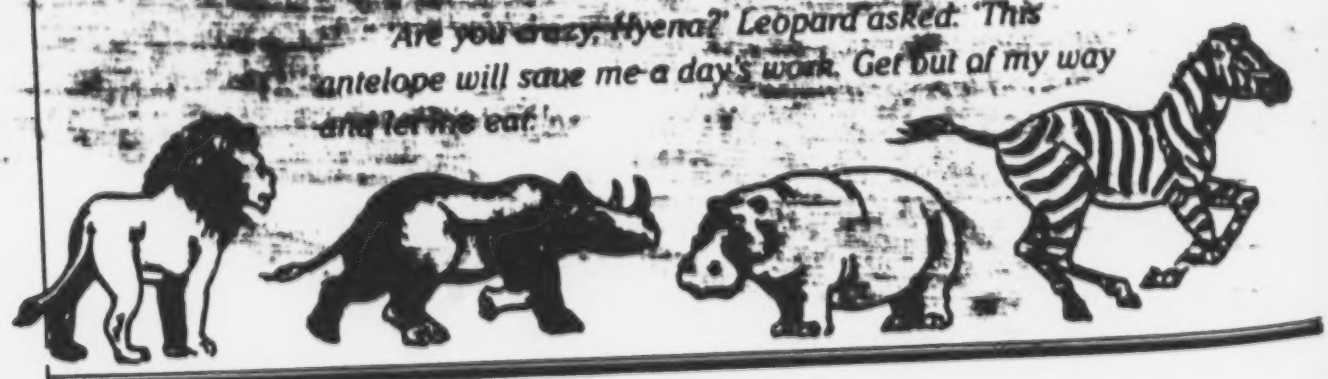
"'Great,' thought Leopard. 'Now I don't have to hunt for food. I can eat this antelope and relax for the rest of the day.'

"Just as Leopard was about to sink his teeth into the meat, Hyena appeared, as if by magic.

"'Don't eat that antelope!' shouted Hyena.

"Now Leopard and the other animals didn't know Hyena could smell poison. Leopard was angry.

"'Are you crazy, Hyena?' Leopard asked. 'This antelope will save me a day's work. Get out of my way and let me eat.'



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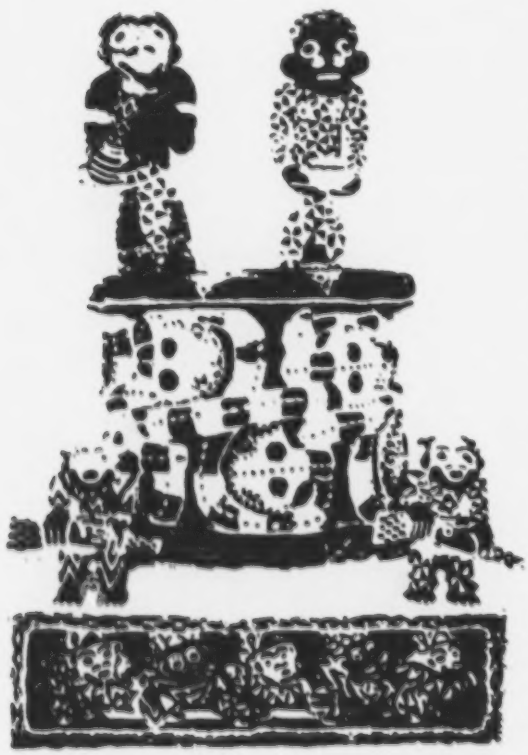
The African Tale

Nick Spencer

"Tell us the African story," calls an eighth-grade boy from the back of the room. I scan twenty-seven faces in my classroom—all of them eager, all of them curious. Most of them white.

"Which one?" I ask innocently.

"You know. The one you tell every year. The snake story."



Bamum Throne. Cameroons. 32¾ in. Museum für Völkerkunde, Berlin-Dahlem.

"It's not a snake story," I counter. "It's the tale of a Cameroonian boy who lost his place in the world."

"Because of one snake? How?"

I search the faces again. Their older siblings—my former students—know the African tale. Although I suspect these students know the story secondhand, the telling is a tradition, and there is no escape. The teachable moment is at hand, and I know the time has come to grope for words which elevate the tale above the level of a snake.

"Sixteen years ago," I begin, "I taught English with the Peace Corps in a tiny village of Cameroon called Ndom. I lived in a stucco house with a corrugated roof. During school vacation, I journeyed away to the capital city. After the first Christmas away from my post, I returned to the village later than expected. My houseboy, Ipanda, was standing in the doorway, waiting."

"Get to the part about the snake," chimes an impatient boy.

"The tale," I remind him, "is not really about a snake."

I ignore the moans of disappointment and gather patience. There are slides at home—a visual travelogue of twenty-four months in a struggling nation. Experience tells me to leave the pictures at home because storytelling brings Africa—or any Third World nation—alive in a way no photo can.

"During my absence from the village," I continue, "Ipanda had opened the back door of the house and made his way along the dim hall into the living room. He sat on the cot in his bedroom at the front of the house and lit a kerosene lamp. For a long time he read by the yellow light. Behind him, near the entrance to his room, a thud—a sudden slap against the tile floor—alarmed him. As a

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boy of the bush, he knew better than to intrude upon the unknown in darkness. He shut the door, swung both feet up on the bed, blew out the flame of his lamp, and waited for morning to bleed light through the shutters.

"At dawn he explored every corner of the house with great care. Finding nothing to account for his fears, he made his way to market and returned by midday. He searched the house again, found nothing. Then he sat on his bed and began to read. In a while he became aware of a presence in the living room. At a glance he saw what two searches had failed to uncover: in the seat of a rattan, swaying hypnotically from side to side, was a three-foot green mamba coiled for strike.

"Ipanda exited through the window and ran down the hill to the road where he asked some of the village men for help. The men talked it over briefly and decided to do nothing."

A girl in the front row looks puzzled: "Why?" she asks. "Why wouldn't they help him with the snake?"

"They wanted to," I say simply. "But the villagers wouldn't remove the snake because they considered the task impossible; they thought it was a guardian, an immortal spirit, of my house, a product of *my* magic."

"*Your* magic?" Their laughter fills the room.

"What happened next?" ventures a girl.

"Ipanda killed the snake."

"How?"

"He took a machete from the adobe kitchen, cut a length of bamboo, and beat the mamba to death."

I let silence grow.

"That's it? That's the story?"

"The beginning of it," I bait them. "But you wouldn't be interested in the rest."

A chorus of *yes* follows. The room is electric, intense. Quiet.

"Ipanda became a white man," I say.

"A white man?"

"Yes," I assure them. "In every way that mattered to the villagers, he became a white man."

"What do you mean?"

"By killing the snake," I explain, "my house boy proved he had the same power as I had."

"But you're *not* magic," protests a boy.

"Not to you maybe," I explain. "You and I live in a world of cars, planes, and rockets that fly to the moon. The residents of remote African villages know these things exist, but they do not explain them as science. They explain them in the language of their ancestors as myth and magic. To them I was a wizard from the land beyond the rain forest, and by killing the snake, Ipanda had put himself in a new light among his peers—among all villagers. He had trespassed into another world. He was no longer a boy of the bush. He was no longer a boy. And there was no going back."

The bell rings. The spell is broken. I am not sure what they understand, and there is so much more to say. I wonder, for example, if they'd care to know that Ipanda left his village, attended secondary school in Yaounde, graduated from the University of Cameroon, took a degree in law, and became a lawyer for his nation's Supreme Court. Most of all, I wonder whether my students would see these achievements as his loss or as his gain. . . .

At three o'clock a girl with an armful of books is at the door of my classroom. Perhaps it is asking too much that she—or her classmates—fathom the dilemma of an African boy whose life was changed forever by the death of a snake.

"Do you have a minute?" asks the girl.

"Longer, if you need," I reply.

She empties her arms and sits in the front row. Her eyes are bright, eager. Braces fill her smile. "Tomorrow in class, will you tell us more about Ipanda?"

"What makes you think there's more?"

"Because my brother had you last year."

"Oh," I reply. "He told you the snake story?"

There is a long pause in which my back is to her as I erase the board. I can almost feel her smile.

"It's not a snake story," she reminds me. "It's the story of an African boy who crosses a cultural line into a white man's world. . . ."

Linn-Mar Junior High School
Marion, Iowa 52302

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Protect First, Worry Later

THE MYTH OF WILD AFRICA

Conservation Without Illusion.
By Jonathan S. Adams and Thomas O. McShane.
Illustrated. 266 pp. New York:
W. W. Norton & Company. $21.95.

By Robert S. O. Harding

THE crux of the argument in "The Myth of Wild Africa: Conservation Without Illusion" is that attempts to protect wildlife are doomed unless they actively involve the people whose lives are intertwined with the animals. The "myth" of the title is the romantic idea of Africa as an unspoiled wilderness, in which human beings somehow do not belong. In this vision, all of Africa is lush upland savanna thronged with herds of game as far as the eye can see. The authors not only debunk this myth but make the complexity of the continent, its ecosystems and its political problems abundantly clear. In describing the countries where international conservation organizations have been most active, Jonathan S. Adams and Thomas O. McShane, who both work for the World Wildlife Fund, demonstrate that what works in one place does not necessarily work in another.

In Kenya, for instance, a paramilitary organization protects elephants from heavily armed, well-organized gangs of poachers from Somalia, while in southern Africa elephants flourish without such a drastic measure. In Rwanda, the authors show, the tourist industry has succeeded in bringing together the Government and the local people to protect the small population of mountain gorillas. But as one of the principals of Rwanda's project to save the gorillas says, in most other areas in Africa tourist attractions "won't come close to paying for themselves."

• • •

The question of who will pay for conservation is a recurring theme in "The Myth of Wild Africa." In one of the more contentious sections of the book, a Zimbabwean wildlife management official argues that to the money required to protect Africa's elephants far outstrips the resources of all the continent's parks departments combined.

One possible solution is to decentralize the responsibility for wildlife. If local communities were allowed to profit from the wildlife populations under their control — by offering hunting safaris and by harvesting game for meat, hides and even ivory — the people would have, the authors suggest, an economic incentive to save their resources.

Limited hunting of elephants would, of course, require rescinding the current worldwide ban on trading in ivory, something that does not seem to bother the authors. Indeed, Mr. Adams and Mr. McShane argue that the ban on ivory does not represent effective elephant conservation, since "the lure of ivory remains." This is a bit odd since the authors concede that the ban *has* made a mark. They report that in 1990, an official from Zimbabwe, a country that voted against the ban, was unable to find a buyer for ivory during a trip through Asia. The authors' readiness to see the ivory ban repealed also seems unfair since it was never intended to be a permanent solution to the elephants' plight all by itself. Rather, it was designed as one part of a multi-pronged approach, a way to buy time for the elephants until additional measures could be put in place, and it has served this purpose well.

WITH a few exceptions, the scientific community receives pretty low marks in the book. Dian Fossey is posthumously criticized for her mistaken belief that without "torture, kidnapping, burning huts, even casting herself as a sorceress" the gorillas would have perished. As for the graduate students, the authors let Myles Turner, a feisty warden of Serengeti National Park from 1956 to 1972, speak his mind. He calls their visits to Africa "a determined smash-and-grab raid for Ph.D.'s" and says they regard "the Serengeti and its animals as a vast natural laboratory to be looted at will." The authors claim that researchers have written mounds of papers that have contributed little or nothing to wildlife conservation, and that as much as $10 million has been spent on research of no practical benefit to wildlife, money that might have gone directly to antipoaching efforts or education. In defense of the scientists concerned, it should be noted that many of them came to Africa to do basic research in zoology or botany and were supported by money that would not have gone toward conservation in any case.

For those with a strong interest in Africa's wildlife, "The Myth of Wild Africa" is a useful introduction to the complex issues that must be confronted by Africans and their concerned friends from abroad. The book's central message — that the African people are the solution and not the problem — will come as no surprise to conservationists, but it is a point well worth emphasizing nonetheless. □

Robert S. O. Harding has studied primates in Africa and South America since 1970, and was involved in the attempt to develop Outamba-Kilimi, a national park in Sierra Leone.

Park rangers of the Central African Republic with confiscated elephant tusks.

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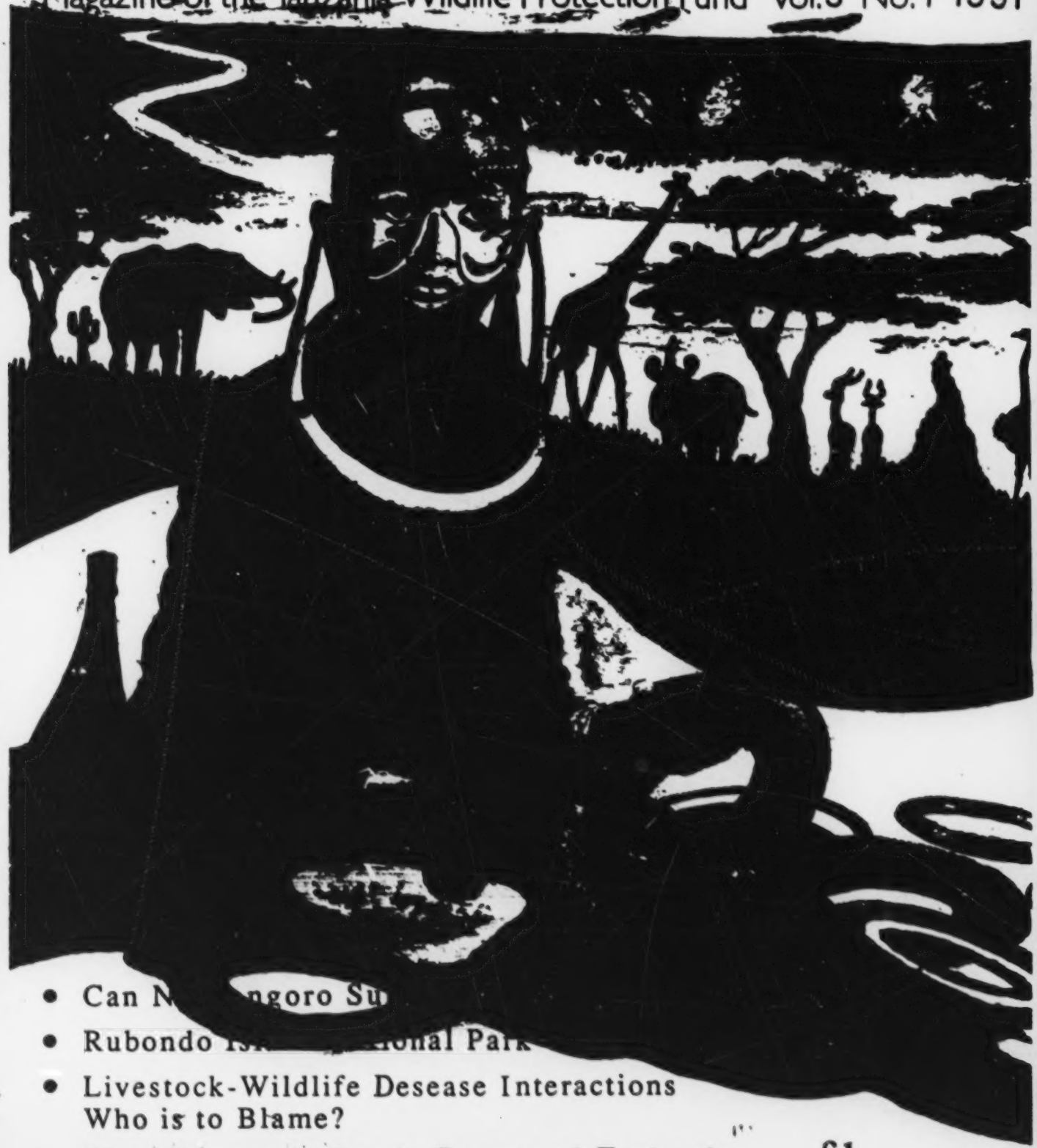
Kakakuona

Magazine of the Tanzania Wildlife Protection Fund Vol.3 No.1 1991



- Can N... ngoro Su...
- Rubondo I... ional Park
- Livestock-Wildlife Desease Interactions Who is to Blame?
- Black Mountain Bee in Danger of Extinction

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TOWARDS MANAGING NGORONGORO CONSERVATION AREA'S CONFLICTING INTERESTS

An excerpt of the paper with the title 'Wildlife Conservation in Ngorongoro Conservation Area, Tanzania: Social and Ecological Implications of Increasing Pastoralists and Declining Per Capita Livestock Populations' that was presented at the 5th International Theriological Congress in Rome, Italy in August, 1989.

By J.J. Boshe

WWF Country representative in Tanzania and former chief academic officer at the College of African Wildlife Management, Mweka.

Ngorongoro was established as a model for managing and harmonizing wildlife conservation with pastoral activities; a highly dynamic combination. Looking at the thirty year history of Ngorongoro, one is tempted to ask the question: Has the mulitple land-use policy of the area been a success or a failure?

Without making an attempt to answer the question, as correctly noted by Mascarenhas (1983), contrary to the most pessimistic scenarios, neither the wildlife nor the Masai have disappeared. Wildlife is abundant and the Masai have increased manyfold. On the other hand, however, livestock per capita has decreased, and conflict of interests between the Masai and the Ngorongoro Conservation Authority has mounted, defeating the very ideals of harmonious co-existence. In short, one cannot say that Ngorongoro Conservation Area policy has failed outright, although we must admit that even with several ammendments of the management plan and policy, we have not have had the wisdom to stear the Ngorongoro mulitple land use programme in the direction of long term harmonious co-existence of man, livestock and wildlife.

While we continue to seek long-term solutions to the Ngorongoro problems, the following recommendations ought to be considered and incorporated in the near future management plan for Ngorongoro:

--- It must be accepted that there is no choice on the form of land use for the area other than the present combination of wildlife conservation and pastoral activities; a well guided management plan that will harmoniously accommodate both forms of land use is needed. In order to achieve this, some form of land-use zoning plan must be established to ensure sound conservation of the area's natural heritage and to guide pastoral development activities.

--- At present, the Ngorongoro Masai feel highly insecure and believe that the NCAA has no consideration whatsoever in their interests and welfare. Consequently, the Masais' interest and support for conservation cannot be expected. The following actions must be taken to change the Masai attitude: (a) The right of Masai occupation and use of the area must be recognized, and their life style, cultural and traditional values respected, and struggle for improved life style and social services must therefore be acknowledged and appropriate provisions for these needs must be made whenever possible.

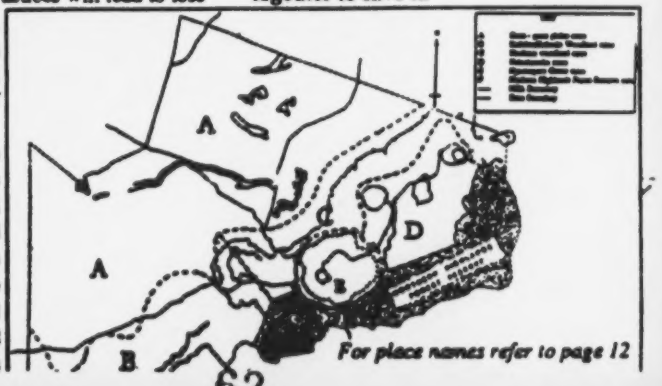
It is now generally accepted that conservation programmes are likely to fail unless they have active and positive support from the local communities. From the standpoint of its history, Ngorongoro would be an excellent model to demonstrate such a conservation philosophy. This can be done by: (a) Involving the Masai in the planning management and conservation programmes for the area, and (b) Demonstrating that conservation of Ngorongoro's natural resources is for the benefit of the local communities by placing a portion of the tourist revenues into the Masai's development programmes.

--- In compliance with an established land use zoning plan, consideration must be given to provide the necessary infrastructure to facilitate communication and transporting food stuffs and other essential commodities from the surrounding areas to the established villages within Ngorongoro.

--- The Loliondo area is presently an underdeveloped land suitable for intense agriculture, although pressure is mounting with over 100 applications for land by "outsiders". This area could be used as a spill-over land for the growing Ngorongoro Masai population, where opportunities to supplement their diet by their own cultivation exist. Consequently, the Government of Tanzania should ensure that the neighbouring Loliondo is set aside for Masai settlement and use to relieve the land pressure from Ngorongoro, where agricultural practices will lead to loss of the biological, scenic, archeological and other natural resources values of the area.

--- Since the main economic activity of the Masai is centred around livestock, efforts must be made to revive the animal husbandry and veterinary services which were discontinued in 1970 to improve livestock production. Equally important is the revival of the livestock auctions. This would enable the Masai to sell some of their animals and obtain money to buy the needed agricultural products and other essentials.

--- In spite of the conservation problems and challenges facing Ngorongoro, the NCAA has strived to maintain and manage the natural resources of the area within the limits of its (Authority's) financial capabilities. These efforts have resulted into Ngorongoro receiving world-wide recognition. Despite these recognitions, external funding to assist the Ngorongoro management in solving their many conservation problems has been rather meagre and unreliable. External donors involved in Ngorongoro ought to direct their resources more towards action oriented conservation programmes such as development of the Masai, protection of the wildlife and its habitat, provision of infrastructure necessary for the sound management of the area, and so on. Since its establishment, Ngorongoro has been the subject of several donor funded research projects. This has resulted into publishing many scholarly papers and books. Some of this research has also been used to formulate and amend the previous management plans for the area. Yet, Ngorongoro conservation problems remain far from being solved. Perhaps funding more research and monitoring programmes in Ngorongoro at this particular point in time may not solve the most pressing problems. We may be researching a system that is in the process of collapsing instead of putting efforts together to save it.



For place names refer to page 12

poems
from
tanzania

Voices from the wilderness

And we have all the rights
of flowering to our lofty heights
just as you have your human rights.
But how human are you?
Why are you persecuting us
killing us - in the name of development?

Birds - we cannot nest with ease
because there are no forests any more -
all hacked to the ground with your pangas
Nightingales we sing no more.
our throats get chocked
by inhaling the air that is poisoned.
poisoned by your smoking industries and jet bombers.
all in the name of progress!

Fish - we can never swim freely any more -
without colliding with your submarines, or
your super tankers
that belch out oil and suffocate us,
not to mention your nuclear tests,
that vaporize us -
all this in the name of scientific advancement!
The tuskers, elephants, rhinos, hippos,
you massacre us with sadistic pleasure,
so that you can make carvings, bracelets...
Sheer insanity!
We great cats and our victims, the zebras,
You gun us down so that
You can hang our skins, claws on walls
as hunting souvenirs,
naked certificates of your savagery!

Human being!
How can you claim to be more creatured
than the rest of us creatures
when you were the last to be created
as an afterthought?

Beware human!
You have been basking
A wee bit too long in your own boom,
but - you are going to burst
a wee bit too fast
in your hour of doom.

For we are going to claim
our animal rights - our animality -
since in the final analysis
the majority are always right!

Ahua S. Mghwai

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HERITAGE

INSIDE

* **VICTORIA FALLS IS WORLD HERITAGE SITE**
* LETS [illegible] OLD BUILDINGS
* *Relics up for sale*
* NOW YOU SEE VIC. FALLS NOW YOU DON'T

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FOOT-PRINTS OF A CONSERVATOR

Mooting ideas in his office.

As a man walks through his life's journey, he leaves behind foot-prints which in themselves, tell a story about the man himself. Some people leave fading foot-prints, but others leave enduring ones. The Managing Editor of Zambia Heritage News, Lawrence Sumpa interviewed Nicholas Katanekwa, the Director of National Heritage Conservation Commission. Excerpts .....

IN my life I aspire to work for the cause of conservation within or without the Commission. The time when conservation will play a major role in development planning both for private and public sector then that will make my day. I believe there is no other way for Zambia to survive and I wish to make a humble contribution to that effect.

I am quite content as Director of the Commission and I do hope that God will permit me to be useful for a while. It takes time for one to grasp the gist of his job and after working for the Commission for some ten years now, I feel I have full understanding and I am in a position of being more useful to the nation.

Yes, I see a bright future for the Commission. The importance of the National Heritage Conservation Commission has not been fully appreciated by every Zambian but with more specialised staff, one feels the Commission is in a position to fulfil its function as a custodian of Zambia's natural and cultural heritage.

The role of a Conservator, anywhere, is to safe-guard and wherever possible prolong the life of the heritage so that it continues to play a useful role for present and future generations.

A Conservator also seeks to ensure public enjoyment of the heritage and this requires disseminating knowledge to the public about the heritage. Heritage should not be developed for sel-fish interests, but for the widest possible public enjoyment.

A Conservator of heritage preserves, cares for, maintains, rehabilitates, restores, manages, presents and promotes Zambia's heritage for now and for posterity.

However, conservation requires vast resources to ensure that all forces impacting on heritage are minimised or controlled. Sadly, there appears an inherent conflict between conservation and development. To a lot of people conservation is anti-development and yet conservation and development are two sides of the same coin.

This misconception of conservation makes the job in a developing country a pretty dangerous one. Unless a Conservator is seen as an ally to development, he will continue to face problems in implementing conservation programmes.

At present, none of the institutions involved in conservation have sufficient facilities to carry out their work. This is a major constraint to the profession.

In view of this and due to diversity of Zambia's heritage there is need to train conservators in various fields of conservation. At the moment there are very few professionals in the field.

Fortunately, there is a realisation in GRZ that this Commission can play a pivotal role in tourism diversification, education and preservation of national identity and in contributing to international understanding, but the Commission as we see it, has come a long way.

Mr Katanekwa and a television producer, the late Charles Mando, recording live for "Sunday Interview" programme at Railway Museum.

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Let's go back to1980 when I had to choose between pursuing a PhD in Archaeology under the Beit Trust Scholarship or take up the post of the first Zambian Director for the National Monuments Commission.

After studying the National Monuments Commission Act, Cap 266 of the Laws of Zambia, it became clear to me that serious efforts to preserve Zambia's heritage had not taken place. The need to preserve Zambia's heritage became more urgent than going for a PhD and there has been no looking back.

For sometime now, I have had a burden to develop an organisational structure capable of shouldering the full responsibilities of the Commission. We are beginning to have standards in our work and that is the only way to guarantee continuity.

The National Monuments Commission had been in existence since 1948 and up to 1980 when I took over as Director, there were only about five full time employees all geared or assisting in archaeological research. That's why the prehistory of this country to a large extent has been written up by former Directors of the Commission. Their work in this regard is unrivalled in sub-Sahara Africa.

However, heritage conservation is more than just archaeological research.

I am grateful for the privilege I had of contributing to the layman's draft of what is now the National Heritage Conservation Commission Act of 1989. I also represented the Commission on the National Conservation Committee (NCC) and feel great relief that the Environmental Protection and Pollution Control Act was passed through Parliament in 1990.

Coupled to this, our nomination of the Victoria Falls as a World Heritage Site was accepted and the Victoria Falls was recognised in August 1990.

Mr Katanekwa chairing the joint Zambia-Zimbabwe Working Group meeting at the Mosi-O-Tunya Intercontinental Hotel, for the nomination of the Victoria Falls as a World Heritage Site. Next to him is Mr Derrick Medford, a consultant from the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources (IUCN).

Lawrence, when I see the Railway Museum which my predecessors only dreamed of, become reality during my term of office, I say that conservation does work. All those steam locomotives, coaches and wagons on display at Railway Museum tell a story in themselves and I am proud to have played a leading role from the very start.

When we started the idea of a Railway Museum, some people wrote us off as crazy, but now tourists from all over the world are coming to the Railway Museum to appreciate what can be done using local and limited resources.

When I see the National Heritage Centre, formerly Old Lusaka School for boys, taking shape, though in an embryonic stage, I see conservation dreams come true. That unique School would have been demolished as out of date but as conservators we believe that our architectural heritage need to be preserved and we rescued that building which will in future depict Zambia's rich heritage for all people to see and enjoy.

If I have contributed in a small way to development of Commission activities, then my time has not been wasted. In a position like mine you are like an actor on stage. Any time the curtain will go down to signal time out and I ask myself, "What will posterity judge of my performance as a conservator?" I always think about that and hope that posterity will give me a fair judgement.

My career has been greatly influenced by the American Park Service in the commendable manner it has conserved America's heritage. I was privileged to travel across America in 1987 to study historical preservation and this did solidify the influence the Park Service made on me in the early 1980's.

When development planning in this country shall take conservation as a leading and indispensable partner, then we will be on our way. I am convinced that we can only delay that process, but we cannot stop it. Everywhere nations are realising that development will not be meaningful without a dimension of conservation in it. Zambia can only ignore this at its own peril.

JUMP

AND OTHER

STORIES

NADINE

GORDIMER

FARRAR·STRAUS·GIROUX

NEW YORK

1991

The Ultimate Safari

The African Adventure Lives On . . . You can do it!
The ultimate safari or expedition
with leaders who know Africa.

—TRAVEL ADVERTISEMENT,
Observer, LONDON, 27.11.88

That night our mother went to the shop and she didn't come back. Ever. What happened? I don't know. My father also had gone away one day and never come back; but he was fighting in the war. We were in the war, too, but we were children, we were like our grandmother and grandfather, we didn't have guns. The people my father was fighting—the bandits, they are called by our government—ran all over the place and we ran away from them like chickens chased by dogs. We didn't know where to go. Our mother went to the shop because someone said you could get some oil for cooking. We were happy because we hadn't tasted oil for a long time; perhaps she got the oil and someone knocked her down in the dark and took that oil from her. Perhaps she met the bandits. If you meet them, they will kill you. Twice they came to our village and we ran and hid in the bush and when they'd gone we came back and found they had taken everything, but the third time they came back there was nothing to take, no oil, no food,

so they burned the thatch and the roofs of our houses fell in. My mother found some pieces of tin and we put those up over part of the house. We were waiting there for her that night she never came back.

We were frightened to go out, even to do our business, because the bandits did come. Not into our house—without a roof it must have looked as if there was no one in it, everything gone—but all through the village. We heard people screaming and running. We were afraid even to run, without our mother to tell us where. I am the middle one, the girl, and my little brother clung against my stomach with his arms round my neck and his legs round my waist like a baby monkey to its mother. All night my first-born brother kept in his hand a broken piece of wood from one of our burnt house-poles. It was to save himself if the bandits found him.

We stayed there all day. Waiting for her. I don't know what day it was; there was no school, no church any more in our village, so you didn't know whether it was a Sunday or a Monday.

When the sun was going down, our grandmother and grandfather came. Someone from our village had told them we children were alone, our mother had not come back. I say 'grandmother' before 'grandfather' because it's like that: our grandmother is big and strong, not yet old, and our grandfather is small, you don't know where he is, in his loose trousers, he smiles but he hasn't heard what you're saying, and his hair looks as if he's left it full of soap suds. Our grandmother took us—me, the baby, my first-born brother, our grandfather—back to her house and we were all afraid (except the baby, asleep on our grandmother's back) of meeting the bandits on the way. We waited a long time at our grandmother's place. Perhaps it was a month. We were hungry. Our mother never came. While we were waiting for her to fetch us our grandmother had no food for us, no food for our grandfather and herself. A woman with milk in her breasts gave us some for my little brother, although at our house he used to eat porridge, same as we did. Our grandmother took us to look for wild spinach but everyone else in her village did the same and there wasn't a leaf left.

Our grandfather, walking a little behind some young men, went to look for our mother but didn't find her. Our grandmother cried with other women and I sang the hymns with them. They brought a little food—some beans—but after two days there was nothing again. Our grandfather used to have three sheep and a cow and a vegetable garden but the bandits had long ago taken the sheep and the cow, because they were hungry, too; and when planting time came our grandfather had no seed to plant.

So they decided—our grandmother did; our grandfather made little noises and rocked from side to side, but she took no notice—we would go away. We children were pleased. We wanted to go away from where our mother wasn't and where we were hungry. We wanted to go where there were no bandits and there was food. We were glad to think there must be such a place; away.

Our grandmother gave her church clothes to someone in exchange for some dried mealies and she boiled them and tied them in a rag. We took them with us when we went and she thought we would get water from the rivers but we didn't come to any river and we got so thirsty we had to turn back. Not all the way to our grandparents' place but to a village where there was a pump. She opened the basket

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where she carried some clothes and the mealies and she sold her shoes to buy a big plastic container for water. I said, *Gogo*, how will you go to church now even without shoes, but she said we had a long journey and too much to carry. At that village we met other people who were also going away. We joined them because they seemed to know where that was better than we did.

To get there we had to go through the Kruger Park. We knew about the Kruger Park. A kind of whole country of animals—elephants, lions, jackals, hyenas, hippos, crocodiles, all kinds of animals. We had some of them in our own country, before the war (our grandfather remembers; we children weren't born yet) but the bandits kill the elephants and sell their tusks, and the bandits and our soldiers have eaten all the buck. There was a man in our village without legs—a crocodile took them off, in our river; but all the same our country is a country of people, not animals. We knew about the Kruger Park because some of our men used to leave home to work there in the places where white people come to stay and look at the animals.

So we started to go away again. There were women and other children like me who had to carry the small ones on their backs when the women got tired. A man led us into the Kruger Park; are we there yet, are we there yet, I kept asking our grandmother. Not yet, the man said, when she asked him for me. He told us we had to take a long way to get round the fence, which he explained would kill you, roast off your skin the moment you touched it, like the wires high up on poles that give electric light in our towns. I've seen that sign of a head without eyes or skin or hair on an iron box at the mission hospital we used to have before it was blown up.

When I asked the next time, they said we'd been walking in the Kruger Park for an hour. But it looked just like the bush we'd been walking through all day, and we hadn't seen any animals except the monkeys and birds which live around us at home, and a tortoise that, of course, couldn't get away from us. My first-born brother and the other boys brought it to the man so it could be killed and we could cook and eat it. He let it go because he told us we could not make a fire; all the time we were in the Park we must not make a fire because the smoke would show we were there. Police, wardens, would come and send us back where we came from. He said we must move like animals among the animals, away from the roads, away from the white people's camps. And at that moment I heard—I'm sure I was the first to hear—cracking branches and the sound of something parting grasses and I almost squealed because I thought it was the police, wardens—the people he was telling us to look out for—who had found us already. And it was an elephant, and another elephant, and more elephants, big blots of dark moved wherever you looked between the trees. They were curling their trunks round the red leaves of the Mopane trees and stuffing them into their mouths. The babies leant against their mothers. The almost grown-up ones wrestled like my first-born brother with his friends—only they used trunks instead of arms. I was so interested I forgot to be afraid. The man said we should just stand still and be quiet while the elephants passed. They passed very slowly because elephants are too big to need to run from anyone.

The buck ran from us. They jumped so high they seemed to fly. The warthogs stopped dead, when they heard us, and swerved off the way a boy in our village used to zigzag on

the bicycle his father had brought back from the mines. We followed the animals to where they drank. When they had gone, we went to their water-holes. We were never thirsty without finding water, but the animals ate, ate all the time. Whenever you saw them they were eating, grass, trees, roots. And there was nothing for us. The mealies were finished. The only food we could eat was what the baboons ate, dry little figs full of ants that grow along the branches of the trees at the rivers. It was hard to be like the animals.

When it was very hot during the day we would find lions lying asleep. They were the colour of the grass and we didn't see them at first but the man did, and he led us back and a long way round where they slept. I wanted to lie down like the lions. My little brother was getting thin but he was very heavy. When our grandmother looked for me, to put him on my back, I tried not to see. My first-born brother stopped talking; and when we rested he had to be shaken to get up again, as if he was just like our grandfather, he couldn't hear. I saw flies crawling on our grandmother's face and she didn't brush them off; I was frightened. I picked a palm leaf and chased them.

We walked at night as well as by day. We could see the fires where the white people were cooking in the camps and we could smell the smoke and the meat. We watched the hyenas with their backs that slope as if they're ashamed, slipping through the bush after the smell. If one turned its head, you saw it had big brown shining eyes like our own, when we looked at each other in the dark. The wind brought voices in our own language from the compounds where the people who work in the camps live. A woman among us wanted to go to them at night and ask them to help us. They can give us the food from the dustbins, she said, she

started wailing and our grandmother had to grab her and put a hand over her mouth. The man who led us had told us that we must keep out of the way of our people who worked at the Kruger Park; if they helped us they would lose their work. If they saw us, all they could do was pretend we were not there; they had seen only animals.

Sometimes we stopped to sleep for a little while at night. We slept close together. I don't know which night it was—because we were walking, walking, any time, all the time—we heard the lions very near. Not groaning loudly the way they did far off. Panting, like we do when we run, but it's a different kind of panting: you can hear they're not running, they're waiting, somewhere near. We all rolled closer together, on top of each other, the ones on the edge fighting to get into the middle. I was squashed against a woman who smelled bad because she was afraid but I was glad to hold tight on to her. I prayed to God to make the lions take someone on the edge and go. I shut my eyes not to see the tree from which a lion might jump right into the middle of us, where I was. The man who led us jumped up instead, and beat on the tree with a dead branch. He had taught us never to make a sound but he shouted. He shouted at the lions like a drunk man shouting at nobody, in our village. The lions went away. We heard them groaning, shouting back at him from far off.

We were tired, so tired. My first-born brother and the man had to lift our grandfather from stone to stone where we found places to cross the rivers. Our grandmother is strong but her feet were bleeding. We could not carry the basket on our heads any longer, we couldn't carry anything except my little brother. We left our things under a bush. As long as our bodies get there, our grandmother said. Then

we ate some wild fruit we didn't know from home and our stomachs ran. We were in the grass called elephant grass because it is nearly as tall as an elephant, that day we had those pains, and our grandfather couldn't just get down in front of people like my little brother, he went off into the grass to be on his own. We had to keep up, the man who led us always kept telling us, we must catch up, but we asked him to wait for our grandfather.

So everyone waited for our grandfather to catch up. But he didn't. It was the middle of the day; insects were singing in our ears and we couldn't hear him moving through the grass. We couldn't see him because the grass was so high and he was so small. But he must have been somewhere there inside his loose trousers and his shirt that was torn and our grandmother couldn't sew because she had no cotton. We knew he couldn't have gone far because he was weak and slow. We all went to look for him, but in groups, so we too wouldn't be hidden from each other in that grass. It got into our eyes and noses; we called him softly but the noise of the insects must have filled the little space left for hearing in his ears. We looked and looked but we couldn't find him. We stayed in that long grass all night. In my sleep I found him curled round in a place he had tramped down for himself, like the places we'd seen where the buck hide their babies.

When I woke up he still wasn't anywhere. So we looked again, and by now there were paths we'd made by going through the grass many times, it would be easy for him to find us if we couldn't find him. All that day we just sat and waited. Everything is very quiet when the sun is on your head, inside your head, even if you lie, like the animals, under the trees. I lay on my back and saw those ugly birds with hooked beaks and plucked necks flying round and

round above us. We had passed them often where they were feeding on the bones of dead animals, nothing was ever left there for us to eat. Round and round, high up and then lower down and then high again. I saw their necks poking to this side and that. Flying round and round. I saw our grandmother, who sat up all the time with my little brother on her lap, was seeing them, too.

In the afternoon the man who led us came to our grandmother and told her the other people must move on. He said, If their children don't eat soon they will die.

Our grandmother said nothing.

I'll bring you water before we go, he told her.

Our grandmother looked at us, me, my first-born brother, and my little brother on her lap. We watched the other people getting up to leave. I didn't believe the grass would be empty, all around us, where they had been. That we would be alone in this place, the Kruger Park, the police or the animals would find us. Tears came out of my eyes and nose onto my hands but our grandmother took no notice. She got up, with her feet apart the way she puts them when she is going to lift firewood, at home in our village, she swung my little brother onto her back, tied him in her cloth—the top of her dress was torn and her big breasts were showing but there was nothing in them for him. She said, Come.

So we left the place with the long grass. Left behind. We went with the others and the man who led us. We started to go away, again.

There's a very big tent, bigger than a church or a school, tied down to the ground. I didn't understand that was what it would be, when we got there, away. I saw a thing like

that the time our mother took us to the town because she heard our soldiers were there and she wanted to ask them if they knew where our father was. In that tent, people were praying and singing. This one is blue and white like that one but it's not for praying and singing, we live in it with other people who've come from our country. Sister from the clinic says we're two hundred without counting the babies, and we have new babies, some were born on the way through the Kruger Park.

Inside, even when the sun is bright it's dark and there's a kind of whole village in there. Instead of houses each family has a little place closed off with sacks or cardboard from boxes—whatever we can find—to show the other families it's yours and they shouldn't come in even though there's no door and no windows and no thatch, so that if you're standing up and you're not a small child you can see into everybody's house. Some people have even made paint from ground rocks and drawn designs on the sacks.

Of course, there really is a roof—the tent is the roof, far, high up. It's like a sky. It's like a mountain and we're inside it; through the cracks paths of dust lead down, so thick you think you could climb them. The tent keeps off the rain overhead but the water comes in at the sides and in the little streets between our places—you can only move along them one person at a time—the small kids like my little brother play in the mud. You have to step over them. My little brother doesn't play. Our grandmother takes him to the clinic when the doctor comes on Mondays. Sister says there's something wrong with his head, she thinks it's because we didn't have enough food at home. Because of the war. Because our father wasn't there. And then because he was so hungry in the Kruger Park. He likes just to lie about on our grandmother all day, on her lap or against her somewhere, and he looks at us and looks at us. He wants to ask something but you can see he can't. If I tickle him he may just smile. The clinic gives us special powder to make into porridge for him and perhaps one day he'll be all right.

When we arrived we were like him—my first-born brother and I. I can hardly remember. The people who live in the village near the tent took us to the clinic, it's where you have to sign that you've come—away, through the Kruger Park. We sat on the grass and everything was muddled. One Sister was pretty with her hair straightened and beautiful high-heeled shoes and she brought us the special powder. She said we must mix it with water and drink it slowly. We tore the packets open with our teeth and licked it all up, it stuck round my mouth and I sucked it from my lips and fingers. Some other children who had walked with us vomited. But I only felt everything in my belly moving, the stuff going down and around like a snake, and hiccups hurt me. Another Sister called us to stand in line on the verandah of the clinic but we couldn't. We sat all over the place there, falling against each other; the Sisters helped each of us up by the arm and then stuck a needle in it. Other needles drew our blood into tiny bottles. This was against sickness, but I didn't understand, every time my eyes dropped closed I thought I was walking, the grass was long, I saw the elephants, I didn't know we were away.

But our grandmother was still strong, she could still stand up, she knows how to write and she signed for us. Our grandmother got us this place in the tent against one of the sides, it's the best kind of place there because although the rain comes in, we can lift the flap when the weather is good and then the sun shines on us, the smells in the tent go

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out. Our grandmother knows a woman here who showed her where there is good grass for sleeping mats, and our grandmother made some for us. Once every month the food truck comes to the clinic. Our grandmother takes along one of the cards she signed and when it has been punched we get a sack of mealie meal. There are wheelbarrows to take it back to the tent; my first-born brother does this for her and then he and the other boys have races, steering the empty wheelbarrows back to the clinic. Sometimes he's lucky and a man who's bought beer in the village gives him money to deliver it—though that's not allowed, you're supposed to take that wheelbarrow straight back to the Sisters. He buys a cold drink and shares it with me if I catch him. On another day, every month, the church leaves a pile of old clothes in the clinic yard. Our grandmother has another card to get punched, and then we can choose something: I have two dresses, two pants and a jersey, so I can go to school.

The people in the village have let us join their school. I was surprised to find they speak our language; our grandmother told me, That's why they allow us to stay on their land. Long ago, in the time of our fathers, there was no fence that kills you, there was no Kruger Park between them and us, we were the same people under our own king, right from our village we left to this place we've come to.

Now that we've been in the tent so long—I have turned eleven and my little brother is nearly three although he is so small, only his head is big, he's not come right in it yet—some people have dug up the bare ground around the tent and planted beans and mealies and cabbage. The old men weave branches to put up fences round their gardens. No one is allowed to look for work in the towns but some of

the women have found work in the village and can buy things. Our grandmother, because she's still strong, finds work where people are building houses—in this village the people build nice houses with bricks and cement, not mud like we used to have at our home. Our grandmother carries bricks for these people and fetches baskets of stones on her head. And so she has money to buy sugar and tea and milk and soap. The store gave her a calendar she has hung up on our flap of the tent. I am clever at school and she collected advertising paper people throw away outside the store and covered my schoolbooks with it. She makes my first-born brothe. and me do our homework every afternoon before it gets dark because there is no room except to lie down, close together, just as we did in the Kruger Park, in our place in the tent, and candles are expensive. Our grandmother hasn't been able to buy herself a pair of shoes for church yet, but she has bought black school shoes and polish to clean them with for my first-born brother and me. Every morning, when people are getting up in the tent, the babies are crying, people are pushing each other at the taps outside and some children are already pulling the crusts of porridge off the pots we ate from last night, my first-born brother and I clean our shoes. Our grandmother makes us sit on our mats with our legs straight out so she can look carefully at our shoes to make sure we have done it properly. No other children in the tent have real school shoes. When we three look at them it's as if we are in a real house again, with no war, no away.

Some white people came to take photographs of our people living in the tent—they said they were making a film, I've never seen what that is though I know about it. A white woman squeezed into our space and asked our grandmother

questions which were told to us in our language by someone who understands the white woman's.

How long have you been living like this?

She means here? our grandmother said. In this tent, two years and one month.

And what do you hope for the future?

Nothing. I'm here.

But for your children?

I want them to learn so that they can get good jobs and money.

Do you hope to go back to Mozambique—to your own country?

I will not go back.

But when the war is [illegible] won't be allowed to stay here? Don't you want to go home?

I didn't think our grandmother wanted to speak again. I didn't think she was going to answer the white woman. The white woman put her head on one side and smiled at us.

Our grandmother looked away from her and spoke—There is nothing. No home.

Why does our grandmother say that? Why? I'll go back. I'll go back through that Kruger Park. After the war, if there are no bandits any more, our mother may be waiting for us. And maybe when we left our grandfather, he was only left behind, he found his way somehow, slowly, through the Kruger Park, and he'll be there. They'll be home, and I'll remember them.

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AN AFRICAN BETRAYAL

HE WAS WAITING FOR the moon to rise and he felt Kibo's hair rise under his hand as he stroked him to be quiet and they both watched and listened as the moon came up and gave them shadows. His arm was around the dog's neck now and he could feel him shivering. All of the night sounds had stopped. They did not hear the elephant and David did not see him until the dog turned his head and seemed to settle into David. Then the elephant's shadow covered them and he moved past making no noise at all and they smelled him in the light wind that came down from the mountain. He smelled strong but old and sour and when he was past David saw that the left tusk was so long it seemed to reach the ground.

They waited but no other elephants came by and then David and the dog started off running in the moonlight. The dog kept close behind him and when David stopped the dog pressed his muzzle into the back of his knee.

David had to see the bull again and they came up on him at the edge of the forest. He was traveling toward the mountain and slowly moving into the steady night breeze. David came close enough to see him cut off the moon again and to smell the sour oldness but he could not see the right tusk. He was afraid to work closer with the dog and he took him back with the wind and pushed him down against the base of a tree and tried to make him understand. He thought the dog would stay and he did but when David moved up toward the bulk of the elephant again he felt the wet muzzle against the hollow of his knee.

The two of them followed the elephant until he came to an opening in the trees. He stood there moving his huge ears. His bulk was in the shadow but the moonlight would be on his head. David reached behind him and closed the dog's jaws gently with his hand and then moved softly and unbreathing to his right along the edge of the night breeze, feeling it on his cheek, edging with it, never letting it get between him and the bulk until he could see the elephant's head and the great ears slowly moving. The right tusk was as thick as his own thigh and it curved down almost to the ground.

He and Kibo moved back, the wind on his neck now, and they backtracked out of the forest and into the open park country. The dog was ahead of him now and he stopped where David had left the two hunting spears by the trail when they had followed the elephant. He swung them over his shoulder in their thong and leather cup harness and, with his best spear that he had kept with him all the time in his hand, they started on the trail for the *shamba*.

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

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DAVID HAD FELT THE tiredness as soon as they had picked up the trail again [the next day].

He could have moved ahead much faster than Juma and his father but when he started to tire they were the same as ever and at noon they took only the usual five-minute rest and he had seen that Juma was increasing the pace a little. Perhaps he wasn't. Perhaps it had only seemed faster but the elephant dung was fresher now although it was not warm yet to the touch. Juma gave him the rifle to carry after they came upon the last pile of dung but after an hour he looked at him and took it back. They had been climbing steadily across a slope of the mountain but now the trail went down and from a gap in the forest he saw broken country ahead. "Here's where the tough part starts, Davey," his father said.

The two of them followed the elephant until he came to an opening in the trees.

It was then he knew that he should have been sent back to the *shamba* once he had put them on the trail. Juma had known it for a long time. His father knew it now and there was nothing to be done. It was another of his mistakes and there was nothing to do now except gamble.

David looked down at the big flattened circle of the print of the elephant's foot and saw where the bracken had been pressed down and where a broken stem of a weed was drying. Juma picked it up and looked at the sun. Juma handed the broken weed to David's father and his father rolled it in his fingers. David noticed the white flowers that were drooped and drying. But they still had not dried in the sun nor shed their petals.

"Let's get going," his father said.

Late in the afternoon they were still tracking through the broken country. He had been sleepy now for a long time and as he watched the two men he knew that sleepiness was his real enemy and he followed their pace and tried to move through and out of the sleep that deadened him. The two men relieved each other tracking on the hour and the one who was in second place looked back at him at regular intervals to check if he was with them. When they made a dry camp at dark in the forest he went to sleep as soon as he sat down and woke with Juma holding his moccasins and feeling his bare feet for blisters. His father had spread his coat over him and was sitting by him with a piece of cold cooked meat and two biscuits. He offered him a water bottle with cold tea.

"He'll have to feed, Davey," his father

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ART BY LLYNNE BUSCHMAN

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BETRAYAL

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said. "Your feet are in good shape. They're as sound as Juma's. Eat this slowly and drink some tea and go to sleep again. We haven't any problems."

"I'm sorry I was so sleepy."

"You and Kibo hunted and traveled all last night. Why shouldn't you be sleepy? You can have a little more meat if you want it."

"I'm not hungry."

"Good. We're good for three days. We'll hit water again tomorrow. Plenty of creeks come off the mountain."

"Where's he going?"

"Juma thinks he knows."

"Isn't it bad?"

"Not too bad, Davey."

"I'm going back to sleep," David had said. "I don't need your coat."

"Juma and I are all right," his father said. "I always sleep warm you know."

David was asleep even before his father said good night. Then he woke once with the moonlight on his face and he thought of the elephant with his great ears moving as he stood in the forest, his head hung down with the weight of the tusks. David thought then in the night that the hollow way he felt as he remembered him was from waking hungry. But it was not and he found that out in the next three days.

He thought of the elephant with his great ears moving as he stood in the forest.

The next day was very bad because long before noon he knew that it was not just the need for sleep that made the difference between a boy and men. For the first three hours he was fresher than they were and he asked Juma for the .303 rifle to carry but Juma shook his head. He did not smile and he had always been David's best friend and had taught him to hunt. He offered it to me yesterday, David thought, and I'm in better shape today than I was then. He was, too, but by 10 o'clock he knew the day would be as bad or worse than the day before.

It was as silly for him to think that he could trail with his father as to think that it was not just that they were men. They were professional hunters and he knew now that was why Juma would not even waste a smile. They knew everything the elephant had done, pointed out the signs of it to each other without speaking, and when the tracking became difficult his father always yielded to Juma. When they stopped to fill the water bottles at a stream his father said, "Just last the day out, Davey." Then when they were past the broken country and climbing toward the forest the tracks of the elephant turned off to the right onto an old elephant trail. He saw his father and Juma talking and when he got up to them Juma was looking back over the way they had come and then at a far distant stony island of hills in the dry country and seemed to be taking a bearing of this against the peaks of three far blue hills on the horizon.

"Juma knows where he's going now," his father explained. "He thought he knew before but then he dropped down into this stuff." He looked back at the country they had come through all day. "Where he's headed now is pretty good going but we'll have to climb."

THEY CLIMBED UNTIL IT was dark and then made another dry camp. David killed two spur fowl with his slingshot out of a small flock that had walked across the trail just before the sunset. The birds had come into the old elephant trail to dust, walking neatly and plumply, and when the pebble broke the back of one and the bird began to jerk and toss with its wings thumping, another bird ran forward to peck at it and David pouched another pebble and pulled it back and sent it against the ribs of the second bird. As he ran forward to put his hand on it the other birds whirred off. Juma had looked back and smiled this time and David picked up the two birds, warm and plump and smoothly feathered, and knocked their heads against the handle of his hunting knife.

Now where they were camped for the night his father said, "I've never seen that type of francolin quite so high. You did very well to get a double on them."

Juma cooked the birds spitted on a stick over the coals of a very small fire. His father drank a whiskey and water from the cup top on his flask as they lay and watched Juma cook. Afterward Juma gave them each

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BETRAYAL

a breast with the heart in it and ate the two necks and backs and the legs himself.

"It makes a great difference, Davey," his father said. "We're very well off on rations now."

"How far are we behind him?" David asked.

"We're quite close," his father said. "It depends on whether he travels when the moon comes up. It's an hour later tonight and two hours later than when you found him."

"Why does Juma think he knows where he's going?"

"He wounded him and killed his *askari* [friend] not too far from here."

"When?"

"Five years ago, he says. That may mean anytime. When you were still a *toto* he says."

"Has he been alone since then?"

"He says so. He hasn't seen him. Only heard of him."

"How big does he say he is?"

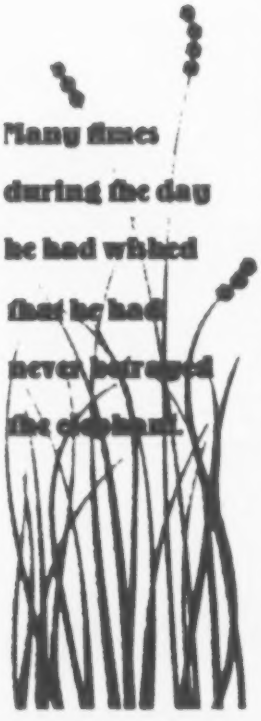
"Close to two hundred. Bigger than anything I've ever seen. He says there's only been one greater elephant and he came from near here too."

"I'd better get to sleep," David said. "I hope I'll be better tomorrow."

"You were splendid today," his father said. "I was very proud of you. So was Juma."

In the night when he woke after the moon was up he was sure they were not proud of him except perhaps for his dexterity in killing the two birds. He had found the elephant at night and followed him to see that he had both of his tusks and then returned to find the two men and put them on the trail. David knew they were proud of that. But once the deadly following started he was useless to them and a danger to their success just as Kibo had been to him when he had gone up close to the elephant in the night, and he knew they must have each hated themselves for not having sent him back when there was time. The tusks of the elephant weighed two hundred pounds apiece. Ever since these tusks had grown beyond their normal size the elephant had been hunted for them and now the three of them would kill him for them.

David was sure that they would kill him now because he, David, had lasted through the day and kept up after the pace had destroyed him by noon. So they probably were proud of him doing that. But he had brought nothing useful to the hunt and they would have been far better off without him. Many times during the day he had wished that he had never betrayed the elephant and in the afternoon he remembered wishing that he had never seen him. Awake in the moonlight he knew that was not true.



Many times during the day he had wished that he had never betrayed the elephant.

THE NEXT MORNING THEY were following the spoor of the elephant on an old elephant trail that was a hard-packed worn road through the forest. It looked as though elephants had traveled it ever since the lava had cooled from the mountain and the trees had first grown tall and close.

Juma was very confident and they moved fast. Both his father and Juma seemed very sure of themselves and the going on the elephant road was so easy that Juma gave him the .303 to carry as they went on through the broken light of the forest. Then they lost the trail in smoking piles of fresh dung and the flat round prints of a herd of elephants that had come onto the elephant road from the heavy forest on the left of the trail. Juma had taken the .303 from David angrily. It was afternoon before they worked up to the herd and around it, seeing the gray bulks through the trees and the movement of the big ears and the searching trunks coiling and uncoiling, hearing the crash of branches broken, the crash of trees pushed over, the rumbling in the bellies of the elephants and the slap and thud of the dung falling.

They had found the trail of the old bull finally and when it turned off onto a smaller elephant road Juma had looked at David's father and grinned showing his filed teeth and his father had nodded his head. They looked as though they had a dirty secret, just as they had looked when he had found them that night at the *shamba*.

It was not very long before they came on the secret. It was off to the right in the forest and the tracks of the old bull led to it. It was a skull as high as David's chest and white from the sun and the rain. There was a deep depression in the forehead and a ridge ran from between the bare white eye sockets and flared out in empty broken holes where the tusks had been chopped away.

Juma pointed out where the great elephant they were trailing had stood while he looked down at the skull and where his trunk had moved it a little way from the place it had rested on the ground and where the points of his tusks had touched the ground beside it. He showed David the single hole in the big depression in the white bone of the forehead and then the four holes close together in the bone around the earhole. He grinned at David and at his father and took a .303 solid from his pocket and fitted the nose into the hole in the bone of the forehead.

"Here is where Juma wounded the big

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"I'd better go to sleep," David said. "I hope I'll be better tomorrow."

bull," his father said. "This was his *askari*. His friend, really, because he was a big bull too. He charged and Juma knocked him down and finished him in the ear."

Juma was pointing out the scattered bones and how the big bull had walked among them. Juma and David's father were both very pleased with what they had found.

"How long do you suppose he and his friend had been together?" David asked his father.

"I haven't the faintest idea," his father said. "Ask Juma."

"You ask him please."

His father and Juma spoke together and Juma had looked at David and laughed.

"Probably four or five times your life, he says," David's father told him. "He doesn't know or care really."

I care, David thought. I saw him in the moonlight and he was alone but I had Kibo. Kibo has me too. The bull wasn't doing any harm and now we've tracked him to where he came to see his dead friend and now we're going to kill him. It's my fault. I betrayed him.

Now Juma had worked out the trail and motioned to his father and they started on.

My father doesn't need to kill elephants to live, David thought. Juma would not have found him if he had not seen him. He had his chance at him and all he did was wound him and kill his friend. Kibo and I found him and I never should have told them and I should have kept him secret and had him always and let them stay drunk at the beer *shamba*. Juma was so drunk we could not wake him. I'm going to keep everything a secret always. I'll never tell them anything again. If they kill him Juma will drink his share of the ivory or just buy himself another wife. Why didn't you help the elephant when you could? All you had to do was not go on the second day. No, that wouldn't have stopped them. Juma would have gone on. You never should have told them. Never, never tell them. Try and remember that. Never tell anyone anything ever. Never tell anyone anything again.

His father waited for him to come up and said very gently, "He rested here. He's not traveling as he was. We'll be up on him anytime now."

IN THE MORNING HE WAS on the far slope of the mountain again. The elephant was no longer traveling as he had been but was moving aimlessly now, feeding occasionally, and David had known they were getting close to him.

He tried to remember how he had felt. He had no love for the elephant yet. He must remember that. He had only a sorrow that had come from his own tiredness that had brought an understanding of age. Through being too young, he had learned how it must be to be too old.

He was lonesome for Kibo and thinking of how Juma killing the elephant's friend had turned him against Juma and made the elephant his brother. He knew then how much it meant to him to have seen the elephant in the moonlight and to have followed him and come close to him in the clearing so that he had seen the great tusks. But he did not know that nothing would ever be as good as that again. Now he knew they would kill the elephant and there was nothing he could do about it. He had betrayed the elephant when he had gone back to tell them at the *shamba*. They would kill me and they would kill Kibo if we had ivory, he had thought, and known it was untrue.

Probably the elephant is going to find where he was born and they'll kill him there. That's all they'd need to make it perfect. They'd like to have killed him where they killed his friend. That would be a big joke. That would have pleased them.

They had moved to the edge of thick cover now and the elephant was close ahead. David could smell him and they could all hear him pulling down branches and the snapping that they made. His father put his hand on David's shoulder to move

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BETRAYAL

him back and have him wait outside and then he took a big pinch of ashes from the pouch in his pocket and tossed it in the air. The ash barely slanted toward them as it fell and his father nodded at Juma and bent down to follow him into the thick cover.

David had stood still and listened to the elephant feeding. He could smell him as strongly as he had the night in the moonlight when he had worked up close to him and had seen his wonderful tusks. Then as he stood there it was silent and he could not smell the elephant. Then there had been a shot by the .303, then the heavy rocking double report of his father's .450, then the smashing and crashing had gone on going steadily away and he had gone into the heavy growth and found Juma shaken and bleeding from his forehead all down over his face and his father white and angry.

"He went for Juma and knocked him over," his father had said. "Juma hit him in the head."

"Where did you hit him?"

"Where I could," his father had said. "Get on the blood spoor."

There was plenty of blood. One stream as high as David's head that had squirted bright on trunks and leaves and vines and another much lower that was dark and foul with stomach content.

"Lung and gut shot," his father said. "We'll find him down or anchored, I hope," he added.

They found him anchored, in such suffering and despair that he could no longer move. He had crashed through the heavy cover where he had been feeding and crossed a path of open forest and David and his father ran along the heavily splashed blood trail. Then the elephant had gone on into thick forest and David had seen him ahead standing gray and huge against the trunk of a tree. David could only see his stern and then his father moved ahead and he followed and they came alongside the elephant as though he was a ship and David saw the blood coming from his flanks and running down his sides and then his father raised his rifle and fired and the elephant turned his head with the great tusks moving heavy and slow and looked at them and when his father fired the second barrel the elephant seemed to sway like a felled tree and came smashing down toward them. But he was not dead. He had been anchored and now he was down with his shoulder broken. He did not move but his eye was alive and looked at David. He had very long eyelashes and his eye was the most alive thing David had ever seen.

"Shoot him in the earhole with the three oh three," his father said. "Go on."

"You shoot him," David had said.

Juma had come up limping and bloody, the skin of his forehead hanging down over his left eye, the bone of his nose showing and one ear torn and had taken the rifle from David without speaking and pushed the muzzle almost into the earhole and fired twice, jerking the bolt and driving it forward angrily. The eye of the elephant had opened wide on the first shot and then started to glaze and blood came out of the ear and ran in two bright streams down the wrinkled gray hide. It was different colored blood and

The elephant seems to sway like a felled tree and came smashing down toward them.

was the start of the never telling that he had decided on.

David had thought I must remember that and he had but it had never been of any use to him. Now all the dignity and majesty and all the beauty were gone from the elephant and he was a huge wrinkled pile.

"Well we got him, Davey, thanks to you," his father had said. "Now we'd better get a fire going so I can put Juma back together again. Come here you bloody Humpty Dumpty. Those tusks will keep."

Juma had come to him grinning, bringing the tail of the elephant that had no hairs on it at all. They had made a dirty joke and then his father had begun to speak rapidly in Swahili. How far to water? How far will you have to go to get people to get those tusks out of here? How are you? What have you broken?

With the answers known his father had said, "You and I will go back to get the packs where we dropped them. Juma can get wood and have the fire ready. The medical kit is in my pack. We have to get the packs before it's dark. He won't infect. It's not like claw wounds. Let's go."

THAT EVENING AS DAVID had sat by the fire he had looked at Juma with his stitched-up face and his broken ribs and wondered if the elephant had recognized him when he had tried to kill him. He hoped he had. The elephant was his hero now as his father had been for a long time and he had thought, I didn't believe he could do it when he was so old and tired. He would have killed Juma, too. But he didn't look at me as though he wanted to kill me. He only looked sad the same way I felt. He visited his old friend on the day he died.

David remembered how the elephant lost all dignity as soon as his eye had ceased to be alive and how when his father and he had returned with the packs the elephant had already started to swell, even in the cool evening. There was no more true elephant; only the gray wrinkled swelling dead body and the huge mottled brown and yellow tusks that they had killed him for. The tusks were stained with dried blood and he scraped some off with his thumbnail like a dried piece of sealing wax and put it in the pocket of his shirt. That was all he took from the elephant except the beginning of the knowledge of loneliness.

After the butchery his father tried to talk to him that night by the fire.

"He was a murderer you know, Davey," he had said. "Juma says nobody knows how many people he has killed."

"They were all trying to kill him weren't they?"

"Naturally," his father had said, "with that pair of tusks."

"How could he be a murderer then?"

"Just as you like," his father had said. "I'm sorry you got so mixed up about him."

"I wish he'd killed Juma," David said.

"I think that's carrying it a little far," his father said. "Juma's your friend you know."

"Not anymore."

"No need to tell him so."

"He knows it," David had said.

"I think you misjudge him," his father said and they had left it there.

Then when they were finally back safely with the tusks after all the things that had happened and the tusks were propped against the wall of the stick and mud house, leaning there with their points touching, the tusks so tall and thick that no one could believe them even when they touched them and no one, not even his father, could reach to the top of the bend where they curved in for the points to meet, there when Juma and his father and he were heroes and Kibo was a hero's dog and the men who had carried the tusks were heroes, already slightly drunk heroes to be drunker, his father had said, "Do you want to make peace, Davey?"

"All right," he said because he knew this was the start of the never telling that he had decided on.

"I'm so glad," his father said. "It's so much simpler and better." ■

A CLOSER LOOK

1. How would you describe a Hemingway sentence? How does it differ from sentences you write? What parts of speech does Hemingway use/avoid? What is distinctive about his use of vocabulary and punctuation?

2. Describe the boy's changing attitudes toward his father and the elephant. Why do his feelings change?

3. Why does the elephant become a hero to Davey? Why does Davey agree to make peace with his father? His father says that making peace is "better"; do you agree with him?

LINE ART BY ROSA EMPIS

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Severe drought throughout southern Africa is threatening wild animal herds. At Gonarezhou National Park in Zimbabwe, a park ranger examined the carcass of a hippopotamus that died of starvation.

7/5/92

Zimbabwe Kills Starving Elephants for Food

By JANE PERLEZ
Special to The New York Times

CHIPINDA POOLS, Zimbabwe — Faced with the worst drought in southern Africa this century, the wildlife authorities at a national park here are proceeding with what they call the grim but essential step of killing thousands of elephants and impalas so other animals as well as starving people can survive.

While animal kills are common here and elsewhere as a form of habitat management — wildlife officials prefer the term "culling" — rarely if ever has a drought forced the authorities to act on such a scale and with such human urgency as in the program under way at the Gonarezhou National Park.

Rowan Martin, the chief ecologist of the Zimbabwean National Parks Department, said that this would be the first time that elephant and other meat had been widely distributed to local villagers left hungry by failing crops.

To Shoot 2,000 Elephants

In the coming weeks, the park authorities plan to shoot 2,000 elephants and give the meat to farmers and their families. In addition, an operation to kill 5,000 impalas and distribute the meat from them has begun. Also under way is the large-scale relocation of rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses and other exotic animals that are in danger of dying from hunger.

Unlike other African nations, Zimbabwe does not have a major elephant-poaching problem, so the authorities have long resorted to such kills to control the growth of its large elephant population; many international experts accept the practice as regrettably necessary. The Zimbabwean Government says that since a worldwide ban on ivory trading was imposed in 1989, it has kept the tusks in storage under guard.

Speaking of the program to kill elephants at the Gonarezhou Park, Michael Wright, a senior fellow with the

Continued on Page 8, Column 1

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ZIMBABWE KILLING ELEPHANT HERDS

Continued From Page 1

World Wildlife Fund in Washington, said, "It is the right thing to do for conservation, although it is a decision we come to with agony.

"We support the long-term goals of the professionals in Zimbabwe, which is to preserve the animals and the habitat. To have people starving outside the park and animals dying inside is not the way to do it."

Zimbabwe Severely Affected

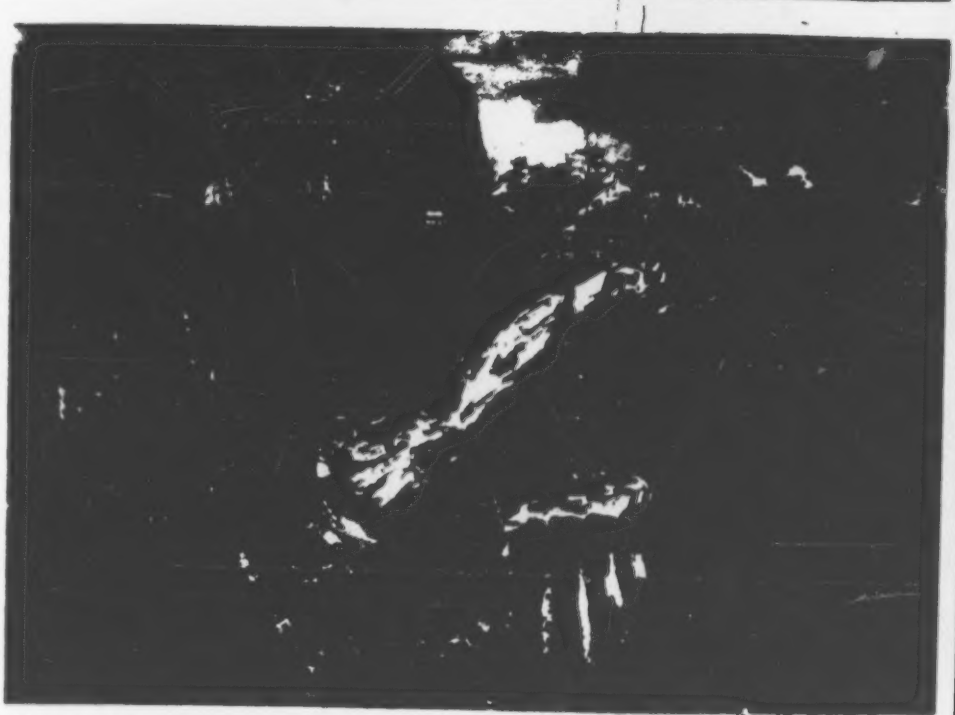
The southern African drought has devastated crops from Mozambique across to Angola and in South Africa as well. Zimbabwe, usually a food-exporting country, has been severely affected. The Government estimates that about half of the country's 10 million people will receive food aid this year.

The hardest-hit region in Zimbabwe is the southeast, where sugar cane fields look like hay and more than half the 7,000 sugar workers have been laid off. Peasant farmers sit idle in their huts, their crops and cattle dead. Malnutrition is widespread.

At the headquarters of the park, near the Mozambique border, plans are being made to dry and preserve the meat from killed elephants into a form similar to beef jerky. Once the culling begins in the early weeks of July, the meat will be delivered free to more than 10,000 families whose parched farms border the park, said Dr. Colin Saunders, a former chairman of the Parks Department who now heads a committee to deal with the drought.

Carcasses in the Sand

"We're trying to save what we can of the animals," Dr. Saunders said. "The park was severely overpopulated before the drought, and the impala and elephants were just smashing the place."



Howard Hamlin for The New York T

Because of severe drought, Zimbabwean wildlife officials at Gonarezhou National Park have killed anim to supply food for local villagers. A boy showed a ration of impala meat given to his family last mont

Already, the carcasses of many animals can be seen slumped in the sand across the roughly 2,000-square-mile park, which has been largely denuded and trampled as elephants seek food.

Hippopotamuses under normal circumstances each consume about 150 pounds of green grass during nightly forays out of the water, but they are dying off rapidly. Those that have managed to survive appear skinny, and their skin sags from bodies that would normally be round.

The other day Sheila Nyakudzi, a park ranger, and some of her colleagues drove to the village of Musengi with nine freshly skinned impala carcasses in the back of a truck. Under the shade of a tree, the rangers chopped the animals up and gave them away to bereft farmers and their families. One of the farmers, Wilson Chauke, a father of four, said all his 28 cattle had died of lack of water. He sold most of the meat from his dead cows and was living off the proceeds, he said.

"Without this free food, I wouldn't make it until the rains," he said.

Too Many Elephants to Support

Wildlife experts say the park's habitat simply cannot support the large number of elephants here — 6,400, according to Dr. Saunders.

"It is far too many for the park," he said. "And they have nowhere to go."

Elephants can survive longer than other animals in such arid conditions but in doing so eat the bark of trees and destroy them, snapping branches and trunks to bits. With a ruined habitat, many species are under threat.

Under the relocation program, believed to be the largest attempted in Africa, roan antelopes, nyala, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses and buffaloes are being captured and moved to areas of the country less afflicted by the drought. The elephants are to be hunted and killed after the capture operation. When the drought is over, the animals moved to safe havens are to be moved back into the park, Dr. Saunders said.

The New York Times

About 2,000 elephants at Gonarezhou National Park are being shot so starving people can eat.

Zimbabwe has about 77,000 elephants, but can comfortably support only about 45,000, Mr. Martin, the ecologist, said. In contrast, Kenya, which has a major poaching problem, has about 17,000.

Can Be Slain for Food

This winter season, 5,000 of Zimbabwe's elephants are to be killed, including those here, Mr. Martin said. If the worldwide ban on ivory trading were not in effect, the Parks Department could benefit from sale of the tusks and would have the financial means to move about 1,000 elephants that may also have to be culled over and above the 2,000, wildlife experts said.

Before the ivory ban, which was imposed against Zimbabwe's objections, the tusks and hides of culled elep were sold and the money earm for conservation by the Parks D ment. Now the only legally perm use for the slain animals is as f

Mr. Wright of the World W Fund said a situation compara the one here developed in Kenya early 1970's. The wildlife auth decided then not to kill elephan ing a drought in Tsavo National even though they were deem numerous and many people liv the area of the park were in n food.

In the end, thousands of ele died of thirst and hunger, and t turned stirred resentment amo peasants living nearby, Mr. W said. When the good weather can elephant population in Tsavo ne covered because the angry pe cooperated in poaching.

Because the elephants to be are in poor condition, their yield only about 220 pounds of dried wildlife experts said. It is hope the impala and elephant kills w vide each family with about 11 of meat a week for the coming n

Mrs. Nyakudzi, the park range she hoped the distribution of would have an added benefit. "S the people around the park hav ed poaching animals, so we h giving them meat they will s poaching," she said. "We hope ercise will improve neighbor tions between the people and the

A drought, hungry people, starving animals and hard choices

6 Ships, Avoiding Protesters, Start Hunt for Minke Whales

BODO, Norway, July 4 (AP) — Apparently eluding protesters, six whaling ships slipped out of Arctic ports this weekend to hunt minke whales for a month as part of a Norwegian research project.

The environmental group Greenpeace had indicated it would take some action against the fleet, but precautions taken by the ships' captains, such as announcing misleading departure times, seem to have been successful. No demonstrations were reported.

The International Whaling Commission's ban on commercial whaling took full effect in 1987 over Norway's protests. But the commission has allowed research hunts, and Norway said last year that it would kill 110 minke whales in a 33-day research hunt this summer.

The vessels, some sailing after midnight, left ports northeast of the Arctic city of Bodo on Friday and today, news reports said. A research coordinator, Tor Hauge, said the ships would spread out through the Norwegian and Barents seas.

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This Home Can Never Be Home

AFRICAN LAUGHTER
Four Visits to Zimbabwe.
By Doris Lessing.
442 pp. New York:
HarperCollins Publishers. $25.

By Vincent Crapanzano

IN 1949, Doris Lessing left Southern Rhodesia for London with her son Peter and the manuscript of her first novel, "The Grass Is Singing." It was a bold move. Mrs. Lessing was 30. She had been raised on a very poor farm and had left school at 14, worked as a secretary in Salisbury, married and divorced twice, and been active in local Marxist circles.

"The Grass Is Singing" was a success, and in 1956, after the publication of the first two volumes of "Children of Violence," Mrs. Lessing went home for the first time. Because of her political views, she was declared a Prohibited Immigrant and exiled until the old regime in Salisbury succumbed to the forces of black nationalism. In 1982, the Government of Robert Mugabe allowed her back in. "African Laughter" is a jagged but brilliant report of her subsequent visits to the new country of Zimbabwe. It is a saddening tale of the forfeit of possibility.

To return, after years of absence, to the land where one has grown up is to risk shattering one's past. At a distance, memories embellish, distort, go uncorrected. They are the stuff of personal mythology, and if, like Mrs. Lessing, one has written about them, they are wedged in a seemingly timeless textual reality that strengthens their mythic status. The places one remembers may no longer be there; they may be destroyed or eroded. "Like a child's recognition of its mother's face when she has been absent too long," writes Mrs. Lessing, "everything is as it was, then slowly it has to be seen that things are not the same, there are gaps and holes or a thinning of the substance, as if a light that suffused the loved street or valley has drained away."

Mrs. Lessing's return to Africa was more than a return to an objectively describable land. It was also a return to memory, to the source of memory, to a mythic place that is constantly intercepted by an insistent reality that both confirms and subverts those memories, that place.

Mrs. Lessing had never intended to stay in Rhodesia, but her exile touched a "mysterious region" of her soul. For months after she learned that she was "prohibited," she wept in her sleep and dreamed of being "unjustly excluded": " 'My' people, that is, the whites, with whom after all I had grown up, were coming to escort me out of the country, while to 'my' people, the blacks, amiable multitudes, I was invisible." Africa is home for the white settlers and can never be home, not truly; their sense of belonging is always subverted by a sense of not really belonging.

• • •

In "Going Home," Mrs. Lessing's account of her 1956 trip, she wrote with splendid ambivalence: "Africa belongs to the Africans; the sooner they take it back the better. But — a country also belongs to those who feel at home in it. Perhaps it may be that the love of Africa the country will be strong enough to link people who hate each other now. Perhaps."

This "perhaps" reappears through the first part of "African Laughter." It is 1988, two years after Zimbabwe's Independence, 68 years after the British first came. The country is experiencing the aftermath of a decade of genocidal war. "It is not possible to fight this kind of war, a civil war, without the poisons going deep," Mrs. Lessing writes. "Everything has been blasted or torn, deep inside people, as anger has gone bad, and hatred, there is disbelief that this horror can be happening all over again. A murderous, a ruthless, shows itself in a slowness of movement, of reactions."

Guerrilla fighters, educated mainly in rebel armies, indoctrinated with Marxist slogans, unified in their hatred of whites, suffer the letdown, the purposelessness, that comes with peace. An old African man tells Mrs. Lessing that the newspapers could only report what happened in the war, not what was in the hearts of the people. The press could not communicate their fear:

"If you slept you might wake to find the thatch over your head on fire. And who had done it? It could be someone living in the next hut. If someone disappeared you'd know that person was a spy for the Government or for one of the armies. Someone you liked known since you were both children could be paid money to kill you. Children disappeared and then you heard they were in the bush with the fighters. You knew they might appear any minute with guns. Because they knew about the village and could guide the others."

The whites of Zimbabwe, those who had not fled, are mostly in shock. They sit on their verandas, complaining over and over again about the economy — about how the "Affs" can't get anything right. They deride Comrade Mugabe for his armed motorcades; our prime ministers "didn't have anything to be afraid of." They make fun of President Canaan Banana's name and the chickens running around the gardens of his official residence. These parochial diversions (which Mrs. Lessing comes to hump under the single label "The Monologue") perpetuate their shock, their paralysis, their frail sense of community, and justify their "Taking the Gap" — local slang for moving to South Africa. (I have heard them myself — in South Africa they are called whos-wo's. They repeat the same monologues, in a litany of regret.)

Doris Lessing at her house in London.

But Mrs. Lessing also describes a vitality, a sense of collective engagement and impatient aspiration, an optimism, on the verge of magic, that overrides the awful effects of war. A naïve faith in Mr. Mugabe — the embodiment of liberated hope, would say, and not just authority — and in his promises (every black person would have land) and in the "anarchist's utopia" that independence was supposed to bring continues despite the corruption, the personal disappointments, the deadening accommodation to reality.

In 1988, when Mrs. Lessing returns again, the talk in general about Mr. Mugabe, who has been named Executive President through a constitutional amendment, is "fueled," she says, by an "idealism . . . frightening to some people who remember similar talk about despotic leaders." When those people think Mr. Mugabe is making a mistake about something, they speak "in a sorrowful perplexed tone, repeating the same words through an evening, Why did he let them down? How could he have done it?" Despite spasms of cynicism, they seem to have an "intense personal involvement," like a love affair, with the future of the country. Even the whites appear to have it; one coffee farmer who used to revile the black Government is now a conservation officer.

Mrs. Lessing visits collective and commercial farms, resettlement areas, bush schools and Government offices; she listens to veranda talk and to that of the "Chefs" — the fat cats — who wear three-piece suits and build extravagant mansions in the suburbs of Harare; she goes to women's rallies in Bulawayo and in the bush. She captures the contradictions in a young nation that was never prepared for its new status, that is subverted by South Africa, and, like so much of Africa, written off by the West. Rhetoric gainsays practice; moralism covers corruption. Secondary schools dot the country, as Mr. Mugabe promised, but they have no books, no water, no electricity, few qualified teachers. Collective farms are poor. Conservation programs fail. The bush and its animals are disappearing.

DESPITE the political rhetoric, the stubborn hope, the faith quickened now by disillusion, reality presses imperiously. And so Mrs. Lessing's story becomes a tragedy — banal because we know it too well. Her last two visits, in 1989 and 1988, are short; her enthusiasm collapses; her descriptions are rushed, awkward, embarrassed, grieving. The story is now marked by economic collapse, drought, hunger, corruption, hopelessness. AIDS has become a nemesis. In 1988, Mr. Mugabe's Government was still denying that AIDS was a problem. Today it says that at least a million people, in a population of nine million, will die of it by the year 2000.

Toward the close of her book, Mrs. Lessing quotes a humor she has received: "When I think of our dreams at Independence I want to cry for Zimbabwe. Oh, life so sad, so sad, don't you think so? I do cry, sometimes." During her account of her 1988 visit, she described "the marvelous African laughter born somewhere in the gut, seizing the whole body with good-humored philosophy." One wonders how long that laughter, that humor, can be sustained. As the Shona people say, "The sugar is over." □

Vincent Crapanzano teaches comparative literature and anthropology at the City University of New York Graduate Center. He is the author of "Waiting: The Whites of South Africa" and, most recently, "Hermes' Dilemma and Hamlet's Desire."

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From the desk of

DIANE ISAACS

RAINBOW - A Vision of East Africa
July 28, 1992
For Carol, who appreciates natural wonder

Nestled in Zambia's southern center
At Zimbabwe's northern boundary
Victoria Falls unveils its awesome treasure.

Undefeated by devastating drought,
The Zambezi River flows elegantly
Toward towering chiseled cliffs.

The foam ascends, smoke thundering
In the stillness of a land
Tormented by fickleness and inhumanity.

The rainbow glistens through spray screens
Reflecting the sun's brilliance
In opal arcs of transluscent beauty.

We, sixteen American teachers, stop briefly
To gaze at nature and take pictures -
Transitory observers of Africa's nobility.

What can be learned from such momentary communion?
Beyond human understanding,
The wonder of life surpasses our dreams and survives.

Kickin' It In *Khangas*
A Unit on the Geography and Culture of East Africa
Based on 1992 Summer Fulbright-Hayes Seminar
Betty Lau and Susan Renaud

Curriculum project based on 1992
Summer Tanzam Seminar
for
Susan Renaud
Betty Lau

due Nov. 9, 1992

LESSON ONE "Where is East Africa"

Objectives: To familiarize students with the location of Africa in relation to the USA

To familiarize students with location of East Africa within Africa

To familiarize students with the countries and physical features of East Africa

Supplies: Hang up or overhead world map
Copies of world atlas for each student
Copies of maps to be filled in by students
Copies map requirements for students to use completing maps

Length of Lesson: 1-4 class periods

Steps 1)Using overhead or wall map of the world, have students discuss the USA and Africa in terms of distance from one another, sizes relative to states in the USA, position and location of the equator, neighboring countries/continents, nearby bodies of water.

2)Show and discuss the regions of Africa: Where they are, what they include in terms of geographical features, how geographical features separate and divide people in similar cultural groups.

3)Hand out blank maps of Africa to be filled in using copies of atlas. I usually have a map requirements sheet listing things I want students to put on the map.

4)Students will discuss maps and have a short locate and identify quiz on their maps when map is due.

4)Hand out blank map of East Africa with your map requirements sheet(I have them locate countries, major cities and geography in greater detail.) Can separate depending on whether your students like maps or not into East Africa Political and East Africa Physical maps. This is a great way to get into types of maps and differences of what one finds on them.

5)When East Africa maps complete, discuss and brief quiz on locations of students' maps.

I usually have students store/file their maps to be used as we discuss the region/country throughout the unit so they can refer when reading or discussing.

NORTHWESTERN:
ALGERIA A ALGIERS
CHAD B N'DJAMENA
EGYPT C CAIRO
LIBYA D TRIPOLI
MALI E BAMAKO
MAURITANIA F NOUAKCHOTT
MOROCCO G RABAT
NIGER H NIAMEY
SUDAN I KHARTOUM
TUNISIA J TUNIS
WESTERN SAHARA K ANIÚN

WESTERN:
BENIN L PORTO NOVO
BURKINA FASO M OUAGADOUGOU
GAMBIA N BANJUL
GHANA O ACCRA
GUINEA P CONAKRY
GUINEA-BISSAU Q BISSAU
IVORY COAST R YAMOUSSOUKRO
LIBERIA S MONROVIA
NIGERIA T LAGOS
SENEGAL U DAKAR
SIERRA LEONE V FREETOWN
TOGO W LOMÉ

CENTRAL:
ANGOLA X LUANDA
CAMEROON Y YAOUNDÉ
CENTRAL AFRICAN REP. Z BANGUI
CONGO 1 BRAZZAVILLE
EQUATORIAL GUINEA 2 MALABO
GABON 3 LIBREVILLE
ZAIRE 4 KINSHASA
ZAMBIA 5 LUSAKA

EASTERN:
BURUNDI 6 BUJUMBURA
DJIBOUTI 7 DJIBOUTI
ETHIOPIA 8 ADDIS ABABA
SOMALIA 9 MOGADISHU
KENYA 10 NAIROBI
RWANDA 11 KIGALI
TANZANIA 12 DAR ES SALAAM
UGANDA 13 KAMPALA

SOUTHERN:
BOTSWANA 14 GABORONE
LESOTHO 15 MASERU
MADAGASCAR 16 ANTANANARIVO
MALAWI 17 BAMAKO
MOZAMBIQUE 18 MAPUTO
NAMIBIA 19 WINDHOEK
SWAZILAND 20 MBABANE
SOUTH AFRICA 21 PRETORIA
ZIMBABWE 22 HARARE

AFRICA: THE CONTINENT

CN: (1) Color a country, then its name. (2) Use light colors on the map of colonial Africa (23-29) so that you can see the national boundaries. (3) The island nations São Tomé and Principe, Comoros, and the Seychelles are too small to color. The islands of Cape Verde (Plate 37) are not shown.

Africa covers 11,700,000 sq. mi. (30,279,600 km²). It is the second largest continent (after Asia). It has 53 nations and 600 million people—the third largest population (after Asia and Europe). The continent is divided into two racial and cultural zones by the Sahara Desert. Northern nations, bordering the Mediterranean, are populated by light-skinned, Arabic-speaking Muslims. Countries south of the Sahara are mostly populated by black Africans who speak hundreds of different languages (many are Bantu dialects). The most common form of Bantu is Swahili, which is the lingua franca of eastern Africa. Muslim missionaries and their Christian counterparts are making significant inroads among the native religions (mostly animist) of black Africans. Islam is gaining because blacks regard it as an African religion despite its Middle Eastern origins; Christianity, with similar origins, is considered European.

Though the Portuguese began establishing coastal colonies as early as the 15th century, it wasn't until the late 1800s that Europeans penetrated the African interior and began carving up the continent in earnest. At the outbreak of World War I (1914), only Liberia and most of Ethiopia remained free of foreign domination. The second half of the 20th century brought a great rush toward independence, and colonialism formally came to an end in 1990 with the free elections in Namibia. France, which had the largest African empire, maintains close relations with most of its former colonies, and many are dependent upon it for economic and military aid.

Independence has not meant freedom for most Africans; they are generally ruled by military or one-party governments. The boundaries of the new countries are virtually the same as those drawn by the colonialists, who were either ignorant of, or indifferent to, traditional tribal divisions. Many African nations suffer from such arbitrary borders that separate related groups or confine traditional enemies within the same country. Tribal loyalties often take precedence over loyalty to the new nation.

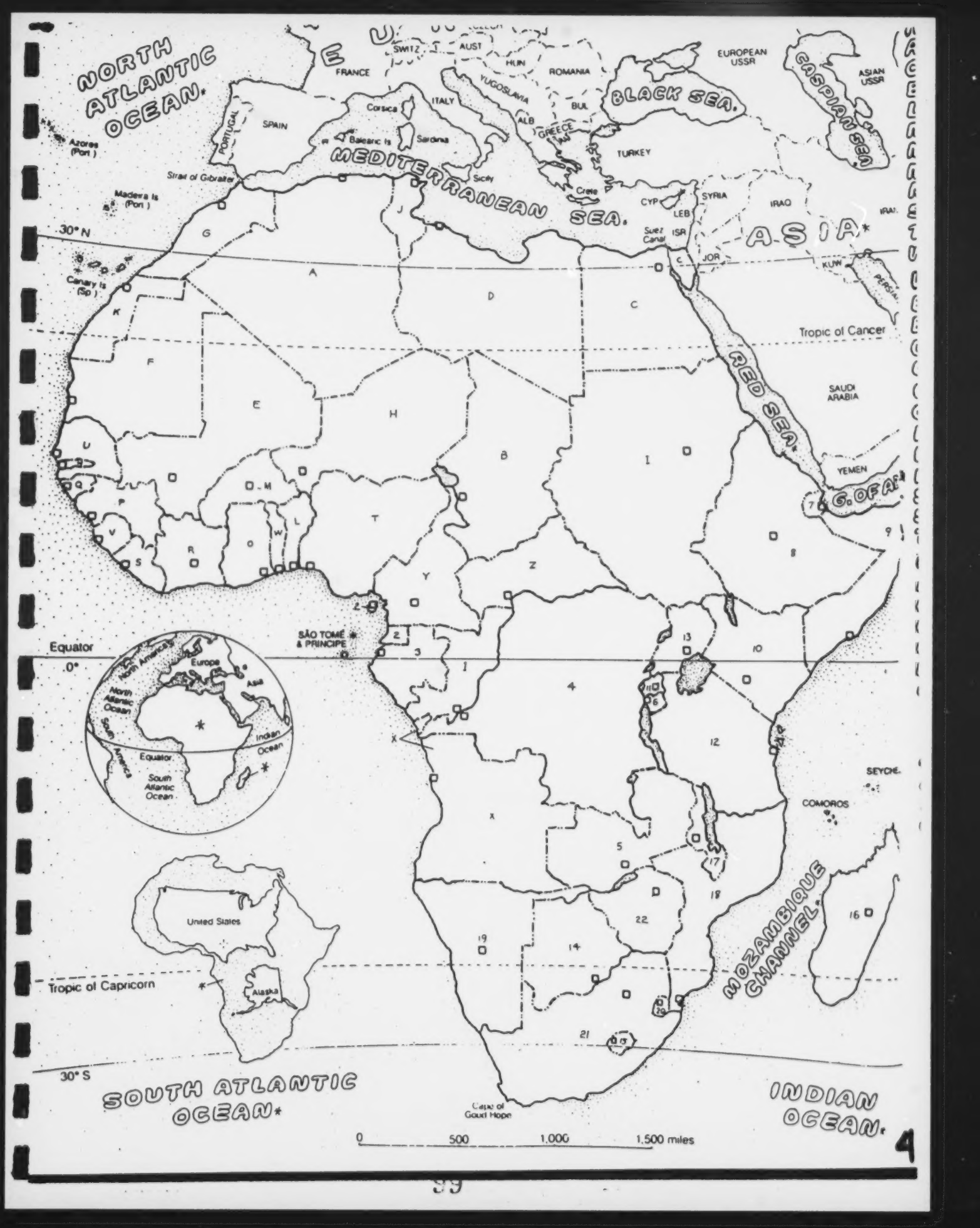
The problems facing these young nations are enormous. Fertile land and rainfall are not generally plentiful in Africa. In the few places where agriculture is productive, gains have been erased by excessive population growth. The largest farms still follow the colonial practice of growing cash crops for export instead of food for local consumption. When world commodity prices are depressed, cash crops do not provide enough income to buy food. Most African nations are dependent on declining foreign aid. Except for a few oil producers, the nations rich in natural resources have been unable to profitably mine and market them. In many cases, potentially healthy economies have been wrecked by communist mismanagement. Others have been victimized by brutal and corrupt leaders who squandered precious revenues on ill-conceived public works projects or monuments of self-aggrandizement. Still other countries have been torn apart by civil war. Hunger, poverty, disease, and illiteracy are on the increase in many nations across the continent.

In the late 1980s, Western interest (and economic aid) shifted from Africa to the emerging democracies of eastern Europe. With the "cold war" winding down, another major source of aid was drying up—African nations could no longer receive assistance by playing one side against the other. The one commodity the industrialized world (particularly Europe) seems anxious to send to Africa is toxic waste. Though most nations have stopped accepting shipments, others are so desperate they will not reject revenue from any source.

COLONIAL AFRICA:

Except for Liberia and Ethiopia, the entire continent was under European control by the early 19th century.

BELGIAN 23
BRITISH 24
FRENCH 25
GERMAN 26
ITALIAN 27
PORTUGUESE 28
SPANISH 29

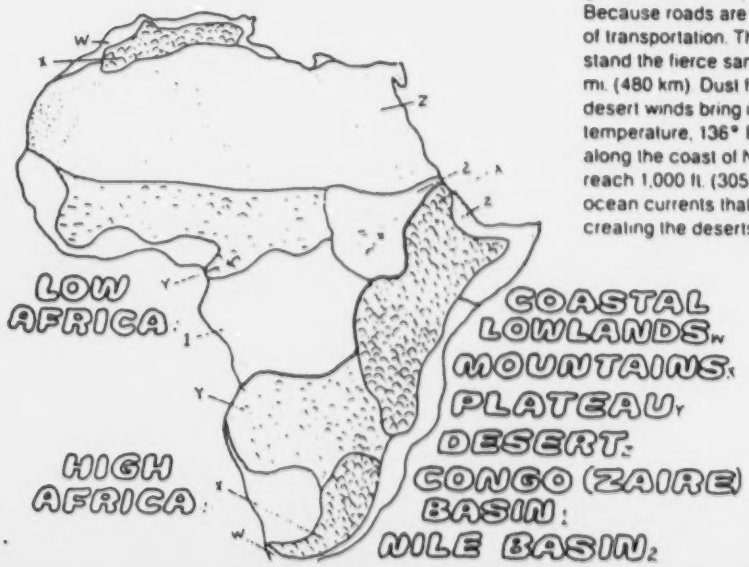

NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
EUROPEAN USSR
ASIAN USSR
CASPIAN SEA
BLACK SEA
FRANCE
SWITZ
AUST
HUN
ROMANIA
YUGOSLAVIA
ITALY
BUL
ALB
GREECE
SPAIN
PORTUGAL
Corsica
Balearic Is
Sardinia
Sicily
Crete
TURKEY
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Azores (Port)
Strait of Gibraltar
Madeira Is (Port)
CYP
SYRIA
LEB
ISR
IRAQ
IRAN
Suez Canal
JOR
KUW
PERSIAN
ASIA
30° N
Canary Is (Sp)
Tropic of Cancer
RED SEA
SAUDI ARABIA
YEMEN
G. OF AD
Equator
0°
SÃO TOMÉ & PRINCIPE
COMOROS
SEYCH
MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL
United States
Alaska
Tropic of Capricorn
30° S
SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN
Cape of Good Hope
0
500
1,000
1,500 miles
North America
Europe
Asia
North Atlantic Ocean
South America
Indian Ocean
Equator
South Atlantic Ocean

AFRICA: THE PHYSICAL LAND

PRINCIPAL RIVERS:
CONGO (ZAIRE)A
GAMBIAB
LIMPOPOC
NIGERD
NILEE
BLUE NILEE'
WHITE NILEE''
ORANGEF
SENEGALG
UBANGIH
ZAMBEZII

PRINCIPAL LAKES:
L. ALBERTJ
L. CHADK
L. EDWARDL
L. KIVUM
L. NYASA (MALAWI)N
L. RUDOLPH (TURKANA)O
L. TANAP
L. TANGANYIKAQ
L. VICTORIAR

PRINCIPAL MOUNTAIN RANGES:
ATLAS MTS.S
DRAKENSBERGT
ETHIOPIAN HIGHLANDSU
RUWENZORIV



CN: (1) On the large map, use gray on the triangles representing important mountain peaks. (2) Use gray for the map of the Great Rift Valley on the far left. (3) Use light colors on the map of the land regions below.

Over 80% of Africa lies between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn; it thus has the largest tropical region of any continent. It has been said that the night hours are Africa's winter. But not all of Africa is warm; there are glacial areas in some eastern mountain ranges located at the equator. Curiously, in Africa the equatorial regions are not the hottest—it actually gets hotter further from the equator (except for the Mediterranean and southernmost coasts, which have pleasant climates). Though most of the continent is very dry to semiarid, heavy rainfall occurs in the equatorial regions, particularly in central and western Africa.

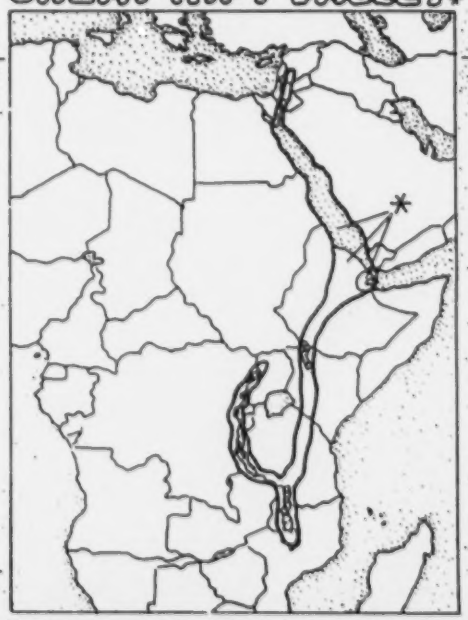
The African landscape has relatively little fertile territory: topsoil is generally thin, the deserts are huge, and most of the wetter regions are covered by a thick jungle. Tree-dotted semiarid grasslands (savannas) occupy wide areas of the continent and support an enormous population of large animals: elephants, giraffes, rhinoceroses, lions, and others. In the rain forests of central Africa, many animals live in tall trees, high above the dark, dank jungle floor: monkeys, chimpanzees, gorillas, reptiles, and birds.

Africa is a plateau made of ancient rock. It is rimmed by narrow coastal lowlands. Most of the mountain ranges are in the eastern and southern portions, in high Africa. Here the plateau reaches an altitude of 6,000 ft. (1,830 m) and then slopes even higher to form the Drakensberg Mountains, which tower over the coast of southern Africa. The most fascinating mountains are in the glacier-covered Ruwenzori Range between Lakes Edward and Albert on the Zaire-Uganda border. There is an almost constant cloud cover, so the sight of the glacier-covered peaks, nine of which reach over 16,000 ft. (4,878 m), is a rare and impressive experience. Ordinary plants have been known to grow to extraordinary sizes on the Ruwenzori slopes because of unusually favorable conditions. To the east lies snow-capped Kilimanjaro, Africa's tallest mountain (19,340 ft., 5,895 m); it is one of a group of rift-formed volcanic peaks.

One reason Africa was the last major continent to be explored and colonized by Europeans was that it presented formidable physical obstacles: an unusually smooth coastline with few peninsulas, islands, and natural harbors; a forbidding interior of deserts, jungles, and hot, arid plains; and a shortage of navigable rivers. Most African rivers, including the four major ones (the Nile, the Congo or Zaire, the Niger, and the Zambezi), are interrupted by impassable rapids and waterfalls. The Nile (including the White Nile) is the world's longest river at 4,150 mi. (6,640 km). Lake Victoria is credited as its source, but most of the White Nile (whose waters are pale green) is dissipated in the swamps of southern Sudan. Nearly 90% of the water that flows along the main Nile through Egypt comes from Lake Tana, Ethiopia, via the shorter Blue Nile (whose waters are blue). The massive Congo, locally called the Zaire, is the world's second largest river by volume (after the Amazon) and is 2,600 mi. (4,160 km) long. The Niger River is unusual in that it travels nearly as far to reach the sea, even though it begins only 150 mi. (240 km) from the coast. The major lakes are found in the Great Rift Valley (Lake Victoria, the world's second largest after Lake Superior, is actually situated on a plateau between two arms of the valley). Extremely deep Lake Tanganyika, on the Zaire-Tanzania border, is the world's longest (420 mi., 680 km).

The dominant geographical feature of Africa is the world's largest desert, the constantly expanding Sahara, which is currently the size of the continental United States. Rainfall there is scant and unpredictable. The only available water in the "land of thirst" is found in isolated oases and in the Nile River on its eastern edge. Yet as recently as 5,000 years ago the Sahara (Arabic for "emptiness") was a grassland. Today it is covered mostly by rock, gravel, and salt deposits. Sand dunes account for only one-fifth of the desert's surface. Because roads are so few, the camel ("ship of the desert") remains the most reliable form of transportation. The camel's heavy-lidded eyes and closeable nostrils enable it to withstand the fierce sandstorms that can turn day into night as they cut swaths as wide as 300 mi. (480 km). Dust from the Sahara can blow as far north as the Swiss Alps. In the summer, desert winds bring intense heat to the Mediterranean region. The world's highest shade temperature, 136° F (58° C), was recorded near the Libyan coast. The Namib Desert, along the coast of Namibia in southwest Africa, has the world's tallest sand dunes: some reach 1,000 ft. (305 m). Fog from the adjacent ocean provides its only moisture. The cold ocean currents that prevent rain from reaching the shore are similar to the conditions creating the deserts along the west coast of South America (Plate 17).

LAND REGIONS:
The dark line across this smaller map divides low Africa from the higher lands of the east and south, known as high Africa. The Congo (Zaire) Basin and the lowlands of west Africa are covered with rain forests. Surrounding these jungle areas are broad semiarid plateaus, mostly covered by savannas (grasslands). Still further to the north, south, and east lie Africa's deserts.



The longest crack in the earth's surface is the Great Rift Valley. Millions of years ago the shift of tectonic plates tore a rift in the earth's crust, splitting the Arabian Peninsula away from Africa (creating the Red Sea) and forming numerous canyons in eastern Africa, many of which are filled with long, deep lakes. Along its 4,000 mi. (6,400 km) length, extending north to Syria in the Middle East, the rift is generally concealed by erosion, mountains, and plateaus. At various sites along the valley, fossil evidence of the earliest humans has been discovered.

AFRICA: EASTERN

The conditions that created the Ethiopian famines of the 1980s still persist: limited rainfall, agricultural policies that discourage food production in favor of cash crops, the forced transfer of populations, and a continuing civil war. The dark-skinned and fine-featured people of this region are Caucasoids of Hamitic origin, related to the people of the Middle East. Christianity and Islam are the dominant religions. South of the Horn live mostly black Africans of the Swahili-speaking Bantu tribes. The nations of this region are considerably drier, higher, and cooler than other equatorial countries in central and western Africa. The Great Rift Valley is the major geological feature that separates eastern Africa from the rest of the continent (see Plate 35).

BURUNDI A

Area: 10,747 sq. mi. (27,834 km²). **Population:** 5,000,000. **Capital:** Bujumbura, 170,000. **Government:** One-party republic. **Language:** Kirundi, French. **Religion:** Roman Catholic 70%, indigenous 25%. **Exports:** Coffee, cotton, and tea. **Climate:** Mild. □ About 85% of the people of Burundi (buh run' dee) population are Hutu farmers, but for three centuries they have been ruled by Tutsi (Watusi) cattle herders. The Tutsi are few in number but large in physical stature (a height of 7 ft. is common). They own whatever wealth there is in this extremely poor nation. In 1972, over 150,000 Hutus died in an unsuccessful rebellion. Thousands fled north to Rwanda, where a Hutu majority holds power over the Tutsi. Burundi was the southern part of Ruanda-Urundi, a Belgian Trust Territory, until independence was granted in 1962. This landlocked nation has no easy route to world markets for its mountain-grown coffee.

COMOROS. Over 400,000 people of mixed African, Middle Eastern, and South Asian ancestry live on three main islands (694 sq. mi., 1,794 km²) in the Mozambique Channel. Most are Muslims who speak Swahili, Arabic, or French. Comoros, dependent on French aid, lacks raw materials and fertile soil. When Comoros became independent in 1975, *Mayotte*, the fourth main island, chose to remain a French possession.

DJIBOUTI B

Area: 8,900 sq. mi. (23,051 km²). **Population:** 390,000. **Capital:** Djibouti, 155,000. **Government:** Republic. **Language:** Arabic, French, Somali, Afar. **Religion:** Islam. **Exports:** Livestock and hides. **Climate:** Hot and dry. □ Djibouti (jih boo' tee) is a terribly hot desert nation strategically located on the strait of Bab el Mandeb between the Gulf of Aden and the Red Sea. Only 20 mi. (32 km) away is the Arabian Peninsula. Djibouti, the capital city and chief port, serves as a shipping terminal for Addis Ababa, the capital of Ethiopia, 400 mi. (640 km) inland. Djibouti earns money as an entrepôt for Ethiopian trade and Suez shipping. Other revenue comes from France—in the form of aid and from purchases made by a resident French garrison (whose presence keeps Djibouti from being swallowed up by Ethiopia or Somalia). Djibouti's Muslim population fall into two ethnic groups: the Afars (related to Ethiopians) in the north and the Somali-speaking Issas (related to Somalis) in the south.

ETHIOPIA C

Area: 472,400 sq. mi. (1,223,516 km²). **Population:** 43,000,000. **Capital:** Addis Ababa, 1,425,000. **Government:** Marxist military. **Language:** Amharic; Galla; Sidama; Arabic. **Religion:** Coptic Christian 45%; Islam 45%, indigenous 10%. **Exports:** Coffee, oilseeds, hides, cotton, and sesame. **Climate:** Extremely hot on the coast; cooler in the interior. □ Ethiopia (formerly Abyssinia) is one of the world's oldest Christian nations. Until the 44-year reign of Emperor Haile Selassie was terminated by the current Marxist military government in 1974, there was an unbroken chain of kings and emperors dating back to Biblical times. Most Ethiopians are dark-skinned ("Ethiopia" is Greek for "land of sunburned faces"). The ethnically and linguistically diverse population is divided into two groups: the Semitic language-speaking Christian ruling class of the north and central regions and the Cushitic-language speaking Muslims of the south and southeast. The high, rugged plateaus on which they live are similarly divided by the Great Rift Valley. In the higher northern plateau, the Blue Nile begins at Lake Tana and winds its way through the world's largest gorge (longer and wider than the Grand Canyon) en route to the Nile in Sudan. The Blue Nile provides 90% of the water that flows through the Nile; Egypt is concerned that irrigation dams may be built in Ethiopia. Addis Ababa, the modern capital city, sits on an 8,000 ft. (2,439 m) plateau in the center of the country. Ethiopia had no coastline when the Eritrean region on the Red Sea was occupied by Italy from 1890 to 1952. The French helped build the railroad from Djibouti to Addis Ababa, and most Ethiopian exports are shipped from Djibouti. Coffee has been exported for so long that some believe the word comes from "Kaffa," a local region. The government has been fighting protracted wars with secessionists in Eritrea and Tigre.

KENYA D

Area: 219,790 sq. mi. (637,391 km²). **Population:** 24,000,000. **Capital:** Nairobi, 850,000. **Government:** One-party republic. **Language:** Swahili, English, native dialects. **Religion:** Christian 70%, indigenous 25%; Islam 5%. **Exports:** Coffee, tea, pyrethum, cashews, sisal, and cotton. **Climate:** Hot and humid on coast, mild in the highlands. □ Beautiful white beaches, spectacular mountain scenery, a pleasant climate, and numerous wildlife parks and game preserves have made Kenya an outstanding attraction. Revenue from visitors exceeds the sale of coffee, the principal export. For years, mile-high Nairobi was famous as the African safari (Arabic for "trip") capital. Kenya's coast was first settled by Arabs 2,000 years ago. Mombasa (350,000), the second largest city and chief port, was an Arab colony. Many nations have controlled the coast, but the British colonized all of Kenya. Toward the end of their rule, they faced the fierce Mau Mau rebellion. In 1963, independence was granted. Most Kenyans speak Swahili, a Bantu tongue containing many Arabic and some Portuguese words. Kenya's earliest human history dates back 2 million years. Fossil bones of remote ancestors were discovered in the Great Rift Valley. Except for the fertile cooler highlands, most of Kenya consists of hot, arid plains, home to a wide variety of wildlife. Kenya has the world's highest birthrate (over 4% annually), and is losing the ability to feed itself.

RWANDA E

Area: 10,170 sq. mi. (26,340 km²). **Population:** 6,600,000. **Capital:** Kigali, 165,000. **Government:** One-party republic. **Language:** Kinyarwanda, French. **Religion:** Roman Catholic 65%, animism 35%. **Exports:** Coffee, tea, tin, tungsten, and pyrethrum. **Climate:** Mild because of altitude. □ Rwanda (roo wahn' da) is Africa's most densely populated country. In 1959, the Hutus, who make up 90% of the population, overcame six centuries of rule by the monarchist Tutsi tribe. The bloody rebellion sent many Tutsi fleeing south to Burundi, where they still hold power over the large Hutu majority. Rwanda and Burundi, formerly Ruanda-Urundi, were part of Germany's East African Empire prior to World War I. The area became a Belgian Mandate after the war, and was split into two nations at independence in 1962. The Great Rift Valley, Lake Kivu, and tall mountains border Rwanda in the west. The mountains give way to sloping plateaus on which "Robusta" coffee, the essential ingredient in instant coffee, is the principal crop. Erosion of Rwanda's topsoil is imperiling the nation's huge population.

SEYCHELLES. This 90-island archipelago (170 sq. mi., 440 km²) in the Indian Ocean, 1,000 mi. (1,600 km) from the African mainland, is home to 69,000 residents of mixed African and European descent. Portugal discovered the islands in the 16th century. France created a colony 200 years later. In 1814, the Seychelles (say' shells) were given to England, which granted independence in 1976. Farming is limited because of the granite and coral composition of the islands. Cinnamon grows wild, and only here can one find trees producing double coconuts weighing as much as 50 lb. (22.7 kg).

SOMALIA F

Area: 246,200 sq. mi. (637,658 km²). **Population:** 7,850,000. **Capital:** Mogadishu, 425,000. **Government:** Military republic. **Language:** Somali. **Religion:** Islam. **Export:** Livestock, hides, bananas, frankincense, and myrrh. **Climate:** Extremely hot and dry on the Aden coast, more moisture to the south. □ Somalia (so mah' lee uh or mahl' ya), occupying the tip of the Horn of Africa, is a poor, hot, and arid nation of nomads. The only arable land, irrigated by two nonnavigable rivers, is in the south. By African standards, the population of Somalia is remarkably uniform. The Somali-speaking Muslims are distinguishable from each other only by which of four clans they belong to. Despite a 2,000-year oral tradition, the Somali language was unwritten until a system was devised in the 1970s. Prior to independence in 1960, the nation was divided into British Somaliland on the Gulf of Aden and Italian Somaliland on the Indian Ocean. Somalia has angered neighboring Ethiopia, Djibouti, and Kenya by encouraging Somali-speaking Muslims in those countries to secede and join Somalia. In 1977, Somalia invaded Ethiopia in order to annex the southern region of Ogaden. When the Soviet Union failed to support the attack (and actually helped Ethiopia repel the invasion), Somalia broke relations with the USSR and sought US military aid.

TANZANIA G

Area: 364,890 sq. mi. (945,065 km²). **Population:** 22,700,000. **Capital:** Dar es Salaam, 800,000. **Government:** One-party socialist republic. **Language:** Swahili, English. **Religion:** Animism 40%; Christianity 30%; Islam 30%. **Exports:** Sisal, coffee, cotton, cloves, coconuts, and tobacco. **Climate:** Islands and coast are tropical, interior is mild. □ Tanzania (tan za nee' a) was created in 1964 when newly independent Tanganyika and Zanzibar united. The name "Zanzibar" refers to the group of offshore islands, to the largest island itself, and to its capital city. Zanzibar is the world's leading producer of cloves. In the early 19th century, the city of Zanzibar was an Arab sultanate and the major slave trading center for east Africa. Tanganyika was a part of German East Africa; it became a British protectorate after World War I. At first, Tanzania's socialism improved the quality of life, but its economy collapsed in the 1970's when oil prices rose and commodity prices fell. It now depends on massive Western aid. The capital city, Dar es Salaam, handles commerce for the landlocked nations to the west. For many years it has been Africa's most important Indian Ocean port. Tanzania's many natural wonders include snow-capped Kilimanjaro, Africa's tallest peak (19,340 ft., 5,895 m); Lake Tanganyika, one of the world's longest and deepest lakes, and the one with the most species of fish; Lake Victoria, the world's second largest freshwater lake (after Lake Superior); Olduvai Gorge, where fossils of some of the earliest human ancestors have been found; Selous, the world's largest game park; and Ngorongoro, the world's second largest volcanic crater—12 mi. (19 km) across—whose watered grass-covered floor is home to 30,000 animals.

UGANDA H

Area: 91,140 sq. mi. (236,053 km²). **Population:** 15,500,000. **Capital:** Kampala, 465,000. **Government:** Republic. **Language:** Swahili, English, African dialects. **Religion:** Christianity: 60%, animism 25%, Islam 15%. **Exports:** Robusta coffee, tea, cotton, and copper. **Climate:** Mild, with adequate rainfall. □ Although landlocked, spectacularly beautiful Uganda (yoo gan' da)—**the** "pearl of Africa"—should be a prosperous nation. It has fertile land, a pleasant climate, ample rainfall, hydroelectric power, mineral deposits, and a direct rail link to the port of Mombasa in Kenya. But since 1972, beginning with the murderous 7-year rule of General Idi Amin (300,000 Ugandans died), the nation has been torn apart and the economy shattered by numerous coups, invasion, civil wars, and tribal conflict among its many ethnic groups. Over 15% of Uganda is covered by fish-stocked lakes and rivers. On the shores of Lake Victoria and close to Kampala, the modern capital, is the Entebbe airport, the site of a famous raid by Israeli commandos who freed a planeload of hostages.

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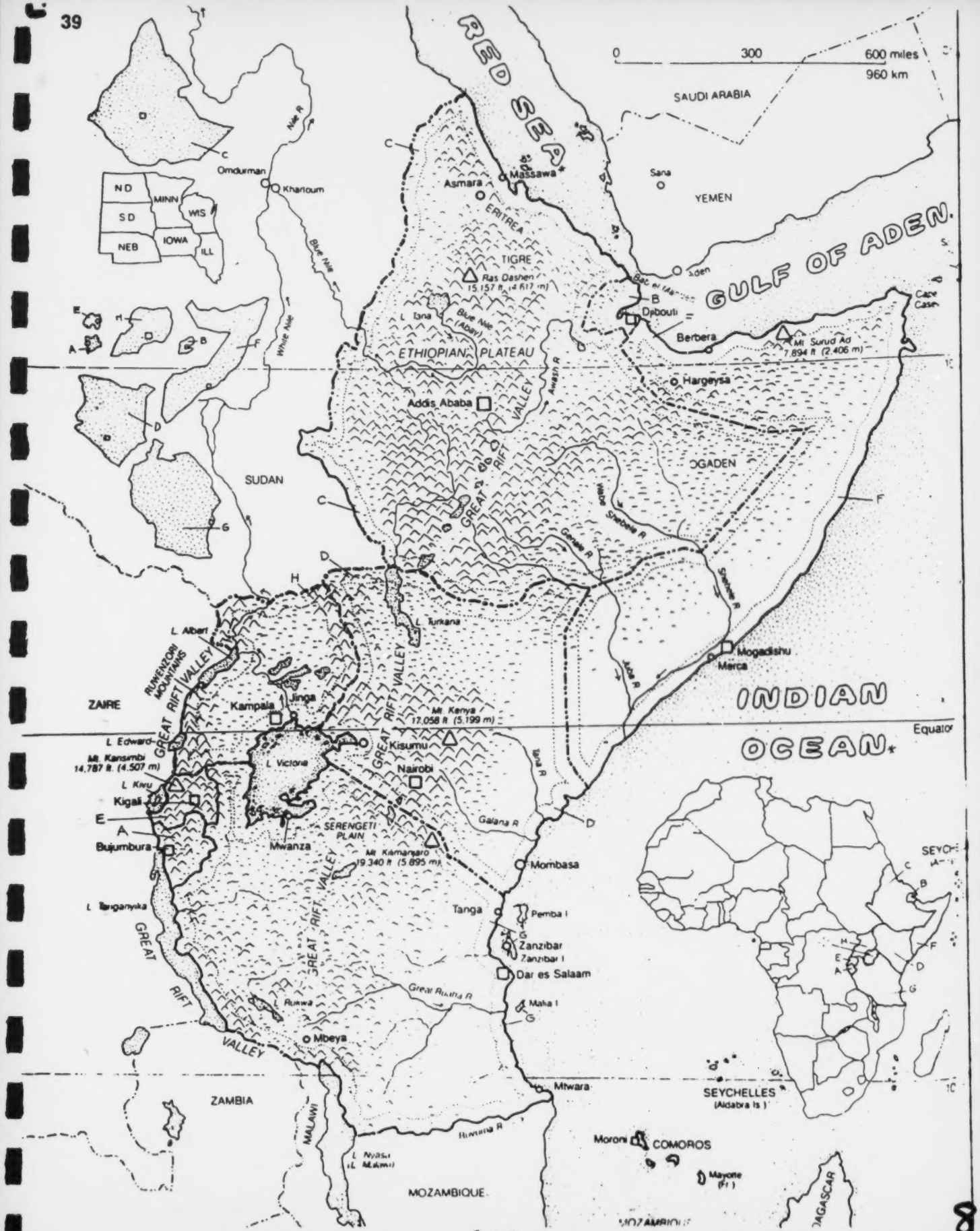
RED SEA
GULF OF ADEN
INDIAN OCEAN
0 300 600 miles
960 km
SAUDI ARABIA
YEMEN
Sana
Aden
Massawa
Asmara
ERITREA
TIGRE
Ras Dashen 15,157 ft (4,617 m)
Bab el Mandeb
Djibouti
Berbera
Cape Guardafui
Mt Surud Ad 7,894 ft (2,406 m)
Hargeysa
ETHIOPIAN PLATEAU
Addis Ababa
Awash R
OGADEN
SUDAN
Omdurman
Khartoum
Nile R
Blue Nile
White Nile
L Tana
Blue Nile (Abay)
GREAT RIFT VALLEY
Wabe Shebele R
Genale R
Shebele R
Juba R
Mogadishu
Marca
L Turkana
L Albert
RUWENZORI MOUNTAINS
ZAIRE
Kampala
Jinga
Mt Kenya 17,058 ft (5,199 m)
Kisumu
Nairobi
Equator
L Edward
Mt Kansimbi 14,787 ft (4,507 m)
L Victoria
L Kivu
Kigali
Bujumbura
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Mt Kilimanjaro 19,340 ft (5,895 m)
Galana R
Mombasa
L Tanganyika
Tanga
Pemba I
Zanzibar
Zanzibar I
Dar es Salaam
Great Ruaha R
Maka I
L Rukwa
Mbeya
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Mtwara
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(Aldabra Is)
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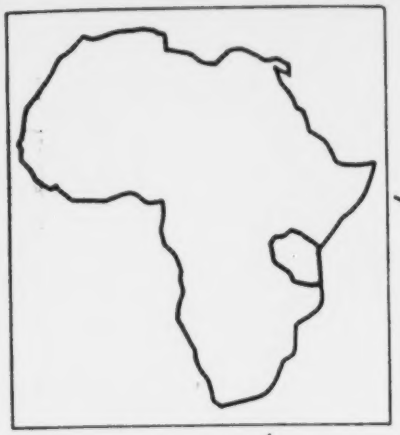

SUDAN
ETHIOPIA
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Lamu
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PARE
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LESSON 2: The Culture and Daily Life of East Africa

Objectives: Define with students what culture is

Acquaint students with aspects of daily life and the culture of East Africa

Identify the *khanga* as a catch-all representing the culture and daily life of East Africa

Supplies: "Kickin' It in *Khangas*" slides
"History of *Khangas*" handout

Length : 1-2 class periods

Steps 1)Define and discuss culture. Aid students in formulating a definition based on activities of daily life such as:

clothing	family roles	family values
politics	economy-business	beliefs
gender roles	literature	art

2)Show slides of East Africa. Require students to look for and/or jot down examples of what class just defined as culture as they see them in the slides.

3)After slide show, discuss findings. Fill in a chart on board or overhead as students share their observations.

4)Read and discuss "History of *Khangas*" focusing on how and what students observed of them in slide show and why and how they are important to the people and daily life of East Africa.

LESSON 3: East African Life through Literature

Objectives: Discover various aspects of culture of East Africa through East African Literature.

Understand basis values and lessons of East African culture

Generate ideas for slogans/mottos as representative of East Africa

Equipment: Stories appropriate to your grade level

"Wisdom" (grade 4 and up) (East Africa-Pare)
"Ivory Bangles" (grade 7 and up) -(Tanzania)
"Tender Crop" (grade 9 and up) -(Zambia)
"Calabash Children" (grade 5 and up) -(Tanganyika-Chaga)
"Monkey's Heart" (grade 4 and up) -(East Africa-Swahili)
"Hare and Hyena" (grade 4 and up) -(East/Central Africa-Bantu)

*Please note, grade levels are based completely on my limited experience, so they may be suitable for other grade levels as well. Please read them before using them.

Length: 1-6 class periods

Steps 1)Review class definition of culture so it is fresh in their minds as they begin to read the stories. I would ask students to make a chart on paper so as stories are read they can fill in chart with examples of the culture as found in the stories.

2)Read stories as class . or assign for homework.

3)After reading assigned stories, discuss and take notes in form of charts on cultural aspects they notice, values conveyed about East African culture, and lessons learned or meant to be taught to children through these stories.

4)Keep a large class list of lessons learned as various stories are read. This list will later be used to turn lessons into mottos or slogans for use in *khanga* making

L3

from The Compliment East African Folktales
W.D. Kamera & C.S. Mwakasaka
E. African Publications Ltd
P.O. Box 1002 Arusha, Tanzania 1981©

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Wisdom

THERE once lived a man who had great wealth but no wisdom. So, he said to himself one day, "I will take my wealth and exchange it for wisdom."

He collected all his wealth and divided it into three parts, each part to be given to each of the three wisest men in the land. He took the first portion to the first wise man.

"Take this, old one," he said, "and tell me some words of wisdom." The old man took the wealth and thanked him.

And then the old man said, "Know how to keep your secrets. Even if you have a friend dearer than yourself, even if you have a wife you love more than life, keep your secrets from them."

The young man returned home not knowing exactly what to make of these words.

"The words are certainly simple enough, yet they go deeper than riddles," he thought.

But he was not discouraged. He took the second portion and went to see the second old man of wisdom.

"Greetings to you my grandfather; I am bringing you a present so that you can teach me some wisdom," he said humbly.

"Greetings to you too my grandson, and God bless you for the present," the old man replied. Afterwards he said to him, "When you take a bath in a stream where there are many others doing the same, go downstream where the water is dirtier because no one else will care to go there."

"What do you mean, old man?" the young man asked, baffled.

"Only life's experience will show you the meaning," the wise old man said, dismissing him.

The young man returned home again and took the third and last portion of his wealth.

"I will take this to the third wise man and he will tell me some words of wisdom," he said to himself.

He took the wealth to the wise man and the old man said:

"If ever you come upon people discussing something, stop until you have learned the nature of their argument. Then, and only then, may you proceed with your journey."

Then the young man left the wise man and returned to his empty house.

One day one of his friends came and asked him to accompany him on a journey, and they set out early one morning. They walked on for many days and then they came upon a group of people. These people were involved in a very bitter and violent argument. They talked all at once and seemed not to understand one another.

The young man's friend skirted the group saying, "I mind my own business," and continued with his journey.

But the young man, remembering what the wise man had told him, stopped and opened his ears to listen. Soon he knew the nature of the argument: To those people it was taboo to bury a dead man. They believed that if one buried a dead person, then all the ill luck of the dead would come to dwell in him. And the person who volunteered to undertake the burial would have to take everything that belonged to the deceased and he would have to quit the village immediately so that his inherited ill luck would not fall upon the others.

The argument arose because a rich Arab trader had just

died in that village. Now the village was divided. Some were for leaving him there to the good treatment of the worms. Others were for setting the house on fire and letting everything therein burn to ashes. All in all they were agreed that no one should bury him.

The young man saw his chance. "Good men," he began, "do not be troubled any more because I will rid you of this evil. Show me where the dead man lived and I will take him and everything that belonged to him away from your good village. Then no ill luck will ever visit you."

After these words those people became very pleased. "Show him the way to the Arab, and then point to him the shortest way out of the village so that he may depart immediately with his ill luck," one elder said.

He was shown the way to the Arab's home, and then the shortest way out of the village was pointed to him with a hint that he should speedly make use of it. The Arab had no known relatives nearby, so the young man went into the house and collected everything. He loaded this merchandise onto donkeys and soon was on the short cut out of the village. All the people were locked behind doors, too frightened to have even a look.

The young man proceeded with his journey, hoping that his friend would catch up with him later. He was not aware of what was taking place behind him.

With all his newly acquired wealth the young man thought no more of continuing with the journey. "I must go back and take my wealth home," he said to himself with a smile. He buried the corpse in a shallow grave and proceeded with his return journey.

After a tiring journey he came upon a cool stream. "I will stop here and take a bath," he thought. So, he unloaded

his donkeys and let them graze. He went downstream with his baskets and decided to take his bath there. He had not forgotten the other wise man's words.

He took a leisurely bath, and feeling refreshed he reloaded his donkeys and proceeded with his journey. But long after he remembered something and halted his donkeys suddenly.

"What have I done?" he asked himself, very distressed.

He had discovered to his dismay that he had forgotten by the stream side the basket which had the most precious items. He went back very hurriedly and he was overjoyed to see the basket still there. That was so because he had left the basket downstream where no one else wanted to take a bath.

The rest of his journey was done without mishap. People at home were amazed to see him wealthy so quickly. Some even asked him questions but he managed to satisfy their curiosity without letting out his secret. But he was not so successful with his wife.

"Whenever I ask you about our newly found wealth you always avoid giving me a straight answer," she said. "What do you want me to understand? Do you want me to think that you stole it and that is why you can't say how you got it?"

This accusation hit the man on the raw.

"What! Me a thief? Be careful woman on how you use your words otherwise you will find yourself in very deep trouble!" he said.

The woman, however, was not one to be intimidated so easily. She kept on asking and asking and asking until in the end the man had to tell her in order to stop her accusations. He told her everything about those distant people with their strange taboos, and the Arab.

L3

"So now you know everything," he said, "let it be your own secret."

But that was easier said than done. The woman went and confided in her best friend.

"You are the only one to be told this. Never repeat it to anyone else," she said in conclusion.

No sooner had she gone out than her friend too ran out to another friend and related to her the whole story, ending with the same words:

"You are the only one I have told. Never repeat it to anyone else."

Thus the story passed from friend to friend until soon everyone in and around the village knew how the man had acquired his wealth.

Then one day a group of Arabs arrived in that village. They were the relatives of the late trader and they were going around searching for the man — as they had been informed — who had buried their brother and inherited all his wealth. They had visited many villages without success.

"O yes, I know the man you are looking for," one villager said with all eagerness to see the man reduced to poverty again. "I will not just direct you but I will take all the trouble to lead you there."

The man was found out and everything was taken away from him. He became poorer than he had been at the beginning and all because he had failed to keep his secret, as the wise old man had once advised him.

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from African Short Stories Anthology J de Grandsaigne edit Macmillan Kenya Publishers Ltd. published 1985.

15 Ivory Bangles

by Eric Sikujua Ng'maryo

His legs walked, taking him to his house and its compound and the surrounding banana grove, but his mind wandered. He stepped out of the path to relieve himself, but only a small trickle washed the trunk of the tree in front of him.

The words of the seer were alarming. He had a deep-seated suspicion of the seer, but he was a tribal seer, a priest of the people, and he had to go to him for consultations after he noticed the blood specks on the liver of a goat he had slaughtered. The seer's pebbles said someone was going to die. The pebbles said a wife was going to die. The pebbles said the spirits were jealous of a happy wife, a woman unmolested by her husband until old age, until she was called 'Grandmother'.

He immediately knew it was his wife. 'What can I do to avert this?'

The pebbles said he had to give her a thorough beating. The pebbles said he had to send her to her parents after the beating.

'They can be appeased in another manner. I will give any number of goats.'

The pebbles said he had to give his wife a thorough beating. The pebbles said he had to send her to her parents after the beating.

His wife came and unstrapped his leather sandals and led him behind the house to the lean-to, bathed him and rubbed him with sharp-smelling unguents. His taut back and shoulder muscles stopped being like dogs with bared teeth.

'Girl,' the old man said to his elderly wife, 'Girl, I have something I heard today.'

'We'll talk about it after the meal.'

They came back from the evening into the house and sat facing each other, the hearth between them. The woman pulled a piece of firewood, cracked it in two slivers, pulled off some loose shavings and arranged the tinder and the firewood over the coals. Small flames lept at the shavings, caught the wood and illuminated the worried look on the old man's face.

'How is the child?' he asked of the boy whose father, their only son, had agreed to let them spoil.

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'He is asleep.' The boy slept in his grandmother's bed. Soon, however, he would be too old for that. 'Eat your food. It is getting cold.'

'Do you know where I went this evening?' he started again, chewing his food nervously.

'The seer,' she said.

'How did you know?' He had stopped eating.

'I guessed,' simply. The leaping flame of the dying fire caught her smile and her white teeth were made whiter by the beauty gap of two lower teeth. She could still be like a girl.

The old man grunted. This was not the atmosphere for discussing the words of the pebbles. He continued eating, slowly now, savouring the hidden nuances of taste and smell in the pottage made of mashed green bananas and finely shredded meat and stock and vegetables and herbs and — the touch of her hand. This was not like any other meat and bananas pap. He took a bite at the roasted sweet potato, chewed it with care and washed it down with a draught from the pottage bowl.

'You cook, woman,' he thanked, stretching himself and yawning.

'Have a long life, son of the Chief,' she answered. She collected the wooden bowl and platter from the old man, the woodcarver, son of a woodcarver, A good warrior. A very brave warrior.

He had been made the Chief's councillor when he was relatively young. That had been during the time of the present Chief's father. He still was the Chief's councillor, much respected, but also much talked about because he had only one wife, and a councillor was a small chief, and whoever heard of a chief with one wife?

When the ageing Chief told him to get himself another wife, this was shortly after he was made councillor as a reward for bravery shown in the Battle of Five Rainy Days, he had answered with a riddle:

A woman went to the riverside
The woman wanted to fetch water
The woman had one waterpot
The woman arrived at the waterpoint
The woman found another waterpot
The woman came back home with a pot
The woman brought back a waterpot with potsherds in, not water.

The old Chief roared with laughter. 'A wife, a co-wife, witchcraft, and death!' he shouted. 'But wait!' he countered, 'Wait! How big would a chief's "potsherspot" be?'

'Your pots are unbreakable, Chief,' answered the young warrior, 'Your pots are made of iron!'

'I will sleep now,' the old man said.

The woman got up. She was tall and still firmly built. As she moved the twenty-four ivory bangles she wore clanked like many castanets. She was remarkable in them: eight in either hand and four heavy ones on each leg. The ones on her hands were etched with mnemonic marks for a long love poem. He had presented the bangles to her when their first born child, now their only son, was given a name. She had looked like a chief's bride.

'Your wife is comely,' the Chief had told him.

'We are your subjects, Chief.'

'She is very comely in the many ivory bangles she wears.'

'I made them, Sir, and the ivory was from the elephant I shot with a poisoned arrow. I brought you one of the tusks as is the custom.'

'People say you bought the bangles.'

'They forget that I am a carver, and furthermore, where would I get the cowries?'

The woman washed the utensils and sprinkled the water on the earth floor, threw a piece of cowdung into the coals; this would preserve the fire until morning, and instead of going to sleep with her 'husband', the young boy, she took off her skins and stretched herself beside the old man.

'I went to the seer,' he started, but her hand was on his chest. She was almost hot to touch — or was it he who was getting colder, dying slowly? She gave a little shudder as he moved closer to her in answer to her touch. He unsprung slowly, but when it came, it was like an intricate tattoo on a drum, coming unexpectedly and stopping suddenly, leaving the air quiet and pure. He languidly wondered how soon it would be before they had to be careful, lest the boy noticed.

'Tell me about the seer,' she asked.

'The spirits want me to give you the ritual beating.'

'Ah,' she said. 'The seer wants you to beat me?'

'The seer is only the mouthpiece of our departed fathers, woman!'

'I know the seer,' the old woman said.

The man kept quiet.

'He once wanted to marry me. He said he would put a spell on me.' This was an oft repeated story. During happier moments, he would answer, 'But I got you,' but now he said angrily, 'It wasn't he who put the blood specks on the goat's liver!'

'That old vulture,' she murmured.

'There must be some way,' he said, shifting uncomfortably.

'There is and I will tell you,' she said. Can't she see that her life is involved? he wondered. She continued talking, carried away by the

simplicity and ingenuity of her scheme. Later, she noticed that he was fast asleep. Quietly, she stole back to her 'husband'. The boy was fast asleep too.

The next morning, the man went to his place of work and she, later in the day, went to the market. She heard people saying something about elephants which had been near the forest. 'The herd is coming down to the plains now,' one man said. Another commented on how devastating the beasts would be to the young plants. 'People who know how to use poisoned arrows have followed them. With poisoned arrows several can be killed,' another was saying.

A marketplace: many are its people and thrice as many its words. The woman moved on, her bangles clanking softly, a loved woman emblazoned with ivory. She was thinking: I will first go home, cook for the man, then later, I will go to my brother's place. This brother, her elder brother, was the one who took their late parents' homestead and was now standing in the place of her father. Her plan had been to go there weeping, complaining that her husband had beaten her without any reason. She would stay until her husband came to ask her to go back to him; she would refuse, forcing her clan and her husband's clan to meet and reconcile them. The fine would be imposed on the irascible husband and the beer of reconciliation drunk. The spirits would certainly be fooled and life would continue as before.

She hurriedly bought various things with the cowries she had, bartered a satchelful of peas for a big hen, got a length of sugarcane to give the boy, some snuff for the man, salt and soda and some monkey nuts which she loved to eat cooked — not roasted. As she slowly made her way home, she heard the cries. They came from scouts who were perched on top of trees, observing the elephants and warning people of the beasts' movement. The cries were relayed from one scout to another, the elephants being escorted by these human noises until they moved out of the populated area. 'Beware! Beware!' they were crying, 'Beware! Six elephants, one bull and five cows are going down the hill at Sangeyo's! Beware! They have crossed River Marwe!' . . . Pause 'Beware! Beware! People of Mtorobo's homestead! The five she elephants are now in your banana grove! The bull is on the path coming from the stream!'

The woman hurried home. The cries were now fainter, and taking into account that the criers were on top of tall trees, the elephants were now quite a distance away. I will go and cook, then go to my brother's, she thought.

After finishing cooking and carefully covering her husband's food, it was not even near sunset. The boy had eaten and quickly skipped off to

go to play with the neighbour's children. Why hurry, she thought, I will do a bit of hoeing in the part of the grove the man said was very weedy. Then I start squeezing tears out of my eyes and go to my brother's house. She had to laugh at herself.

This is the weedy place, she thought as she bent, the small hoe going at a fast, practised speed despite the heavy load of ivory bangles on the hand. The sound was now a steady rhythm.

She was disjointedly thinking of this and that, her hoe missing a big, fat millipede. 'You don't want to die so soon, you silly thing, you!' Chuckle. She sang a small lullaby. Ah. What will old Makusaro, my sister-in-law, say? Oh, this area is really weed-infested. Only four, no, three weeks ago I weeded it with Leveri, my daughter-in-law. Her husband had beaten her to a fingernail's distance to her grave. Why is my son so different from his father? Now, who is that crying? It is Kabanda. He asked for it. Why go to play with people who make you cry? The boy is always crying. People will say I don't feed him well. The smell of the moist earth, warm with the day's sun.

It was short. She heard the crash, then turned and saw it. It was a dark house, and it was madly trumpeting. She was lifted bodily. At this, she was very indignant, and she struggled to pull her skins to cover her nakedness. That was all.

After bashing her on trees and banana plants, the wounded bull elephant put her on the ground and repeatedly stamped on her.

They found her thus in her shallow grave: a mass of flesh and blood and shattered ivory bangles.

NOTES ON *IVORY BANGLES*

THE AUTHOR

Eric S. NG'MARYO: Born in Tanzania in 1955, took a law degree at the University of Dar es Salaam in 1981, and is presently working on a government sugar estate near Mount Kilimanjaro.
Several of Eric Ng'Maryo's poems have been anthologised in *Summons* and *Second Summons*, *New Poetry for Africa*, have appeared in literary journals (*Bananas*, *KiSwahili*) or read on the BBC African Service. He is at present engaged in writing a novel. The present short story was specially written for this anthology.

THE STORY

1 Summary

Despite social pressure, a man has remained faithful to his only wife and has been rewarded with her love and devotion. But now that the happy couple is getting old, the ancestral spirits are seeking their revenge. They predict the wife's death unless the old man bows to tradition, i.e. gives his wife a ritual beating and sends her back to her own people.
But women are full of craft! The woman devises a scheme which will keep their love intact while pretending to sacrifice to the gods and to tradition.
However, no one can alter the course of destiny. The 'happy' wife will eventually die, trampled by one of those elephants whose ivory used to grace her arms and ankles with so many bangles.

2 Notes on the text

I (lines 1 to 14): For the spirits of the departed fathers, a happy wife means a weak husband.

II (lines 15 to 54): A good wife knows that the way to her husband's heart passes through his stomach!

III (lines 55 to 75): A clever way of disentangling oneself from an awkward situation.

IV (lines 76 to 91): Where the title of the story becomes clear.
Be it with diamonds, stones or ivory, husbands all over the world express their love in the same way.

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V (lines 92 to 120): A loving woman knows how to soften a man and bring him to agree with whatever she says ...

VI (lines 121 to 139): It needs a woman to believe that illusion can be as strong and convincing as reality!

VII (lines 140 to 157): Are those elephants peaceful animals moving to new pastures or irate instruments of the gods' will?

VIII (lines 158 to 184): A weak husband and a crafty woman earn punishment but should love and happiness be rewarded with death?

3 Questions on the text

1 How does the husband realise that something has gone wrong in his life?
2 What steps does the wife take when her husband comes back at the end of the day?
3 How does 'the touch of her hand' make the wife's cooking different?
4 Why doesn't the wife believe the seer's prediction?
5 Retrace the different activities of the wife on the fatal day of her death.

4 Characters

They must be considered in relation to each other.
The 'old man': 'a woodcarver', 'a very brave warrior', 'the Chief's councillor ... much respected, but also much talked about' because, first and foremost, he is a faithful husband.
The 'happy wife': a loving and devoted woman but also a wife who knows how to play on her husband's weakness for her and whose self-confidence brings doom to both of them.

5 Theme

No one can fool the gods (or is it death when time comes?)

6 Style

The author's point of view predominates. The author remains in full command of:
a) the narrative (selecting, bringing in and structuring events).
b) the characters (their reactions, inner thoughts).
c) the style (choice of comparisons and metaphors).
Note in particular how such elements as the dialogues, the riddle, the scouts' cries, etc. enhance the traditional aspects of the text.

7 Topics for discussion, essay and creative writing

1 Compare the role of the seer with that of the witch-doctor in *Nightmare* by W. Saidi.
2 All went well and the woman is now back with her own people. Imagine the husband's speech to his wife's family when he comes to settle the matter.

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from African Short Stories anthology

13 The Tender Crop

by Fwanyanga M Mulikita

Early on Sunday morning Mateyo Chilufya said goodbye to the friends he had worked with for thirty years on Paul van Zyl's farm. His friends were very sorry to see him go. But they knew that there was nothing they could do to stop his going. Paul van Zyl had told Chilufya to pack and go. That was the previous day, after Mateyo had returned from one of the Saturday 'sundowners' so common among farm labourers and Soli villagers east of Lusaka.

Thirty years on van Zyl's farm ended just like a dream for poor Chilufya, who was now in his late sixties.

'My boy,' that was how van Zyl addressed his African labourers. 'My boy,' this time he accosted Chilufya, 'I have come to tell you that your job on this farm is finished. You have got to go away. I don't care where, but you have got to leave, if not tonight, tomorrow morning.'

'Bwana, what wrong have I done?' Chilufya asked van Zyl whom he had faithfully served for thirty years as a farm labourer.

'My boy, don't argue with me!' his boss said. 'It is finished. I haven't come here to argue. You understand, my boy!' Van Zyl strode away from Mateyo Chilufya — half drunk but fully aware of what had happened. To ask why he was summarily dismissed from the job he had done for thirty years was to 'argue' as far as van Zyl was concerned. Indeed many another whiteman would have said the same in a similar situation.

'Mary, I have dismissed Chilufya from work. I don't want to see him on this farm any more!' Paul van Zyl told his plump wife who was busy supervising preparations for dinner. The van Zyls were expecting some guests whom they had invited to supper.

'Paul, have you paid him for this month?' Mary van Zyl asked.

'Why should I, Mary?'

'Do you think it is fair?'

'Do you think it is unfair?'

'Of course, Paul, I do. You have got to pay him, considering what he has done for us for all these thirty years.'

'What these people have got to understand is that you just can't mix

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politics with business. If I were to pay Chilufya the other boys will get it fixed in their heads that they can dabble in politics and expect to be paid when dismissed from work. To teach Chilufya and company a lesson that it doesn't pay to talk politics on my farm, I decided I shouldn't pay old Chilufya.' Paul van Zyl, one of the most prosperous farmers in the area, spoke emphatically.

Paul van Zyl exaggerated the political role Chilufya had played on the farm. Once or twice Chilufya had just shouted 'Kwacha — Ngweee!' That was all. But van Zyl had said: 'What business has Chilufya to 'kwacha' and 'ngweee' on my farm?' He was getting spoiled by these politicians. Time had been when Chiufya and his fellow farm labourers said 'Yes bwana' to everything the master said, even when he insulted them. But now there was some resistance, some impudence on the part of these labourers. Van Zyl's cook, Desmond Atata, had reported to his master what Mateyo Chilufya was doing during his spare time. Reading the *African Mail* and admiring what the big political guns in African society were doing. Atata even said that Chilufya had shaken, nay, pumped the hand of these big guns. 'Bwana, Chilufya was pumping their hands — these African politicians.' It was after this report that Chilufya was heard to have shouted 'Kwacha — Ngweee!'

Old Atata had also told van Zyl, 'Bwana, I am with you. That Mateyo Chilufya is dangerous, 'but he would not explain in what way Mateyo was dangerous. That he left for van Zyl's imagination to magnify and ponder. Paul believed the only wise course of action to follow was to dismiss Chilufya from his farm. He had to nip the trouble in the bud.

At dinner, Paul van Zyl and his guests talked about the intolerable situation that was developing in the country. It was fear of the coming change that dominated their talk. It was the same fear that made van Zyl fire Chilufya from the job he had done so well for thirty years. They were fighting mere shadows. The political storm that was gathering momentum was irresistible, inevitable and destined to change and sweep away the old pattern of life.

The Sunday morning that saw Chilufya part with his old friends on van Zyl's farm brought many memories to his mind. This farm had become his own home. Chilufya thought about the menial and unrewarding job. Was that the payment for his dedication? 'For years I have laboured for him,' he mused. 'Our meagre and miserable earnings — a mere pittance. Look at our soaring expenses. We have to pay school fees, uniform fees. And colonial taxes too. Add to that, money for our food, our beer and clothing.' He felt that the situation

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had driven them to find some means to eke out their wages. 'There was nothing we could do but brew beer — men and women — and organise "sundowners" where we could dance and enjoy ourselves.' His thoughts went back to one of these 'sundowners' when his wife eloped with another man. But that was twenty years back and he had decided to forget marriage and concentrate on his work on van Zyl's farm. 'Thirty years I have sweated it out on this back-breaking job!' He sat down, overcome by emotions, his legs wide apart and his drooping head crowded with memories of this farm.

He could not forget the year when his wife eloped because that was the year when van Zyl bought a tractor as a first step in the mechanisation of his farm. A lot of farm labourers became the victims of mechanisation: they lost their work, and the tractor took over. Chilufya survived this event, on account of his honesty and industry. The labourers at first welcomed the arrival of the tractor as one of those miraculous inventions of the whiteman. But when they saw the machine take over their work they hated it and they even planned to put it out of action. One evening when van Zyl and his family were safely out of the way they surrounded the tractor, determined to smash it and scatter the pieces over the farm. But they failed miserably. The following morning there it was, roaring and groaning as it did the work normally done by scores of farm labourers.

Before the tractor arrived on the farm Chilufya had supervised the operations of the other workers who were making a dam for van Zyl. They sang, these African men as they delved into the ground with an assortment of implements. They sang in unison. They dug in unison to give a psychological boost to their tired and aching muscles. Their black sweaty bodies glistened in the glaring African sun. The singing made them forget their miserable wages. It also made them forget their human miseries which seemed to date from the days of Adam and Eve; from the loss of Paradise. The rhythm of song and of the hoes striking the ground in unison blended.

Van Zyl was amused, and glad to see these poor people furthering his economic domination, his prosperity built on their sweating and aching backs. His thoughts went back to the days of the Pharoahs who rejoiced to see slaves toiling to produce pyramids conceived in their comfortable imagination. But he was different. He paid for his labour. He refused to believe that he typified the human oppressor and Chilufya the oppressed — the process that has gone on in human history since the days of Methuselah; indeed since time immemorial. He disliked to believe that the fact that he was white and Chilufya black was incidental. He seemed to remember someone saying that the

struggles between the haves and the havenots, the struggle between the exploiter and the exploited — was the central issue and that when colour and race are added the issues go beyond the realm of normality and border on psychosis. No, no! He liked to believe that the whiteman was destined to rule and the blackman doomed to servitude. The master race and the slave race — that is the meaning.

Chilufya got out of his farm hut. With one hand he lifted the small bundle that contained his possessions. He could not go away without pursuing the question of his pay. He knew it wasn't much, but he had laboured for it; he deserved it. He therefore made for van Zyl's house, half a mile away.

Old Desmond Atata was already up clearing up the remains of last night's supper. Desmond Atata, as the cook, finished off the remains of the supper — a chicken leg half chewed by one of the guests; some fruit salad half consumed. These people, he wondered, they just touched this or that dish, leaving a lot of food untouched! He thought of his own meals, where the children had to scrape the plate clean with the pointing finger! He recollected that after the process the well-licked finger was left cleaner than when it started.

When Chilufya appeared at the back door of the house — he dare not approach the front door — Desmond Atata said: 'Shh — the master is still asleep. These people are gods, ka!'

Chilufya made it clear that gods or not he had to disturb them. He wanted his pay for the services rendered. Desmond advised: 'Azunga, amanga, ka! — Europeans can arrest, mind you.' Chilufya brushed Desmond aside and hammered with terrible force on the kitchen door. Paul van Zyl appeared in his dressing gown, obviously annoyed by the hammering on the back door. When he saw Chilufya, he composed himself. 'What do you want, my boy?'

'I want my pay,' Chilufya said without adding the customary 'Bwana'. Van Zyl looked at him for a moment. Then he said; 'Wait a minute!'

He withdrew. He went back to consult with his wife. It must have occurred to him that people don't shout 'Kwacha — ngweee' for nothing. When this is coupled with a demand for their wages, their rights, even if they are farm labourers, one had to take note.

'It is not fair, Paul. It is not fair.' That was Mary van Zyl taking the side of the underdog. She appeared at the front door with some money for Mateyo Chilufya. The old man's record of thirty years' faithful work on the farm came into her mind. She said farewell to Chilufya and thanked him for his past services. She gave him a packet of biscuits and a bottle of orange squash. That did not please old Desmond Atata who

eyed Mary van Zyl so viciously that she had to cut short the ceremonies and return to her bedroom after waving Chilufya goodbye. He gave Desmond a contemptuous look as if to say 'You dog', and Atata recoiled and disappeared indoors.

As he walked away from the house Mateyo Chilufya asked himself where, at his age, he could make a home. He knew from letters that his parents were long gone. He had lost touch with his own home people in the Northern Province. He would have loved to continue living and serving on this farm until his death. Those farmers talked about welfare schemes for the old people in South Africa where the aged ones were provided with homes, supported by their government. Here, he thought, the Colonial Government did nothing of the sort for the black people. He had heard of such homes for the white folk at Ndola and Lusaka. Where did the money he paid in taxes go, he asked himself. Old Chilufya must leave his home on the farm and face the uncertainties of the future.

He looked at van Zyl's farm. His eyes feasted on the young maize crop that scintillated in the early Sunday morning sun. The maize field stretched far and wide until it touched the bush some distance away. He had seen van Zyl's farm grow from nothing. To begin with it was all virgin bush. Chilufya and his fellow labourers cleared the bush. The first year van Zyl brought five acres under cultivation. Now it was more than a hundred acres of scintillating maize. There were some more acres of tobacco. There were herds of select breed. Only last year van Zyl had harvested thousands of bags of maize. The money he had made over the period of years, it is said, was so much that the banks had refused to accept any more from him. Chilufya looked at the miserable bundle containing his possessions acquired after thirty years. He had no penny in the bank. He had seen van Zyl grow from a poor farmer to whom government had lent money and given so many acres of land virtually free of charge to a rich man.

He recollected that van Zyl had borrowed money from government to buy that tractor which was responsible for the dismissal of his fellow labourers. Then followed another loan to buy a harvester. That was another machine which led to the dismissal of more labourers. Before its arrival on the farm, van Zyl employed the wives of his labourers in addition to the normal labour force, to harvest the maize for him. That brought in extra pennies to the pockets of the labourer's families. Besides, one could always pinch a cob or two of maize while harvesting. But now that evil machine did the harvesting, putting them out of business.

But there were other jobs on the farm that needed human labour.

Chilufya was convinced that his dismissal had nothing to do with the mechanisation of the farm. Van Zyl still needed human beings to look after his cattle. Out of consideration for the services he had done, van Zyl, if he were grateful, would have assigned him to the work of looking after cattle. However clever or versatile the whiteman's machines may be, surely they could not invent one that could look after cattle. He knew of the machines that could milk. That was a different matter. But a machine that could take the cows for grazing and return them safely to the kraal! Such a machine, if it was made, would kill cows instead of looking after them, if it did not end up in a ditch. So Chilufya was convinced that there was still plenty of scope for human labour on van Zyl's farm. But he must leave the farm.

Soon Chilufya found himself on the Great East Road. He had made up his mind to go to Lusaka, some thirty miles away. He decided to hitch-hike into town. He had seen his friends get a lift that way. As a matter of fact he himself had done it once or twice before.

For one hour he tried his luck to get a lift. Twice or thrice he nearly managed to get one. But when he told the drivers that he could not afford to pay the fare they demanded, they drove off. 'Are you crazy?' one of them said, 'expecting a free lift to town?'

It was now about half past nine. A familiar car approached him. He recognised it as van Zyl's vehicle — a station wagon he had seen so often on the farm. He frantically flagged to stop it. No doubt van Zyl, who was behind the wheel, recognised his old farm labourer Chilufya. He turned his eye from him and drove away. But Mary van Zyl had also recognised Mateyo Chilufya.

'It is not fair, Paul,' she said. 'You should stop and give him a lift. I am sure he is going to town.'

'Sorry; but if we stop we'll be late for church.' By now they were a mile away from the spot they had passed Chilufya.

Suddenly van Zyl stopped. He turned the vehicle round. At first he was at a loss what to do next — how to face the man he had just dismissed from his farm. Had some human feeling touched his conscience? But something within him had told him to stop. It seemingly melted his indifference, his hard heart. There was a fellow human being in need. It was more than this — it was a human being who had contributed to his prosperity, his farm management and to his happiness. He had dismissed him. But this was done out of political necessity, maybe. He realised that Chilufya had been made a scapegoat. The thought made him uncomfortable. His real enemies were the political guns in the African society who were determined to upset the status quo, his comfortable life, his future. Chilufya was not a threat to

his life, to his future. But then, he convinced himself, he had become political. 'Ngweee' on somebody's farm! There was, however, room enough for eight people in his station waggon. There were only two of them in it — himself and his wife. Their four children were at school in South Africa. He had to relax his views on *apartheid*, *herenvolkism* and *baasskap* for once, for Chilufya's sake. His thoughts on a Sunday had become godly. Feeling for a fellow human being melted the hard line of his racial ideologies.

He returned to where they had passed Chilufya. They picked him up. Mateyo sat at the back of the station waggon — his first and last ride in this vehicle. He looked at his clothes and the clothes of his former employers. They were in their Sunday best. He was in his oversize dilapidated Mokambo jacket and *kalela* (cheap) trousers. His shrunken cheeks and ill-nourished body looked cadaverous in comparison to their plump, smooth bodies which radiated vigour and health. He was aware of his dirty shirt. He was equally aware of the pleasant perfume coming from Mary van Zyl's dress.

There was dead silence as they drove to town. Each one of them kept their thoughts to themselves. Before they reached the Church van Zyl stopped and said, 'This will do, my boy'. He told Chilufya to climb down. Neither Paul nor Mary van Zyl wished to be seen by their friends in company with Chilufya. Kindness has its limits. They waved Chilufya goodbye. Their employer-employee relationship ended without ceremony, just as it had started thirty years back.

Chilufya got another lift which brought him to Kabwata, which was then still called the 'Main Town Location'. He paid a shilling for the transport. He began to look for his relatives, and he found them two hours later. With one hand he greeted them; with the other he set all his worldly possession on a little stool by the door. His thoughts were still with the farm he had left. His new life had just started.

Chilufya had no plans. He was faced with the problem which always faces retired men: what to do to keep themselves profitably occupied. In Chilufya's case this problem was more acute since he found himself without employment overnight. He had never planned his future, as he had no fear of losing his job. His services to his master had always been loudly praised.

Chilufya's relatives took care of him and were very kind to him. In one of those Kabwata huts it was crowded existence. There was Mulumendo Mulenga, his host, plus his wife Agnes and their seven children. All these in a single-roomed hut. With the arrival of Chilufya the hut had to accommodate ten people. There was no privacy at all. Some of Mulenga's children were old enough to have rooms to

themselves. Take their eldest daughter Anna. She was doing her form I and her brother was in grade VIII. All these had to share one room. The children slept on the floor, some of them underneath their parents' bed.

The young children were left to cry, and the mother did not bother to keep them quiet. Their noses, which were always wet, made Chilufya uncomfortable. To add to his moral discomfort the young children were naked, while Agnes Mulenga wore very expensive dresses. Chilufya had to sacrifice. He bought two of the youngest children some clothes, out of the last meagre wages he had received from van Zyl. This put Mulumendo Mulenga and Agnes to shame. But they did not like the way Chilufya was lecturing them on how to look after their children. He was thrusting his nose too much into their private affairs. They resented it immensely. Chilufya soon noticed that when Mulenga and his wife returned from the crowded beer parties they treated him with disrespect. Not so much what they said, but what they did not say. That kind of communication which makes itself felt by intuition made him believe that he was not wanted. Besides, from his peri-urban life he had come to know that guests are welcome for a day or two. Their idle stay beyond two days becomes a bother and a source of discomfort to their hosts. He was also dying to do something for himself. The sheer force of habit developed over a period of thirty years of continuous service made him think of finding something to keep him occupied.

He decided to return to his village. Mulumendo Mulenga approached his friends to help the old man with bus fare to enable him to go back to the Northern Province. The spirit of generosity, often eroded among town dwellers, had not been completely destroyed. Mulenga received contributions from his friends both in cash and in kind to assist the old Chilufya to get back to the home he had left some forty years back.

Before he left for the Northern Province he had told Mulenga and his friends of his life on van Zyl's farm. They were dismayed at van Zyl's ingratitude. But they did not bother to pursue the matter because they were fully occupied with their own personal and professional problems. One had said, however, that things were bound to change when Independence came.

Three days of motoring brought Chilufya back to his old village. His worldly possessions were now more numerous than when he left van Zyl's farm. Some friends and relatives in Lusaka had added their contributions. But as his bus tore along the road his thoughts went back once again to his days on van Zyl's farm. He saw, without seeing,

the green vegetation along the Great North Road; the trees that grew taller and taller the nearer the bus brought him to home. The sight of *chitemene* gardens held little fascination for him. Thirty years of work on someone's farm. That farm had virtually become his home. As the bus screeched to a stop in Kasama he was told that was the end of his journey.

He got out of the bus but did not know where to go. The red sun, looking larger than usual, was half sunk in the western sky. The pigeons pecked their last at their evening meal on the ground, overshadowed by eucalyptus trees. The last crow shot across the sky, straight homeward bound. But old Chilufya had no home to go to this day as he arrived back in the area he was born, some sixty years ago. He spent the night at the bus station, curled on the ground in the open waiting room.

The following morning, after many enquiries, he came across someone who knew where his village had been. They directed him where to find it. The village he had known as a boy was almost deserted. Only four huts stood where before more than thirty houses had been. It was now a hamlet, overgrown with grass and bush. The present inhabitants were as strange to him, as he was strange to them, although they had heard of his name. He tried to reconstruct the village in his mind as it had been when he was a small boy. Someone assisted him to find the place where his father's house had stood.

There was nothing there now but thick grass and shrubs. There Chilufya must stand, revolving many memories of his youth. Here his father, Mutale, used to tell him of things past and great. Here he had learnt of the Arab slave trade that had carried away many a man into slavery. Here he was told of the great battles his ancestors had fought with the ferocious Ngonis. Here the great Chindungu dancers swayed their hips to the rhythm of the drums — in this village they danced. Here the old men sat and drank *katata* and *chipumu*, passing the calabash from hand to hand after one had drunk with a straw. Here the great *chitemene* workers had originated and heaved their axes at the trees, balancing themselves precariously on the highest branches. And so Chilufya stood on the site his father's house had occupied.

'On this site will I build my house,' Chilufya said.

Soon he came to learn that the fate that his village had suffered was the fate other villages also had suffered. There was Kasama village, that used to teem with hundreds of children — it used to be the pride of its inhabitants and the talk of its neighbours. It was now a tiny village compared to the sprawling township it used to be. Bwembya too, had seen a similar change. All the villages in Itinti had been depopulated to

some extent, so was Namusoma and Henry Kapata's village. All through the land able-bodied men left their villages to seek employment in towns. One man commented:

'Ah Africa, we complain
To see the indigenous grain
Wallowing in misery and pain.
Where Titihoya sang wolves howl;
Where village stood, now deserted homes;
Where children played, old men groan
Where girls loved, divorce thrives.'

[From 'Salutations Graduates' by F. Mulikita.]

Here then must Chilufya make a new home, hundreds of miles from van Zyl's farm, which he had made his home. Now he must build where his father's house had stood.

Mateyo Chilufya shared his few possessions with the new friends he had found in his father's village. It is not nice for one man to have and for others not to have. Things must be shared; sacrifices must be made for the sake of others. That is communalism; that is socialism. It is the same spirit that makes us call 'cousin' 'brother', 'uncle' 'father', and 'aunt' 'mother'. It is a kind of 'togetherness' that makes a man hold a relative to his bosom 'with hoops of steel'.

Together Mateyo Chilufya and his relatives and new friends built his new home. Together they went into the forest to fetch poles. Together they drove the poles into the ground. Together they ate and rejoiced. Together they suffered and mourned. Each genuinely appreciated what the other had done for him.

One day Mateyo Chilufya visited Mr Shikapite, a veteran farmer in the neighbourhood. Long before the short-lived, unwanted, federation was thought of, Shikapite had become a well established farmer. Colonial politicians, the provincial and district commissioners, came to Shikapite's farm to drink coffee 'with half shut eyes'. Coffee with the semi-literate Shikapite! It was quoted as an example of no racial discrimination, by the colonial racial discriminator! The gulf that existed between the blacks and the whites, they argued was an economic one. But the gap was left to bridge itself!

Chilufya was impressed by what he saw on Shikapite's farm. Two or three acres of vegetables. There were cabbages there. There was spinach, there was lettuce there. There were beans and peas there. There was African corn — nothing Kaffir about it! And acres of maize. He saw sheep moving slowly with their cricket bat-shaped, ponderous tails. They bleated, their helpless appearance demanding sympathy. There were agile, clever-looking goats with tight bellies. The female

pigs with their cylindrical bodies stood admiring the beautiful faces of their males. There was a cock that danced around the hens, thrusting aside his left leg and wing in a complicated love affair — a kind of run-after-me-first-if-you-love-me affair!

Shikapite was away from the farm at the time. But what Chilufya had seen on the farm was enough. 'If Shikapite can do it, I can do it,' he convinced himself. If Paul van Zyl can do it, he too could do it, even if on a smaller scale, he thought. There was no harm in trying. Failure after trying, he said, is nobler than not trying at all!

First he surveyed the land, accompanied by a few of his friends. He led the way through the tall grass that reached up to his chin. He cleared a path by pushing the grass aside with his hand, and, left and right, he did the same with his feet. He skirted round the rocky places until he reached a flat piece of land. His experienced eye told him that this was a good piece of ground. In fact this was the land his ancestors used to till, but which now had fallen into disuse.

'Let us revive this land. Give it life again so that it can sustain our own lives,' he told his relatives. 'We shall try. We shall combine our energies together in a common enterprise. We must cultivate not only for our stomachs but also for sale, to enable us to get the other things we require in life. It is a pity that the foundation our ancestors made on the land has fallen into disuse. But the accumulated fertility which the soil contains will reward our labours.'

Some of his relatives were sceptical. Why should they embark on this major enterprise, they wondered.

Chilufya felt that in order to enlist their support, he had to convince the villagers of the necessity of what he was aiming at. So at night he assembled them by the fireside that was cheerily burning away in the open. He discussed the matter, allowing them to participate freely in the discussion. Persuasion, he felt was preferable to compulsion. He realised also that even after convincing them of the necessity of the scheme, the work was not yet done. He must demonstrate with his own hands. Show them by example how best to do the job, for the old methods were unequal to the task ahead.

Chilufya's enthusiasm for work, despite his age, was infectious. He soon inspired his fellow villagers with hard and devoted work. They cleared the bush. They combined their strips of land into bigger farming units. Two, four, eight acres were brought under cultivation, using ordinary indigenous hoes. That was how Paul van Zyl had started. In the end he had brought acres and acres of land under the plough. Chilufya laboured with his new-found friends and relatives. It was communal work. It was co-operative.

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He supervised the operations in his rusty Bemba. He told them what to do; how to plant maize in rows. He applied the knowledge he had acquired on van Zyl's farm.

Soon Chilufya's enterprise became the talk of the neighbourhood. News about his indefatigable work spread to distant places, as well. People flocked to his village to see what the old man was doing. Some said he was likely to do much better than Shikapite — at least in the long run. Others scoffed at this, saying Chilufya's enthusiasm would soon be spent.

The chief in his area was immensely impressed to see what Chilufya was doing on the land. He had come to see for himself; to see the talk of the day. Briefly Chilufya told him about his experiences on van Zyl's farm. In particular he emphasised the hopelessness with which he had faced the world on the day he was dismissed from his work. Now he was confident that, barring unforeseen circumstances, he would make a success of his new life even though he was old. He said it was his duty to pass to his people the knowledge and experience he had gained in farming abroad.

He also told the chief about his other sad experience on van Zyl's farm, when his wife deserted him. In spite of this, he said, he got comfort from his fellow workers and he decided to concentrate on his work.

The chief invited him to visit his court to give an account of his experiences, and in particular about his plans for the future: his new venture.

'I would be delighted to come. But, if the chief doesn't mind, let us postpone the visit until I have achieved a reasonable measure of success on the land. Maybe, after that, my visit could be profitable all round. But I feel greatly honoured to have been invited to visit your court.'

'Just as you wish, Chilufya. But meanwhile I will send my councillors to come over and see for themselves the tremendous work you are doing.'

'That would be another great honour, though it may not be compared to the one I have received by your presence on this farm.'

Even in the initial stages of Chilufya's farm, the amount of work being done was impressive. A dozen men and women were at work. They sang in unison, and their hoes struck the ground in unison. The song of the men at work and the sound of their hoes striking the ground, blended to make the workers forget their physical strain, to give them a psychological boost to sustain them for many a day. Just as the men on van Zyl's farm had sung, just as their ancestors had done before them.

One evening one man approached Chilufya in his house as he was preparing to join his friends at supper.

'Sir, I have been instructed to let you know that you shouldn't go to Insaka for supper.' He squatted on the ground.

'What is the matter?'

'The headman says that there is going to be a meeting there.'

'You mean, my presence is not required at the meeting?'

'It would amount to that, Sir.'

'Who gave you the instructions?'

'The headman himself.'

'You didn't ask why?'

'How could I? You know our custom.'

'Is this a joke, man?'

'The headman didn't seem to be joking when issuing the instructions.'

'Very well, then.'

The man left. Chilufya was puzzled. He could not think of anything amiss that he could have done to merit this treatment. They knew he was a bachelor. Besides he was an old man. What could be the reason? Surely his own people couldn't treat him so uncivilly! All along they had professed their affection for him and appreciated what he was doing for the whole village. They had told him that since his return from Lusaka things had improved in the village and that they felt sure more improvements would come. But what were they trying to do by barring him from their company? And what a time of day to do it! Had he over-worked them on this day? Were they going to dismiss him from the village after his dedicated service? Not again!

This behaviour of theirs, did it stem from personal jealousies? Chilufya sat on a stool outside his house, his shoulders drooping, and his face wrinkled as he tried to puzzle out this unexpected situation. His chin rested upon his bended knee. The silent night was fast closing in and soon the darkness would swallow him.

He had challenged van Zyl for not giving him his pay when he was dismissed from the farm. These were his own people. He was going to challenge them too. He was going to find out why he was being treated with such incivility. He rose to go, his ankles creaking with old age. As he made his way to the meeting place he could hear snatches of conversation issuing from the crowd. 'We certainly can't allow him any longer . . .' 'We must stop him.' 'Yes it's high time we did . . .' 'Chilufya can't go on . . .' He saw a man approaching him. 'Yes, I am going to tell him . . .'

What is the meaning of all this, Chilufya wondered. These people

speaking in agitated voices, mentioning his name! They say I must stop. But what must I stop doing?' he asked himself. These were his own people. Surely, if they had spotted any untoward behaviour on his part they should have openly pointed it out, instead of making him the subject of an unseemly public meeting. Were they revolting against his enterprise?

'Sir, I have been instructed to ask you to join us at the meeting place.' It was the same man who an hour back had told him not to join the meeting.

'Tell me, what is being discussed?'

'I'm not permitted to tell you.'

'Man, be reasonable. I am barred from my friends, to begin with. And then I am being asked to join them! What does this mean?'

'I don't know.'

When the two men eventually joined the rest of the village there was utter silence. The evening fire burned, the flames leaping upwards.

'We have decided,' the village headman at last spoke. But what was his decision, Chilufya had time to wonder, before the headman continued speaking. He fixed his eyes on Chilufya, to see the effect of his preliminary remarks.

'We have decided not to allow you to continue the way you have done, Mateyo Chilufya.'

'I'm listening,' Chilufya said in a characteristically African fashion.

'We have decided that from now onwards you will be exempted from the onerous task of tilling the land. You know, I'm younger than you are, but the strain of the work on the land is already telling on me. You don't show it yourself, but that is no reason to ask you to continue to do this strenuous work.'

The rest of the crowd echoed the headman's sentiments. Chilufya was touched. And so the discussion about him amounted to this!

The headman continued: 'You have laboured so long, not only here but also elsewhere. And I think that is enough. The whole village shares my views.'

'Headman, those are very kind words, indeed. But, if I may say so, there is yet a bit of strength left in me. I would like to utilise it profitably.'

'I am sure we understand. But time has come for you to conserve that energy, tremendous though it is — for other things, other enterprises less demanding than tilling the land.' Again the crowd echoed the headman's sentiments.

'I have another matter to talk about,' the headman cleared his throat. Chilufya became even more attentive.

'We have decided by consensus that the communal farm we have made becomes your personal property. It is yours.' There was clapping and applause. The headman continued: 'We have learnt enough from you. We shall make our communal farms.' There was more thunderous applause. Chilufya was overwhelmed. The sacrifice of his people. 'This is too generous,' he said inwardly.

'Headman, I have no words with which to thank you and the rest of the village. I will accept this offer on one condition. You will permit me to work with you on your farms, at least in the preliminary stages. Not so much because of my farming experience, which is very little; but so that I can escape the boredom of working alone on my farm.'

This condition was accepted. But, they said, it was on the understanding that Chilufya would do only supervisory duties, advising where necessary.

Then the women brought the supper to the meeting place. They all ate with relish.

They asked him about life in the towns and the growing political power among the Africans. He told them how crowded the cities were, and how some Africans no longer paid attention to their traditions. He told them how they were no longer enthusiastic about going to church. He told them about the congested African beerhalls where even women with babies on their backs went, little caring for the welfare of their families. He said that divorce was common and that men and women had lost touch with their high traditional moral code. He described how some children went without schooling, and how most of these turned into juvenile delinquents, ending up in remand homes and reformatories.

He also told them about the pleasant and attractive aspects of town life. He talked of some Africans owning shops, and other businesses. He talked about the cinema and electric lights in some houses and streets. He talked about motor transport. He said that the streets were crowded with bicycles and cars.

They all listened with enthralled attention until midnight, when they dispersed and retired to bed.

Early the following morning, Chilufya roused them from bed. He was an energetic as ever. 'It is time to go to work. Time for work!' All the men and women in the village got up and followed him to the fields. They were to make another farm as the first one had been given to him the previous night by common consent. As soon as they had found a suitable site, another communal farm was in the making. Soon they all settled down to work. They needed no prompting from old Chilufya. In unison they struck the ground with their flashing hoes.

They worked with determination. They laboured the whole day, except for a short break to stretch their backs and have a drink of water or some light beer in the polished brown calabashes. Chilufya was overjoyed to see their enthusiasm for work. 'Tremendous! Tremendous!' he said.

To enable them to do their work more quickly, they later thought of a new scheme to enlist the support of their neighbours. They brewed large quantities of beer. On the day the beer was ready, they invited about thirty guests from the neighbouring villages. First they had to help on the land. From the morning till afternoon they worked the land, and in the evening they did justice to the beer. So that while they hoed and sang, they knew the reward was bubbling in the pots.

This communal work with other villagers was organised two or three times. Soon the land was ready for the seed.

Chilufya decided to write to his old friends on van Zyl's farm. He wasn't sure that they were still working for van Zyl. Nevertheless he wrote to them, telling them what he was doing. He wrote a glowing account of the enthusiasm of his people for the new methods of farming. He said that had he known this he wouldn't have waited for van Zyl to dismiss him from the farm. He said that there was prosperity in the rural areas waiting for the enterprising people. He told them that all indications were that he was going to have a very successful crop. He told them how his chief came to pay him a visit on his farm and that he even invited him to visit his court. He told them how overwhelmed he had been when his villagers decided to give him a co-operative farm in recognition of the 'little' he had done for them.

He wrote a similar letter to Mulumendo Mulengo in Lusaka. He told him about his experiences at home and urged him to return to his village. 'Please, come and help your people,' he ended his letter.

In due course Mateyo Chilufya saw the results of the villagers' collective labour. He could not believe that his developing farm was all due to his initiative and industry — advanced in age though he was. He stood on the edge of his own farm, looking at the young maize crop that fluttered in a morning breeze. He saw the leaves of the young crop sparkling with the morning dew: tender crop that he could call his own. It gave him a sense of belonging . It gave him a sense of achievement. It was purposeful; it was meaningful. He began to understand fully what van Zyl meant when he used to say 'my farm'. Chilufya now had his farm too. There he stood on the edge of his farm, admiring the tender crop.

He reflected on the years he had worked on van Zyl's farm. Thirty years of his youth and middle age. If he had devoted all those years to

self-improvement, he too would have been visited by the provincial and district commissioners — like old Shikapite. He would have been free to 'kwacha' and to 'ngweee' without fear of annoying anybody. He looked at his tender crop dancing in the breeze, covering ten acres. He knew he hadn't much longer to live but there was no doubt in his mind that this farm represented a foundation for future prosperity for the people. He had shown them how to make their land more productive. The green of his maize crop; the dark soil of his farm — it was a rewarding sight to him. It was also an inspiration to his people.

At Independence he might get a loan from the new government to improve the farm — to purchase implements, fertilisers, a plough — even a tractor. There was no harm in trying to do that, either!

After many years in the wilderness, Mateyo Chilufya found his land of promise — a real home, a flourishing farm where he could say 'Kwacha — Ngweee' without the fear of avenging hand. He was free to cast his strength into the struggle for human liberty which, like a growing fire, was warming the imagination of the oppressed.

NOTES ON *THE TENDER CROP*

THE AUTHOR

Fwanyanga M. MULIKITA: Born in Zambia in 1928, educated in Zambia, South Africa and the US where he took an MA degree at Stanford University. After teaching for some years, became first Zambian Ambassador to the United Nations (1964-66); joined the civil service as Permanent Secretary before being nominated Minister of Education and thereafter Member of the Central Committee (1976-78). Has now retired from active politics and lives on his farm while practising as a psychologist in Lusaka.
Besides *A Point of No Return* (1967), a collection of short stories in which *The Tender Crop* appeared, Fwanyanga Mulikita has also published folk tales (*A Wise Fool and Other Stories*, 1974), a play in English (*Shaka Zulu*, 1967), and another one in Losi (*Simbilingani Wa Libongani*, 1975).

THE STORY

1 Summary 135

After thirty years of service on a white man's farm, old Chilufya is summarily dismissed and left to face the world with only one month's pay. He makes his way to the capital where relatives give him shelter and food. But he soon finds that he is outstaying his welcome and decides to go back to his village although he left it many years ago.

Like so many others, the village is dying. With skill and determination, Chilufya rallies the villagers to develop a successful co-operative farm which is later given to him in appreciation of his hard work. Another farm is then started and soon the village springs back to life. The 'tender crop' which now covers the land will serve as a beacon for all those who eventually will come and help develop the rural areas of the country.

2 Notes on the text

The text outlines three different aspects of life in Zambia (then called Northern Rhodesia) under British colonial rule.

I (lines 1 to 267): Life on a whiteman's farm.
a) Paul Van Zyl's success story; his racialism; his abuse of power; his fear of political changes.
b) The destitute condition of the farm-labourers.
c) Chilufya's inhuman dismissal hardly tempered by Marie Van Zyl's charitable intervention.

sundowners: gathering of people in the evening to dance, sing and drink; ***Lusaka***: capital of Zambia; ***Buana***: term widely used all over Central Africa and meaning 'master'; ***Kwacha, Ngweee***: political slogan meaning 'the fire will catch' (or the light will soon shine) in Bemba. The two terms are now used as currency denominations in Zambia and Malawi, replacing pounds and shillings; ***the African Mail***: newspaper run by Africans advocating independence; ***Azunga, amanga, ka***: whiteman can arrest, beware, in Lingala; ***Northern Province***: one of the eight provinces making up Northern Rhodesia at the time; ***Ndola***: town in the Copperbelt; ***kraal***: cattle enclosure in Afrikaans; ***berenvolkism***: belief in the superiority of the Afrikaner people, in Afrikaans; ***baasskap***: mastership in Afrikaans.

II (lines 268 to 309): Life among African city-dwellers:
Crowded living; loss of traditional values; but compassion towards the poor and the old.
Kabwata: part of Lusaka; ***form I***: first year of secondary school; ***grade VIII***: last year of primary school.

III (lines 310 to 680): Life in a village community.
a) Past and present condition of the village.
b) The success-story of a local farmer, Mr Shikapite.
c) Communal approach to farm-work. 136
d) Expression of gratitude from the village toward Chilufya.
e) More communal effort and hope of a bright future.

chitemene: system by which trees are cut and burnt to make room for fields and gardens, in Bemba; ***Kasama***: main town in the Northern Province; ***Ngonis***: Zambian tribe; ***katata, chipumu***: local brew made from maize; ***the federation***: under British guidance, Northern Rhodesia (Zambia), Southern Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) and Nyasaland (Malawi) were federated (1953-1963). It

vas seen as a means of preserving white supremacy (especially for Southern Rhodesian whites) when independence came. Both Kenneth Kaunda and Dr Hastings Banda opposed it and it was soon dissolved to allow the setting up of three national states. *Kaffir*: derogatory term used by whites to describe things African; *Bemba*: one of the main Zambian languages, often used as a lingua franca.

3 *Questions on the text*

1 Retrace Van Zyl's career as a farmer.
2 Who is responsible for Chilufya's dismissal? Why?
3 Compare the life of masters (white) and farm-labourers (black) on Van Zyl's farm.
4 How does city-life affect the Mulengo family?
5 What means does Chilufya use to win over the villagers to his plans?

4 *Characters*

Mateyo Chilufya

a) A dedicated worker who has identified himself for more than thirty years with his master's interests and who reaps nothing for it except sudden dismissal and destitution.
b) An old man whose wealth of experience is his main asset.
c) An enterprising man who knows the value of hard work.
d) A humanist who believes in his fellow-men and in the betterment of society.

In his own way, Chilufya tries to overcome the contradictions brought about in Africa not only by colonialism and racialism but also by capitalism. In organising the villagers into a co-operative, he lays the foundations on which African socialism can be built once the country has achieved independence.

Paul Van Zyl

As his name indicates, he is an Afrikaaner. Therefore racialism (in the form of apartheid) is for him the ultimate justification for:

a) his social tenets (apartheid divides society into the master and the slave race).
b) his economic domination (since he belongs to the master-race).
c) his oppression of the blacks (who belong to the slave-race).
d) his inhuman treatment of Chilufya (black workers are mere commodities).
e) his refusal to accept socio-economic changes (which would upset the 'natural' balance).

In reality, as the text points out (line 118): 'the struggle between the exploiter and the exploited — was the central issue'), Van Zyl typifies a class of people which can be found all over the world, the capitalist class. When it comes to Africa, colour and race only add another dimension to the struggle.

City-dwellers, villagers, headman and chief

In different ways and at different levels, they all embody the values (family, community, etc.) which structured African society before colonisation.

However, it must be noted that it requires the presence of a 'leader', a 'father-figure' (in this case, Chilufya) to bring those values back to life.

5 *Theme*

Greed, callousness and exploitation can be overcome if individuals agree to come together and work for the betterment of man and society.

6 *Style*

The story consists of two parts (life on Van Zyl's farm, life in the village) with a brief interval in between (life in the capital) with Chilufya as binding link.
First part: the focus is on Chilufya/Van Zyl relationship and on Chilufya's memories of the past which are interwoven with present events (dismissal/life on the farm/departure/the making of the farm, etc.).
Interval: the focus is on the Mulengo family which is seen as symbolic of the new class of African city-dwellers.
Second part: the focus is on Chilufya/village relationship. Chilufya's actions, thoughts and feelings blend in with those of the villagers to bring out the spirit of communalism. Glory of the past, pitiful present conditions, bright hopes for the future are all enhanced by the use of a more colourful and romantic style. Note in particular the use of poetry to give a mythical dimension to the past.

7 *Topics for discussion, essay and creative writing*

1 Compare Van Zyl with Britz in *The Master of Doornvlei*.
2 Write a short description of a farm in your country.
3 Why is Chilufya a good leader?
4 Which do you prefer, and why? town or country.
5 Which system seems to you best suited to rural African society: private or communal ownership of the land?
6 What do you think of Mary Van Zyl?

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The Calabash Children

In a village at the foot of a high mountain, there lived a lonely woman. Her husband was dead and she had never had any children, so she looked forward with dread to a comfortless old age.

Day after day she swept the house, fetched water from the river, collected firewood from the forest and cooked her solitary meals. She had a large piece of land near the river where she grew her vegetables and tended her banana trees, spending most of her spare time weeding and hoeing and wishing she had sons and daughters to help her. The other women in the village were often unkind to her and mocked her when she was tired, saying that she must be a very bad woman since the gods had never sent her any children.

Now the people in this part of Africa believed that a powerful Spirit lived on the top of the mountain, and early in the morning and late at night they would look upwards to the snow-capped peak and pray. The lonely woman prayed

too, every day asking for someone to help her with her labours, and at last the Spirit answered her prayers.

It happened like this. One morning she planted some gourd seeds on her farm by the river, and from the start the young plants seemed to be particularly healthy and quick to grow. Each morning she was amazed at the growth which had occurred during the night, until at last the flowers on the gourd plants turned into fruit. The woman weeded carefully around each plant, knowing that very soon she would be able to harvest the gourds, dry them, cut them and sell them in the market for bowls and ladles which were used by all the people round about.

As she was hoeing one day, she suddenly saw a stranger standing at the edge of her plot. She was surprised and wondered how he had come, for she had seen and heard no one on the path which led towards her. He was tall and handsome and had the bearing of a chief. He smiled at the woman and said:

'I am a messenger from the Great Spirit of the mountain. He has sent me to tell you that your prayers have been heard. Tend these gourds with all your skill and through them the Spirit will send you good luck.'

Then the man disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

The woman was amazed but deciding that what she had seen and heard was no dream, but had really happened, she worked even harder on her farm, wondering how the gourds would be able to bring her the good luck she had been promised.

A week or so later, the gourds were ready for harvesting and the woman cut the stems carefully and carried the fruit home. She scooped out the pulp from inside each one and then put them on the rafters inside her hut so that they would dry and become firm and strong. Then they would be called

calabashes and people could use them for bowls, and for carrying water.

There was one particularly fine gourd, which the woman placed on the ground beside the fire inside her hut, where she did her cooking, hoping it would dry quickly so that she could soon use it herself.

The next morning the woman went early to her farm to weed the ground around her bananas, and while she was away the messenger from the Great Spirit came to her hut and laying his hand on the gourd by the fire, he changed it into a young boy. Then he touched the gourds up in the rafters and they, too, changed into children.

When the messenger had disappeared, the hut became full of childish voices calling:

'Kitete! Kitete, our eldest brother. Help us down!'

So the boy by the fire stood up and helped the other children clamber down from the rafters; but nobody in the village knew what had happened.

The children ran laughing from the hut. Some seized brooms and swept the house, others weeded the ground outside and fed the hens. Two of them filled the large water-pots which stood at the door with water from the river, while several little boys ran into the forest and came back with bundles of firewood. Only Kitete did not work. The Spirit had not made him into a clever child like the others, and he just sat smiling foolishly, by the side of the fire, listening to the talk and laughter of his companions as they worked.

When all was done, the children cried:

'Kitete! Kitete! Help us back to our places in the roof,' and one by one the eldest child lifted them up to the rafters, when they immediately turned back into gourds again, and as soon as Kitete resumed his place by the fire, he too became a gourd.

The woman trudged slowly home, burdened by a large bundle of grass she had cut for re-thatching her roof, but when she saw that all her work had been done she cried out in amazement. She looked in every corner of her hut and compound and finding nobody there, she went to her neighbours.

'Somebody has done all my work for me while I was at the farm,' she said. 'Do you know who it was?'

'We saw lots of children running about in your compound today,' answered the village women. 'We thought they were relations of yours, but we did not speak to them.'

The woman was greatly puzzled and went home to cook her evening meal, wondering what had happened in her absence. Suddenly she remembered the words of the messenger who had spoken to her by the river. He had said that the Great Spirit would send her good luck if she tended the gourd plants well. Could this be the luck he had spoken of, she wondered.

The next day, the same thing happened. The children called to Kitete, who helped them down from the rafters. Then they worked hard for the woman, some of them even repairing the weak spots on her roof with the grass she had brought home the day before.

The neighbours heard the young voices again, and creeping silently to the edge of the compound, they watched the children at work. Presently they saw the children go inside the hut and soon all was quiet and deserted again.

When the woman came home and saw what her helpers had done, she went outside, and gazing up at the mountain, prayed to the Great Spirit and thanked him for his kindness. But she still did not know how it had happened, for there was nothing to show her that it was the gourds which had turned into children.

However, the neighbours were getting more and more curious, and as soon as they saw the woman leave for her farm the next day, they crept up to the door of her hut and peered silently inside.

Suddenly the gourd by the fire changed into a boy, and voices were heard in the rafters calling:

'Kitete! Kitete, our eldest brother. Help us down.'

The peeping women were amazed to see the children clambering down from the roof and only just managed to get outside the compound before the children came laughing from the hut to begin their day's work.

That evening when the woman returned, the villagers were waiting for her and told her all that they had seen, but the foolish woman, instead of accepting the gift of the Great Spirit unquestioningly, decided to spy on the children herself.

She pretended to go to her farm the next morning, but soon turned and crept quietly up to the door of her hut, in time to see everything that went on. As the children burst out of the doorway in an excited group, they stopped short on finding the woman still there gazing at them in amazement.

'So you are the children who have been helping me,' she said. 'Thank you all very much.'

They stood still and said nothing, but presently they began their tasks as usual and only Kitete sat idle. When the work was done and the children asked Kitete to help them up into the rafters again, the woman would not let them go there.

'O no!' she exclaimed. 'You are my children now and I do not want you to change into gourds again. I will cook you your supper and then you will all lie down on the floor by the fire, as other women's children do.'

143 So the woman kept the children as her own and they helped her so much with the work in the farm and the compound that soon she became rich, with fields of vegetables, many banana trees, and flocks of sheep and goats.

Only Kitete did not work. He was a foolish child and spent his days sitting by the fire which he kept burning with the sticks brought into the compound by his brothers and sisters. They grew older and taller, and the woman thanked the Great Spirit each day for sending them to her, but as she grew richer she became more impatient with the witless Kitete and often abused him with her tongue for being so helpless.

One afternoon, while the other children were outside working at their various jobs, the woman came into the hut to begin cooking the evening meal. The shadows contrasted so greatly with the bright sunshine outside that she could not see, at first, where Kitete lay beside the fire. Tripping over his body, she dropped her pot of prepared vegetable stew, smashing it into fragments and spilling all the food.

Angrily she stood up, and wiping the food from her face she exclaimed:

'What a worthless creature you are! How many times have I told you not to lie near the doorway? But what can anyone expect from such a child as you. You're nothing but a worthless calabash anyway!' Then raising her voice even higher, as she heard the other children returning from the farm, she shouted:

'And they're only calabashes too! Why I bother to cook food for them I can't imagine.'

But her shout turned to a scream as she looked down at her feet, for Kitete had changed back into a gourd, and she screamed even louder in another moment, for as each child came into the hut, it dropped on to the ground and became a gourd again.

The woman knew why this had happened.

'Oh, what a fool I am!' she cried, wringing her hands. 'I

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called the children calabashes and now the spell is broken. The Great Spirit is angry with me and my children are no more.'

It was true. The children never appeared again and the woman lived alone in her hut, getting poorer and poorer until at last she died.

from: African Myths & Legends

The Monkey's Heart

At the edge of the sea there grew a huge tree which spread half its branches over the land and the other half over the water. It was the favourite tree of a little monkey, who would swing and play among its branches all day, stopping only when he was hungry to pick and eat some of the delicious fruit which grew there.

Now in the sea there lived a shark. One day the monkey threw fruit into the water and the shark gobbled it up. It was very tasty and the shark began to swim close to the tree every morning, until he made friends with the monkey and persuaded him to throw fruit down for him every day.

'Thank you, friend Monkey,' the shark would say. 'I get so tired of eating nothing but fish all the time. This fruit is delicious.'

The monkey enjoyed the shark's friendship and he also enjoyed throwing the fruit into the sea, aiming it at different patches of water as a child throws stones at the waves rolling up the beach.

One day the shark looked up at the monkey as he swung among the branches of the huge tree and said:

'You have been very kind to me these last few months, providing me with fruit every day, and I should like to do something for you in return.'

The monkey chewed his fingers and looked down with interest at the shark, but said nothing.

'So I have decided to take you and show you my home,' continued the shark. 'Then you will meet the other members of my tribe and they will be able to thank you for your kindness to me.'

The monkey looked doubtful, and replied after a moment's thought, 'I don't think I want to go, thank you. We land animals are not fond of getting our fur wet and, as you know, I cannot swim. I shall be much happier if I stay in my tree.'

'Come now!' said the shark. 'Who said you would get wet? I shall carry you to my home on my back and not a drop of water will touch you, for I shall swim very carefully without splashing my tail about.'

The monkey was still undecided, but the day was hot and the fruit season was almost over. Thinking it would be cooler on the water and that there might be something good to eat at the end of the journey, the monkey at last agreed to go. He climbed down the tree, leapt on to the shark's back, and they were off.

At first the monkey was more frightened than he had expected to be, since it was not easy to cling to the shark's slippery back, and they seemed to be travelling so swiftly through the deep blue water. But presently he got used to the movement and opened his eyes wide at the sight of the fish and plants he could see below.

'Are you enjoying yourself?' called the shark. 'Don't you find it much cooler here than on dry land?'

'Yes,' replied the monkey, 'but I wish your back wasn't so slippery. How much further have we to go?'

'We're just about half-way,' answered the shark, 'and there is something that I think I ought to tell you.

'The chief of our tribe, the biggest and most powerful shark in the sea, is very ill, and we fear he will die. But our medicine-man has told us that if the chief can be given a monkey's heart to eat, he will recover. Therefore I am taking you to him, but because you have always been kind to me, I thought I would prepare you for what lies ahead.'

The monkey was terrified and bit his lips to stop himself crying out with fear, while he thought of a plan to help him escape. At last he said as calmly as he could:

'But how foolish of you not to have told me this before we left the land. How can I give my heart to the chief when I have not brought it with me?'

'You have not brought it with you?' repeated the shark. 'But what else could you do with it?'

'It's obvious that you don't know much about monkeys, or you would have heard that most of us leave our hearts hanging in the tree where we sleep. We only use them at night time,' replied the monkey. Then he sighed. 'But I don't suppose you'll believe me. You'd better go on swimming until we reach your home and then when you have killed me, how angry your chief will be when he finds I have no heart!'

The shark knew only too well how angry the rest of his tribe would be if what the monkey said was true.

'As I said before,' remarked the monkey. 'If you had only told me that you needed my heart, I would have brought it with me. I would have been only too happy to let your chief eat it, since you are such a great friend of mine.'

So the shark turned in the water, and swam towards the

land, saying: 'If I take you back to your tree will you go and get your heart?'

'Of course I will,' replied the monkey. 'Let us make haste, so that we do not keep your chief waiting.'

The shark streaked through the sea like an arrow with the monkey on his back, who scarcely dared to believe his good luck. At last they reached the shore and the monkey leapt on to the land and shot up the tree calling:

'Wait for me! I shan't be long. I know exactly where I put it.'

Then there was silence. The shark floated backwards and forwards in the water below, waiting for the monkey—but not a sound did he hear from the tree above, nor did he see the slightest movement among the leaves. Presently he called:

'Monkey! Monkey! Have you got your heart yet?' But there was no reply.

Thinking that the monkey had left his heart in a tree further inland, the shark waited a little longer. But still everything was silent. At last the shark became angry and impatient and shouted loudly:

'Monkey! Monkey! How much longer are you going to keep me waiting?'

A half-rotten fruit landed with a thud on the shark's nose, and a burst of laughter came from among the branches of the tree.

'What sort of a fool do you think I am?' asked the voice of the monkey. 'Did you really expect me to come back with you to your home to be killed?'

'But you said you would fetch your heart,' complained the shark. 'Can you not find it?'

The monkey laughed louder than ever.

'My heart is in the right place, in the centre of my body,' he

shouted. 'What's more, it has been there all the time. Now go away! Our friendship is ended! You may find some other monkey foolish enough to go with you, but,' he added, emphasizing each word by hitting the shark on the nose with a shrivelled fruit, 'you *won't . . . get . . . me*!'

So the shark swam sadly away. But the monkey laughed and chattered in the tree, calling all his friends together, telling them how he had outwitted the shark and warning them against being persuaded to take a sea voyage, if they wanted to live to a good old age.

sm: Africa Myths & Legends

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Hare and the Hyena

ONE day, a long time ago when there was a famine in a certain part of Africa, Hare met Hyena.

'How thin you are looking,' said Hare. 'You look as though you would not say "No" to a good meal either,' replied Hyena.

The two animals continued on the road together until they came to a farmer, who was grumbling because all his servants had left him.

'We'll work for you if you will feed us,' suggested Hare.

The farmer willingly agreed, and, giving the two animals a pot of beans to cook, showed them the part of his farm where they must weed.

First of all they made a fire, and fetching three large stones, they rested the pot on them to cook their meal while they set to work. When the sun was high in the sky and it was time for the mid-day rest, Hyena told Hare to keep an eye on the cooking-pot while he himself went down to the river to wash.

Hare sat by the pot, stirring it with a stick and longing to begin his meal, while Hyena, as soon as he was out of sight of Hare, stripped off his skin. He looked the most horrible spectacle, and ran back to Hare uttering strange cries. Poor Hare was terrified.

'Help! Help!' he squealed, as he ran for his life. 'Never have I seen such a terrible creature! It must be a very bad juju.'

Hyena quickly sat down and ate all the food, which was scarcely enough for one in any case, and then he went back to the river, found his skin and put it on again. He strolled slowly up the bank to the place where the cooking-pot stood, and found Hare returning cautiously.

'O Hyena!' gasped Hare. 'Did you see it too?'

'See what?' asked the deceitful animal.

'That terrible demon,' explained Hare.

'I saw nothing. But come, let us eat now,' said Hyena calmly, as he walked towards the cooking-pot and looked inside it.

'Where is it? Where is my food? What has happened to it?' cried Hyena, pretending to be in a fine rage.

Hare looked at the empty pot.

'It was that horrible demon,' he explained. 'It frightened me away so that it could eat our food.'

'Rubbish! You ate it yourself while I was washing at the river,' shouted Hyena, and no amount of protestations by poor Hare had any effect.

'Well,' said Hare. 'I know what I shall do. I shall make a fine bow and arrow and if the creature comes again I shall shoot it.'

The next day the farmer again gave them a pot of beans, but instead of working while it cooked, Hare took a supple branch and began to make himself a bow.

The cunning hyena watched him as he shaped the wood with his knife, and when it was almost finished, he said:

'Give me your bow, Hare. My father taught me a special way of cutting bows to make them better than any others. I'll finish that for you.'

The unsuspecting Hare gave up his bow and knife and Hyena began cutting it in a special way, making it so weak in one place that it was bound to break as soon as it was used.

'There you are! Keep this beside you while I go and wash, in case that creature comes again,' said Hyena, as he bounded off to the river, to remove his skin once more.

Hare, waiting beside the pot of food, was just considering whether he could take a mouthful, so great was his hunger, when once again the most repulsive-looking animal he had ever seen bounded towards him. Seizing his bow, he put an arrow in it and pulled. Snap! It broke in his hands, and as the horrible creature came closer and closer, Hare fled.

So, of course, Hyena had all the food once more, and then went back to the river and put on his skin. He returned to accuse Hare of stealing the beans. Hare denied having even a taste of food, but looking closely at Hyena he thought he saw a little piece of bean stuck in his teeth as he spoke.

'Aha!' said Hare to himself. 'If that's the way it is, I shall be ready for you tomorrow, my friend.'

That night while Hyena was sleeping, Hare made another bow. It was a good strong bow with no weak spots at all, and had three sharp arrows to go with it. Then the hare, feeling ravenous by now, crept to the spot where they cooked their food, hid the bow and arrows in some nearby long grass and, returning to find Hyena still asleep, he lay down close by him.

153 The next day, everything happened as Hare had expected. The two animals worked hard all the morning while the

cooking-pot boiled nearby, and at mid-day Hyena went to the river to wash.

Hare waited, his new bow in his hand. Presently the loathsome-looking creature came towards him. Hare raised his bow and shot. Straight into the creature's heart went the arrow and Hyena fell dead on the ground. Hare bent over the body and was not surprised when he saw it really was Hyena.

'O well,' he remarked, as he ate the first good meal he had had for days, 'my mother always told me that greed did not pay, and now I know she was right.'

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LESSON 4: *Khangas* in East African Culture. Daily Life and Values

Objectives: Review definition of culture

Review aspects of East African daily life and culture

Review values important to East African society

Review the *khanga* and uses in East African daily life

Become aware of variety of ways of teaching values or those lessons important to a culture and society

Supplies: "History of *Khangas*" handout
Selection of slides from "Kickin' It" presentation that vividly show the *khanga* in daily life
Overheads of *khangas* showing how worn, designs, etc.
Pictures/Overheads of photos of daily life and *khangas*

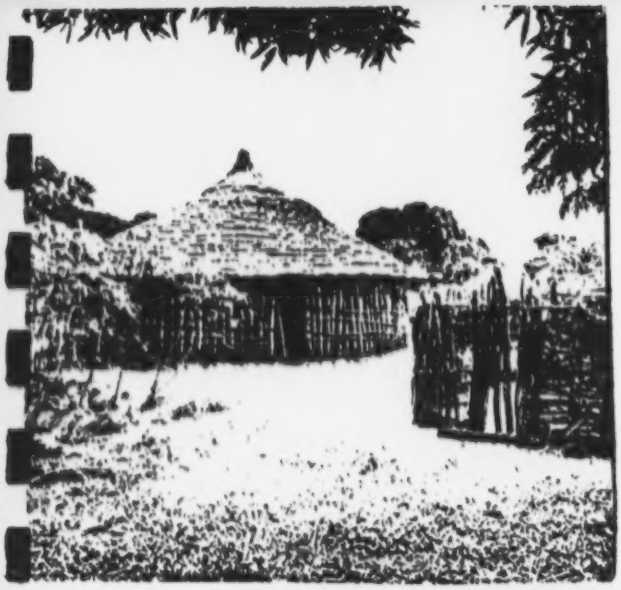
Length: 1-2 class periods

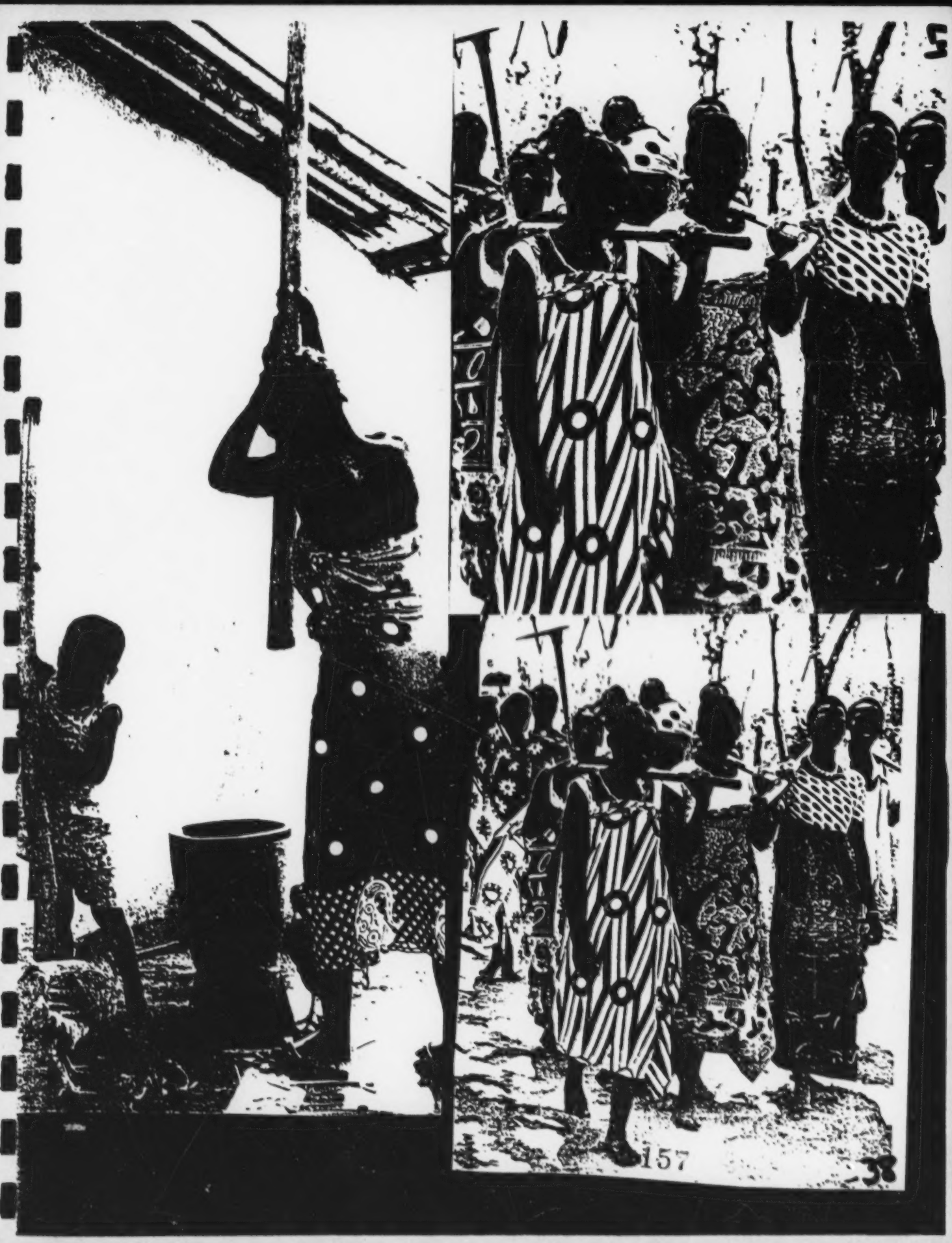
Steps: 1)Review assortment of 15 or so slides of *khangas*. Discuss as reviewing how students see them used and how important in daily life of East Africa.

2)Read and discuss "history of *Khangas*" handout in terms of their usage and importance to East Africa.

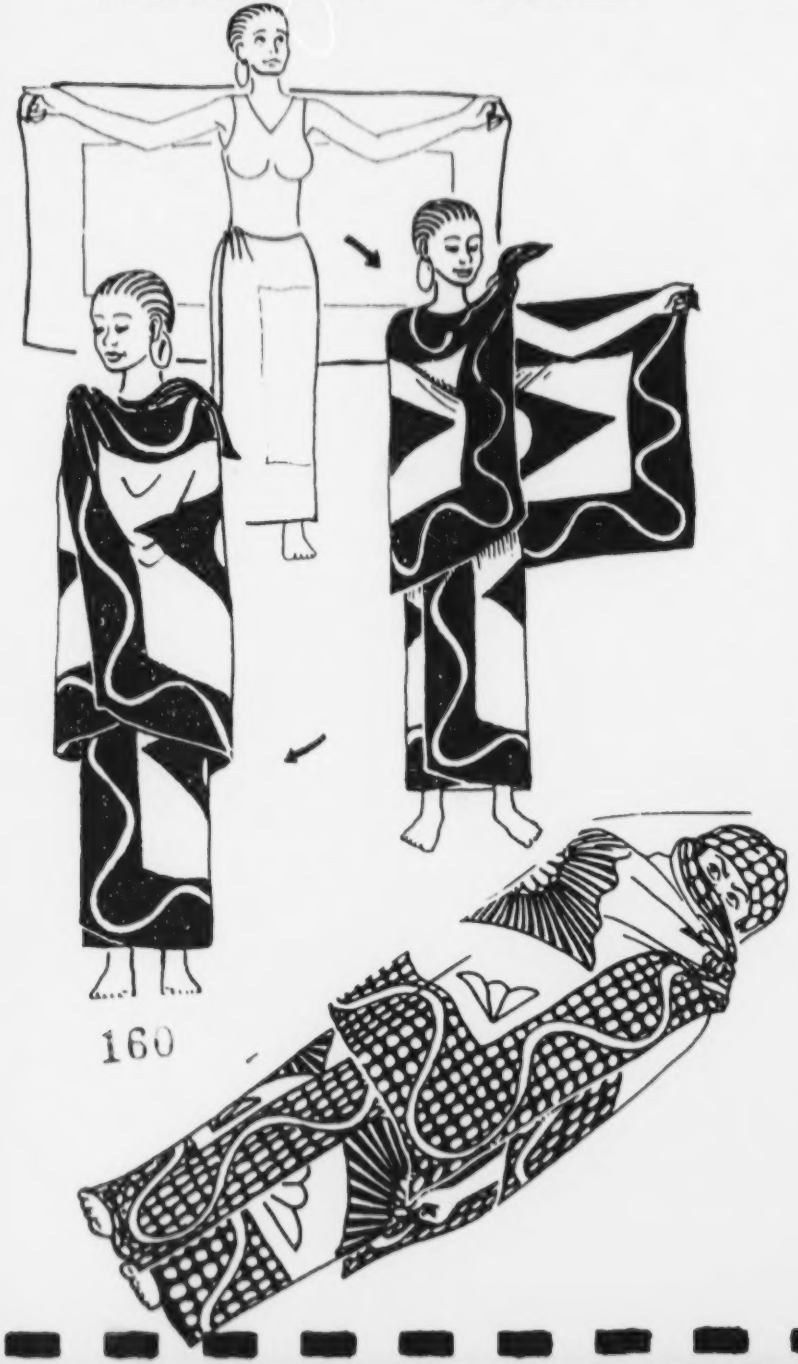
3)Discuss *khangas* as a way of conveying important social/cultural messages and lessons. Discuss why this works and is so popular in East Africa based on what students have observed and read about daily life and culture in East Africa. Also discuss why and how this same idea can be found in the USA on various t-shirts.

4)Have students begin to think about the values and lessons they see as most important in East Africa that they feel could be approached effectively on a *khanga*. Make a list or chart.





Traditional Shawl 1 — shoulders



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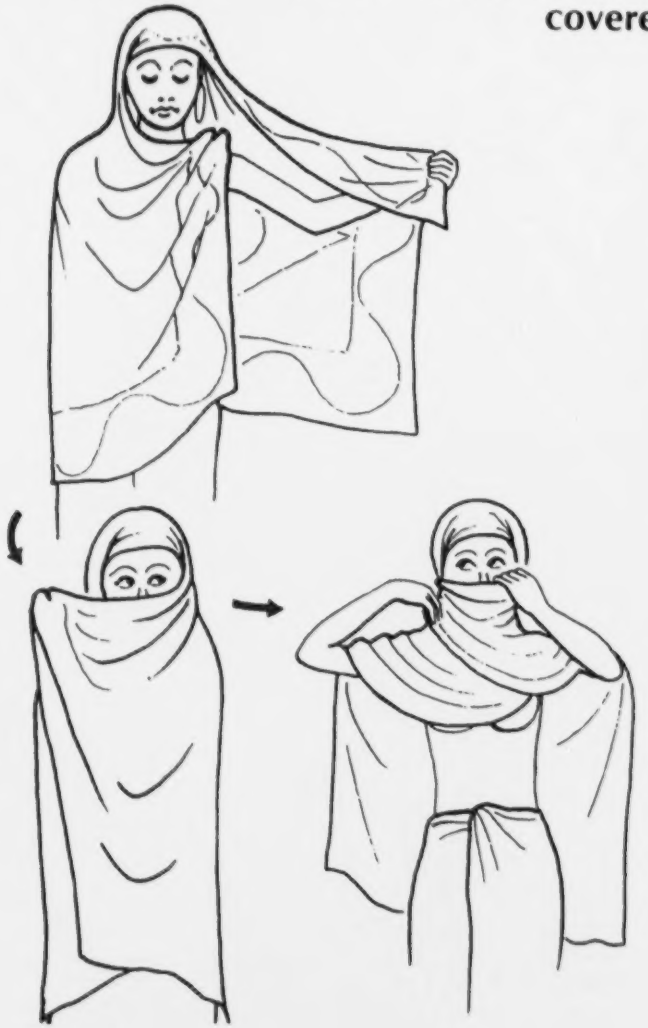
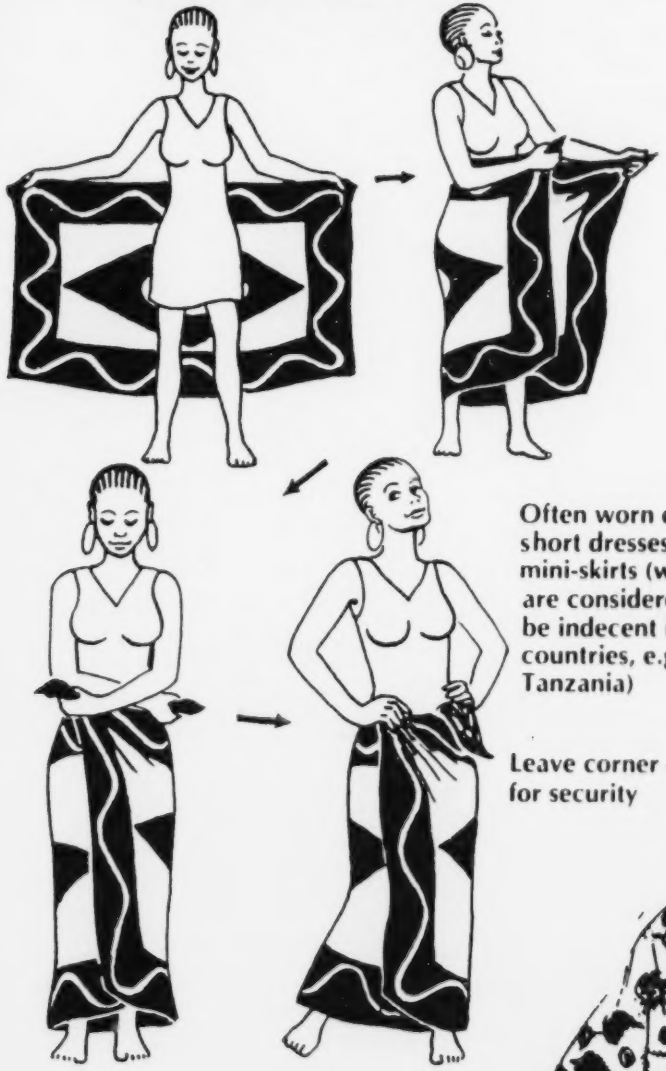
Traditional Shawl III — head and face covered



161

Traditional Skirt



Often worn over short dresses or mini-skirts (which are considered to be indecent in some countries, e.g. Tanzania)

Leave corner out for security

Head-pad for heavy loads

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55. Traditional Baby Carrier

Traditional Dance Costume

One of many variants. This uses 3 pieces: top as in style (35), skirt style (2)gathered at waist, third kanga as belt to hold skirt on.

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LESSON 5: "Kickin' It in Cultural *Khangas*

Objectives: Review culture and values of East Africa

Express understanding of culture & values of East Africa

Supplies : "*Khanga* History" handout
samples of East African art. cloth
crayons
butcher paper. muslin or old sheets large enough to wrap around body *khanga*-style

Length: 1-3 class periods

Steps 1)Discuss and chart values students most liked and could most easily respond to and identify in East African culture.

2)Discuss various aspects of African art. in terms of the various designs. color. etc. used.(Samples from slides and overheads can be used and many fabric stores carry cloth or greeting cards.)

3)Have students choose their value and turn it into a catchy slogan or motto.

4) On a small piece of paper. have students create rough draft of their *khanga* incorporating African designs. East African geography. with their motto.

5)Transfer ideas from rough draft to final draft *khanga*.

6)Display finished *khangas* in a fashion show type atmosphere. using East Africa. geography. countries.culture. and values as backdrop or emcee role in show.

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Aladdin Books 1970 ISBN 0-689-71201-4

Why Mosquitoes Buzz In People's Ears W. African Tale Verna Aardema
Pied Piper Books 1975 ISBN 0-8037-6088-4

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

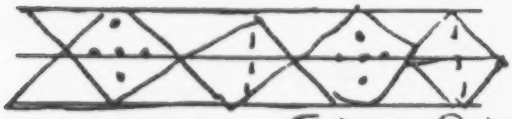
Traditional Ornamental Themes on Kangas

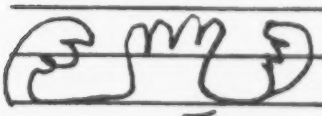
Bakuli
Bowl

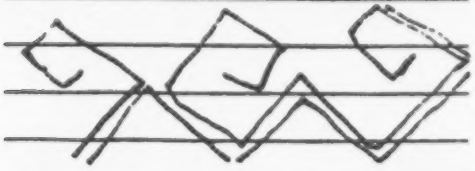
Mali ya Fundi
Property

Kumoto
Coconut Strainer

Nyota
Star


Sena nene - Sweet Potato


Mapindo Manne
Four Hens


Pinda Moja - one hen

Visutu
Wedding Kanga

Mkika
Mat

Kasinio
Sweetmeat
Cashew
Kavesiro

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For the 30 set slides to go with this unit contact:

Betty Lau
Middle College High School
PC-303 1701 Broadway
Seattle, WA 98122
(206) 587-2015

Cost of slides (postage included) is 25$ - make checks payable to Betty Lau

Pen Pal List for: Matero Boys' Secondary School
P.O. Box 32494
Lusaka, Zambia

Enosy Matuleka
Eustance Phiri
Harrison Mbewe
Modest Nondo
Joachim Kabwe
Mathews C. Tembo
Edward Silumbwe
Segulani Mulamei
Tuman Tulu
William Wabalika
Francis Nyirenda
Chabala Chammy
Bernard Tulo
Sydney Lupeta
Soakala Masauso
Richard Lwanja
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Ali Malisawa
Langson Chilupula, #987
Kebbie Mwanamoono, #911
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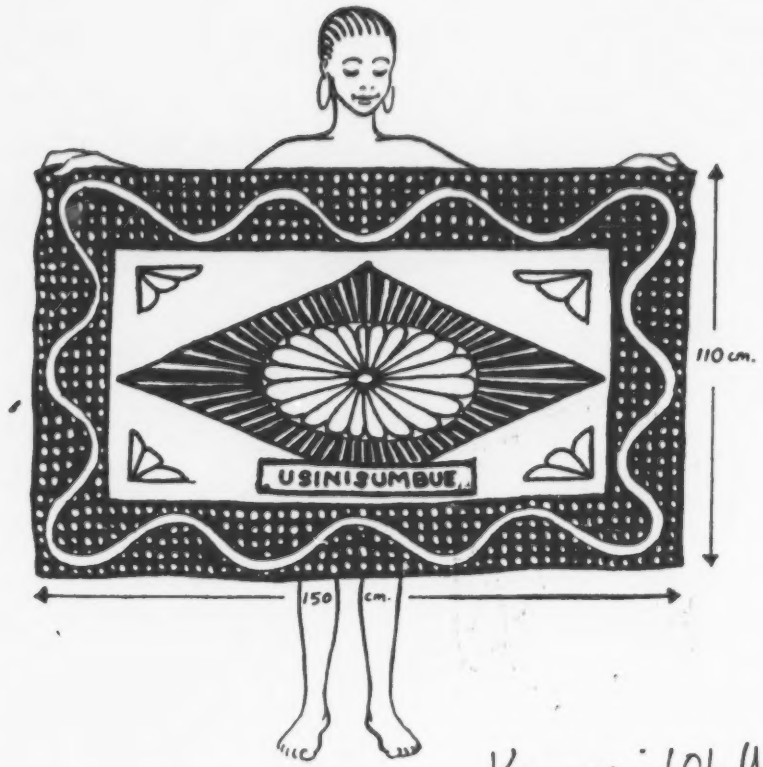
Ackim Fernadez Chirwa, #902

Boyd Phiri
c/o Mr. Wize Phiri
National Assembly
P.O. Box 32199
Lusaka, Zambia

Mr. Uri H.K. Mizinga -- math teacher in the above school

The Kanga



Kangas: 101 Uses
by Jeannette Hanby

Dist by Ines May Publicity
P.O. Box 47577
Nairobi, Kenya

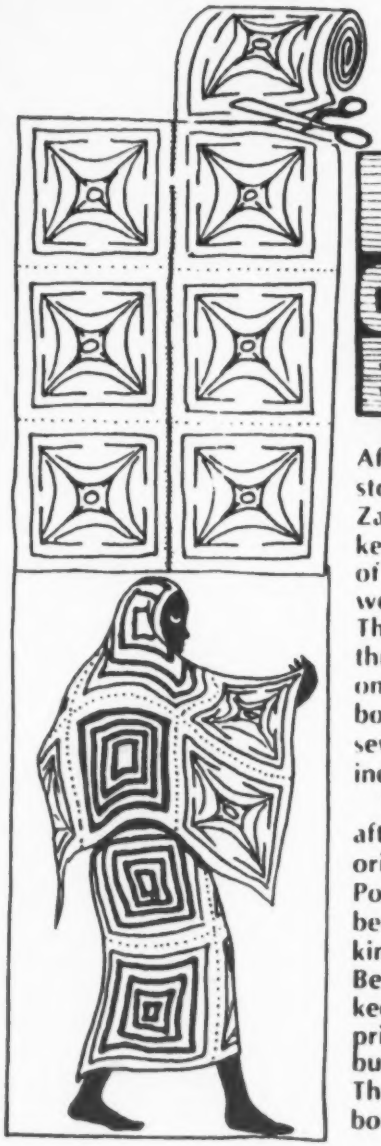
THE KANGA is a rectangle of pure cotton cloth with a border all around it, printed in bold designs and bright colours. It is as long as your outstretched arm and wide enough to cover you from neck to knee, or from breast to toe.

Kangas are often bought in pairs, and are most attractive and useful as a pair. Most traditional outfits require a matched or unmatched pair.

Husbands give kangas to wives, children to their mothers, women may split a pair to give one half to their best friend. Men can sleep in kangas, and often wear them around the house; women wear them everywhere; babies are virtually born into them, and are usually carried in a soft sling of kanga cloth. Kangas are extremely popular throughout East Africa. They make an attractive gift with multiple uses; no-one can ever have too many!

In this booklet we show you 101 ways of wearing or using kangas. About half of these are styles of clothing, and other half range from functional to the fanciful! We hope thet we can tempt you to invent your own styles and uses for these most pleasant and colourful pieces of cloth.

Printed by
Lino Type-setters (K) Ltd.
P.O. Box 44876
Nairobi, Kenya



HISTORY OF KANGAS

Kangas originated on the coast of East Africa in the mid-19th century. As the story goes, some stylish ladies in Zanzibar got the idea of buying printed kerchiefs in lengths of six, from the bolt of cotton cloth from which kerchiefs were usually cut off and sold singly. They then cut the six into two lengths of three, and sewed these together along one side to make a 3-by-2 sheet; or bought different kinds of kerchiefs and sewed them back together to form very indvidualistic designs.

The new style was called "LESO" after the kerchief squares that had originally been bought to Africa by Portuguese traders. The leso quickly became more popular than the other kind of patterned cloth available. Before long, enterprising coastal shop-keepers sent away for special designs, printed like the six-together leso pieces, but as a single unit of cloth.

These early designs probably had a border and a pattern of white spots on a

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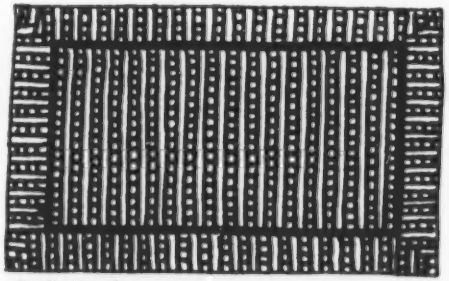
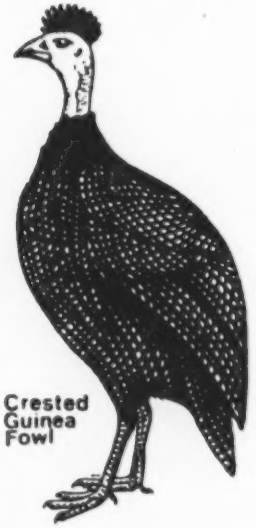


dark background. The buyers (or more likely, their menfolk!) quickly came to call these cloths "KANGA" after the noisy, sociable guinea-fowl with its elegant spotty plumage.



Crested Guinea Fowl

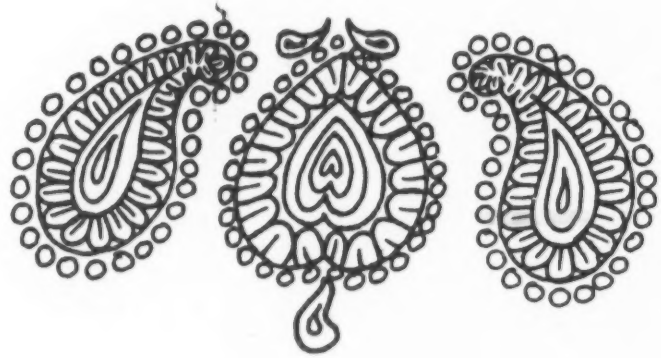
Kanga designs have evolved over the years, from simple spots and borders to a huge variety of elaborate patterns of every conceivable motif and colour. For a century, kangas were mostly designed and printed in India, the Far East and Europe. Even today, you will see kangas that were printed in China or Japan. But since the 1950's, more and more kangas have been designed and printed in Tanzania, Kenya, and other countries of Africa.

Early this century, Swahili sayings were added to kangas. Supposedly this fashion was started by a locally famous trader in Mombasa, Kaderdina Hajee Essak, also know as "Abdulla". His many kanga designs, formerly distinguished by the mark "K.H.E.-Mali ya Abdulla", often included a proverb. At first, the sayings, aphorisms or slogans were printed in Arabic script, later in Roman letters. Many of them have added charm (or frustration!) of being obscure or ambiguousin their meaning. If you find a motto that you can't figure out, ask several different Swahili speakers. You will get an equal number of different explanations! Some typical

kanga sayings are listed on the following page, for your edification and enjoyment.

New kanga designs keep appearing in great variety:- simple or intricate abstract patterns;homely themes such as chikens, crops, babies and fertility; pictures of famous attractions like mountains, mornuments and wildlife. There are even noticeable regional differences. For example, most of the kangas with mottoes are made in Kenya, while those commemorating social or political events are more common in Tanzania.

The kanga is still evolving. Like the T-shirt, but incomparably more elegant and useful, it is valuable medium for personal, political, social and religious expression. As an art form as well as a beautiful, convenient garment, the kanga has become an integral part of East African culture. As the saying goes, "The kanga struts in style . . ." Wear it with a smile!



KANGA SAYINGS

USINISUMBUE

- Don't bother me! -

ADUI MPENDE

- Love your enemy -

AKILI NI MALI

- Wits are wealth -

NJIA MWONGO FUPI

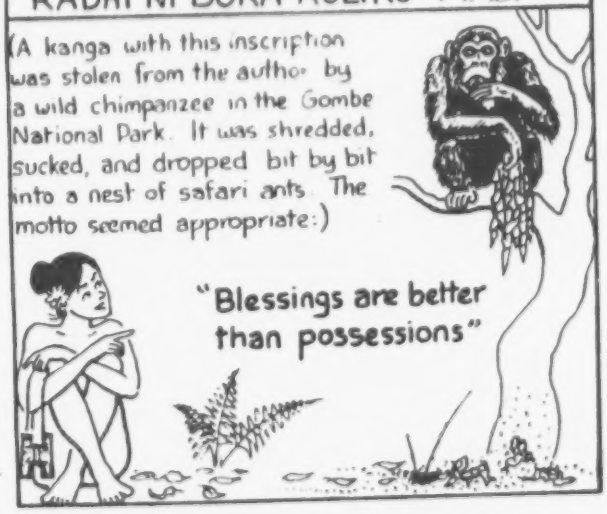
- The way of the liar is short -

VIDOLE VITANO - KIPI NI BORA ?

Of five fingers, which is best ?

RADHI NI BORA KULIKO MALI

(A kanga with this inscription was stolen from the author by a wild chimpanzee in the Gombe National Park. It was shredded, sucked, and dropped bit by bit into a nest of safari ants. The motto seemed appropriate:)



MTAKA YOTE HUKOSA YOTE

- One who wants all, usually loses all -

KUPATA SI KWA WEREVU, NA KUKOSA SI UJINGA

Getting is not cleverness, lacking is not stupidity

KULEYA MIMBA SI KAZI : KAZI NI KULEVA MWANA

KULEKEZA SI KUFUMA

To aim is not to hit.

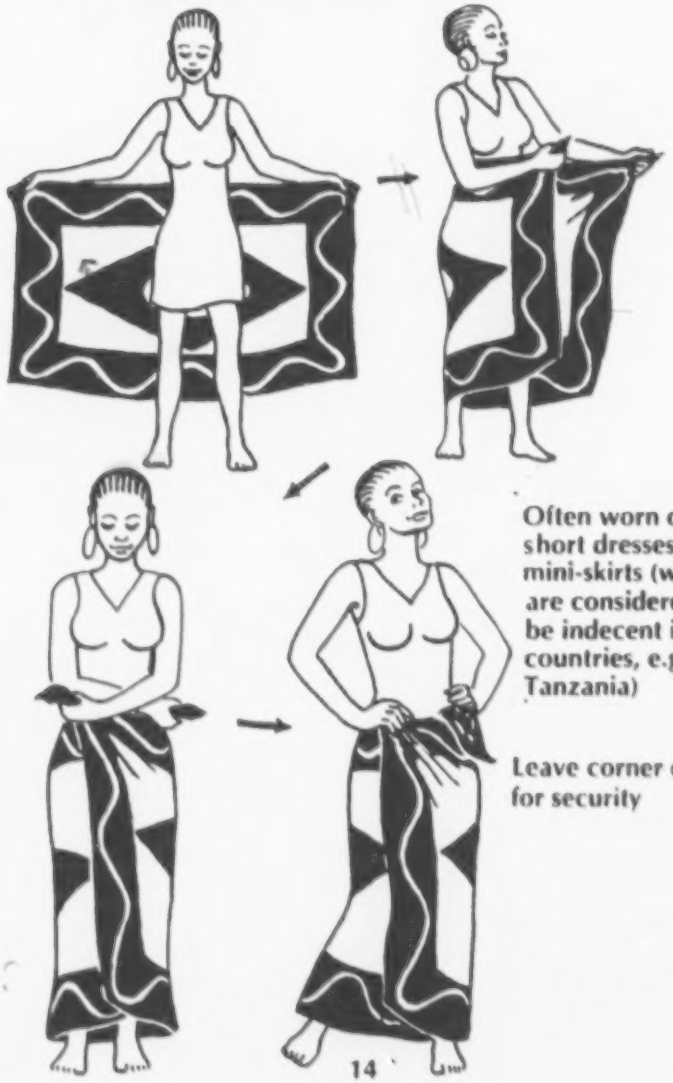
NDOVU WAWILI WAKISONGANA, ZIUMIAZO NI NYIKA

When two elephants jostle, what gets hurt is the grass

KANGA NENDA NA UREMBO, SHANI UREMBO NA SHANI

The kanga struts in style - surprisingly stylish and smart.

2. Traditional Skirt



Often worn over short dresses or mini-skirts (which are considered to be indecent in some countries, e.g. Tanzania)

Leave corner out for security

3. Traditional Shawl 1 — shoulders

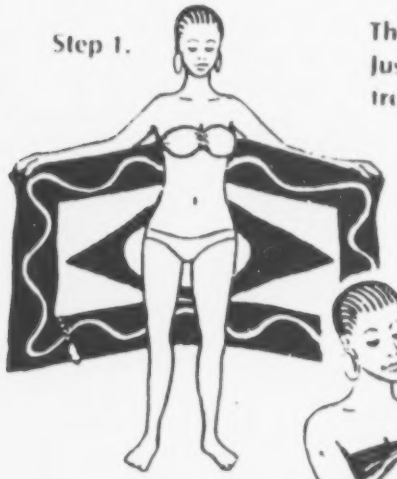
Shawl A.

There are, of course, other ways to wear a kanga as a shawl (see over):

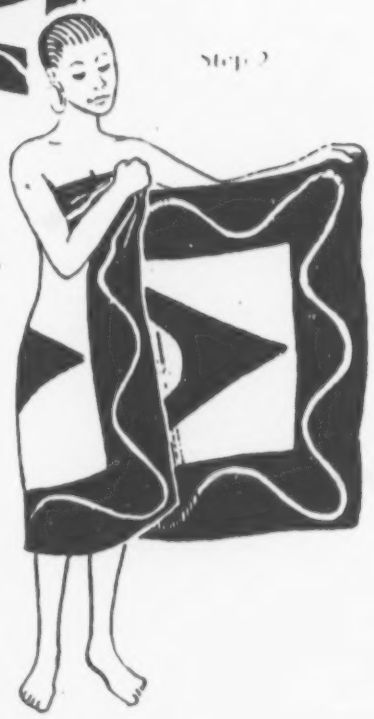
1. Traditional Dress

Step 1.

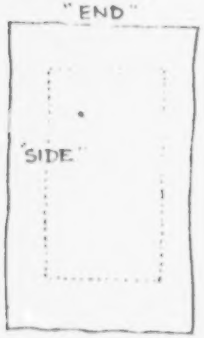
The simplest style of all. Just follow the arrows from step to step . . .



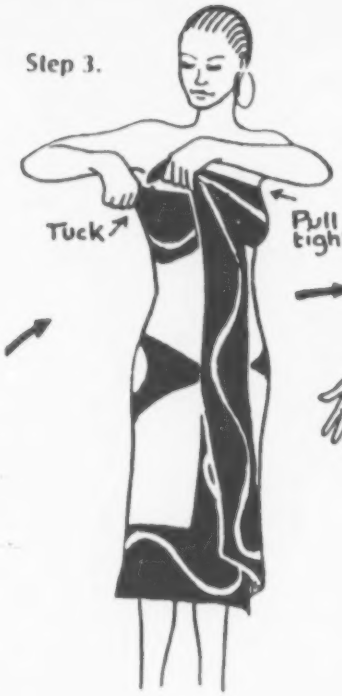
Step 2



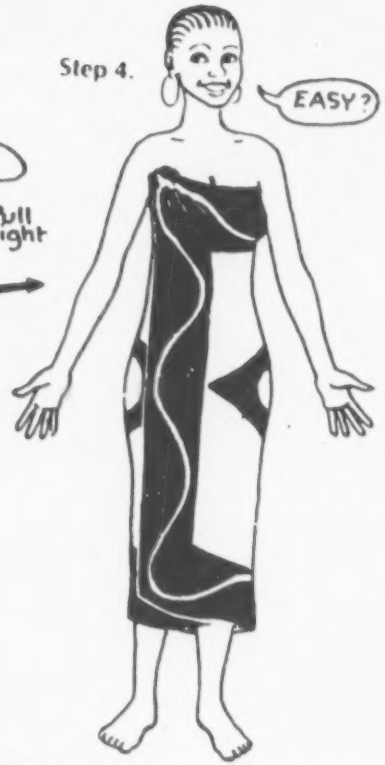
NB: Note our terminology:



Step 3.



Step 4.



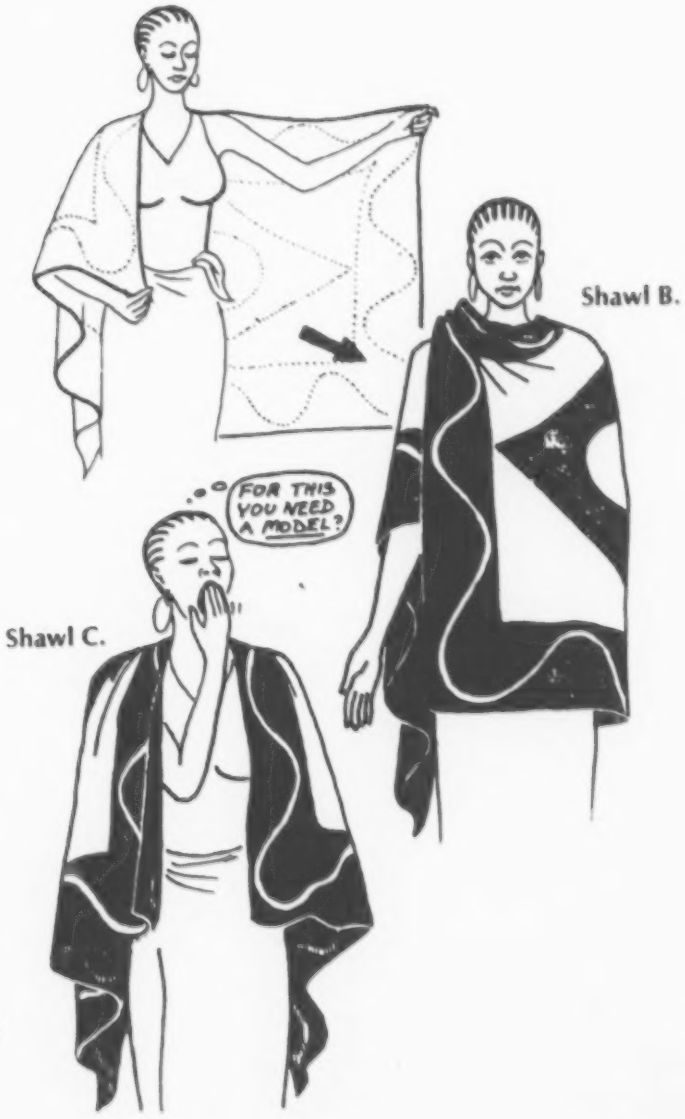
Variations

a) Side Tuck — the style shown above

b) Side Tuck with corner out

(Most secure style)

c) Centre Tuck



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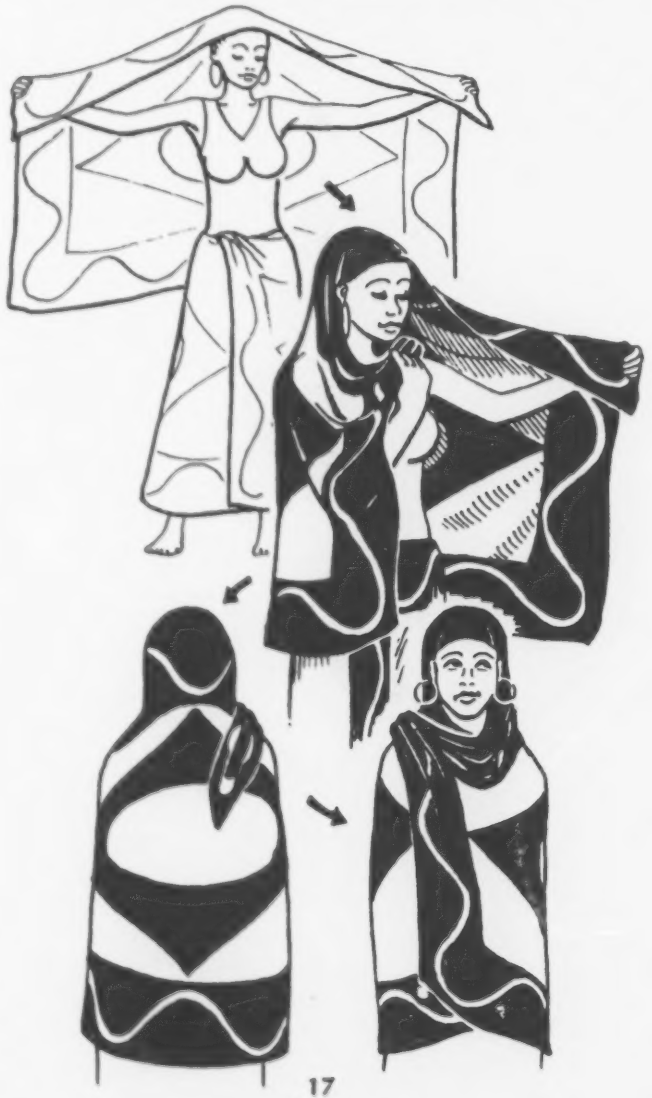
4. Traditional Shawl II — head



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5. Traditional Shawl III — head and face covered

185

18

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Celestiana in (2) & (3A); Rehema in (2) & (5)

6. Traditional Dance Costume

One of many variants. This uses 3 pieces: top as in style (35), skirt style (2)gathered at waist, third kanga as belt to hold skirt on.

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7. Traditional Headpiece

Finally knot ends across front.
Variant:Try this style back-to-front.

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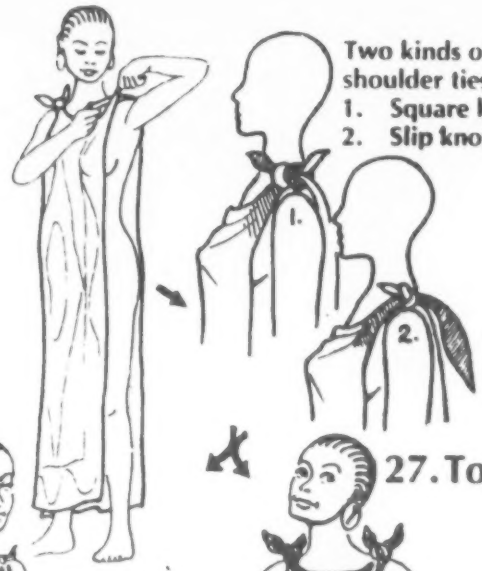
TOGAS

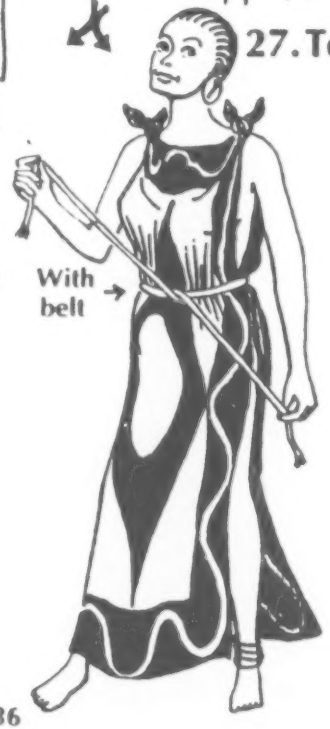


Two kinds of shoulder ties:
1. Square knot
2. Slip knot.

26. Toga I

With knot or clasp

27. Toga II



With belt

36

28. Toga III

Knot one kanga over each shoulder. A good style for taller people.

Wear like this, or with belt.

37

DATE: October 8, 1992

TIME: 7:00 P.M.

PLACE: Celia Phipps

PROGRAM: Jean McCall: A View from Kilimanjaro
GUEST NIGHT

RSVP to Alice Lattimer---378-8769 or
Lynne Rodrigue---331-4387

PLEASE RESPOND YES OR NO

REMEMBER: We will be collecting dues of $35.00

See you there...

Jambo. Jina langu ni Jean McCall. I have just said, in my very elementary Swahili, hello, my name is Jean McCall. I spent five weeks in Tanzania and Zambia this summer. Both are African nations, Tanzania in eastern Africa and Zambia in southern Africa. Both countries are struggling with government, poverty, diseases from malaria to AIDS, poor infrastructures, illiteracy, and now drought. Despite these difficulties both have lovely, warm caring people who were easy to like, and hauntingly beautiful land. My three key words for these 2 countries are beautiful land, people-likable and visible as they are constantly walking on the roads or in the streets, and dusty. I have never seen as much dust in my entire life prior to visiting Africa.

I traveled on a Fulbright grant. Fulbright was a senator who along with Senator Hays sponsored a bill, after World War II, to encourage students from other countries to study here and for American students and faculty members to learn more about other lands. This was expanded in 1961 to provide opportunities for U.S. educators to participate in short term study abroad to further international understanding.

Seminars for summer study provide an academic phase and a group travel phase. I traveled first to D.C. and met my 15 co-adventurers who were from all over the United States and we were a real mixed group, 2 blacks, 1 Asian American, 2 males and ages from 24-63, elementary teachers, media specialists, high school teachers, teacher trainers, community college teachers and several disciplines. Geographically we were from Florida to Vermont, Connecticut to Missouri, Wisconsin, Texas, California and Washington state.

The sponsoring group was the African American Institute with offices in Washington, D.C. and New York and we had a co-leader team, one black male from the New York office and a white female from the Washington office.

A VIEW FROM KILIMANJARO

Swahili--KiSwahili

Jambo	Hello, How are You?
Sijambo	answer, o.k.
Habari	What's up? What is the news?
Nzuri	good, it is good
Asante or asante sana	thanks
Kwaheri	goodbye
Kunradhi	excuse me
Hodi Hodi	knock at a door, or may I come in?
Karibu	Welcome, come in etc.
Tadfadhali	please

Days of the week

Jumatatu	Monday
Jumanne	Tuesday
Jumatano	Wednesday
Alhamisi	Thursday
Ijumaa	Friday
Jumamosi	Saturday
Jumapili, Siku ya Mungu	Sundayc

Counting to ten

moja	one	MO-jah
mbili	two	mm-BEE-lee
tatu	three	TAH-too
nne	four	NN-nay
tano	five	TAH-no
sita	six	SEE-tah
sabu	seven	SAH-bah
nane	eight	NAH-nay
tisa	nine	TEE-sah
kumi	ten	KOO-mee

TANZANIA

Population:	26 million
Capital city:	Dar es Salaam
Language:	Swahili (KiSwahili) and English are official but many local languages are spoken. Speak local at home, Swihili in primary school, English in secondary school. Swahili language is the unifying factor in Tanzania.
Money:	shilling 4 shillings = U.S. $1.00. Coke was 25 cents. Dinner at a nice hotel or a fancy restaurant was $5.50.
Religion:	Christian, Muslim, traditional religions.
Government:	Independence in 1961. Influenced by Arabs, Germans, British--a colony of all three. Socialist for years under Julius Nyerere, like a dictator. Multi-party now. Mwinyi elected president in 1985 when Nyerere stepped down. Parliament has 255 members. Island of Zanzibar is a part of Tanzania.
Economy:	Mainly agricultural. Export sisal, tea, coffee, spices. Starting salary for medical doctors is 13,320 or about $33.30 a month.
Dress:	Khanga
National Parks:	(I visited) Arusha, Ngorongoro, Kilimanjaro, Lake Manyara.

ZAMBIA

Population:	7.5 million
Capital city:	Lusaka
Language:	English is official but 7 major language groups are in the country. English is not common among a family unit.
Money:	Kwacha 200K = $1.00 U.S. Coke was 50 cents. Dinner at a nice place was $5.50.
Religion:	Christian, native religions, Muslim
Government:	British colony, independence granted in 1964. Kenneth Kaunda-one party ruler until a new multi-party election in October, 1991. Frederick Chiluba elected president. National Assembly makes laws with 158 members.
Economy:	copper mining, agricultural Ministry of Education worker makes 21,000 K a month, about U.S. $105.
Dress:	chitenje
National Parks:	(I visited) Mosi-oa-Tunya, "Smoke that thunders" better known as Victoria Falls. Falls are on the Zambezi River between Zambia and Zimbabwe. Also visited a game park at Livinstone.

SLIDES OF TANZANIA/ZAMBIA

1. #2 D.C. John Innes teaching Swahili
2. #7 London street on way to Africa
3. #10 Betty Lau at Skyway Hotel in Dar es Salaam room 419 no elevator
4. #9 Toilet and lavatory in Skyway
5. #8 Shower at Skyway--in corner of bathroom
6. #66 Skyway, burning trash outside our back window, no garbage pickup in city
7. #17 harbor of Dar
8. #20 Fish market for local population
9. #21 Goat eating a hedge in Dar
10. #26 Taxi/truck from Kilimanjaro Hotel
11. #28 classroom at University of Dar--established 1951, this campus since 1964. 3,000 students
12. #39 sign at University of Dar, about library and returning books
13. #40 Mrs. Zam Zam Mtanda--office worker at Air Tanzania
14. #42 Harbor at Dar from roof of Kilimanjaro Hotel restaurant
15. #43 Harbor at Dar from same
16. #44 Street in Dar in front of largest hotel in town, Kilimanjaro
17. #47 Typical grocery store in Dar. Most businesses are owned by Indians
18. #29 Indian Ocean at Kunduchi Beach, out from Dar
19. #34 Bagamoyo "Lay down your heart" where slaves were held before being shipped to Arabia. 10,000 brought to here, 2,000 would make. Established in 13th Century.
20. #35 GoGo Hotel at beach at Bagamoyo. Beach patrolled by armed guards to protect visitors and tourists at resort.
21. #56 Zanzibar--Indian Ocean and Betty Lau. Exotic, slave center for Arabs, called Spice Island. On spice tour I saw cinnamon, clove, cardamon, black pepper, manioc, coffee, nutmeg, guava, maize (corn), bananas, papaya, lychee, oranges, rice, pineapple, cassava and more.
22. #52 Sultan's palace built in 1883. Old Stone Town. Sultans were here until independence in 1963. 1 million people living on the island.
23. #59 Zanzibar--lady with baby. Most people are Islamic.
24. #55 Zanzibar--market, very poor.
25. #61 Zanzibar--on spice tour. Rural houses have one to sleep in and one to eat in.
26. #63 Zanzibar--primary school. No windows--tropical area
27. #71 Bus ride to Arusha, 13 hour trip-435 miles. Poor roads.
28. #69 No bathrooms on the road--this was it.
29. #72 Momba--we ate lunch here accosted by vendors.
30. #74 to Arusha--bus broke down. Took four guys and we knew why after we were in trouble.

31. #76 Arusha--a private home. More money here because of national parks near and tourist trade.
32. #77 Arusha--cactus trees in the center of town
33. #87 Arusha--Mt Meru 14,979 and Motel 77 with solar heating.
34. #78 Arusha, inside Motel 77
35. #82 Arusha, Tengeru Agricultural Institute-women with sticks on their heads. Typical way to transport anything.
36. #98 Lake Manyara National Park, hippos
37. #99 Manyara's crater rim
38. #97 Manyara's giraffes
39. #96 Manyara's gazelles
40. #100 Manyara's wildebeest
41. #104 Manyara-mother baboon and baby
42. #102 Manyara's only toilet
43. #103 Manyara's only toilet inside--eastern style
44. #105 Lake Manyara from the top of the crater
45. #106 Ngorongoro Crater National Park--13 miles wide, 2,000 feet down. Only 4 wheel drive pop tops are allowed and tourists cannot get out of the vans. Maasai live around here and are allowed to take their cattle into crater to graze but must leave at night. Herd of wildebeest
46. #107 Ngorongoro--lion
47. #108 Ngorongoro--zebras
48. #109 Ngorongoro--flamingoes in Lake Magadi
49. #112 Ngorongoro--elephants, 10-15 males in crater now. only 20-25 rhinos, very hard to see them
50. #113 Ngorongoro--vervet monkeys, took food from vans, even a banana from Betty's hand just before she ate it
51. #114 Maasai village near Ngorongoro
52. #117 Kilimanjaro National Park--19,340 ft. Takes 6 days to climb to the top and costs about $400.00. Porters are hired to take climbers. Very wet and slippery.
53. #118 Waterfalls near the bottom of Kilimanjaro. Took 30 minutes to get to the waterfall and back up. I paid local boys, Kissinger and Jamaica, 200 shillings or 50¢ to get me safely there and back.
54. #120 Lusaka, Zambia, Fairview Hotel, room 104.
55. #121 Lusaka, Y.W.C.A. Mary Kazunga and some of us with Y workers at lunch. Ate there every day for lunch. Great food. I loved the cabbage.
56. #122 Lusaka, Kabwata Market, in apartheid times these were where blacks lived, today it is a craft market
57. #124 Lusaka, modern city, this part near Ministry of Education building
58. #126 Lusaka, city market, brooms of straw
59. #127 Lusaka, National Assembly, building built in 1964. Roof out of copper. 155 members, 1 woman. Meet for about 2 months.

60. #130 Lusaka, Nkwazi School, primary, private copper belt school. Ages 5-12, 410 students, 16 classes and teachers. 10 expatriots, 6 Zambians. Costs $180 semester, teacher might make $105 month. Only upper classes can afford this.
61. #132 Lusaka, Kamwala Secondary school. Govt. school, co-education, all wear uniforms, 1,300 students, 75 teachers.
62. #134 Mumali school, oldest in Zambia. These boys are in a deaf class, probably malaria. 1,890 students, 130 teachers. Lack of many supplies.
63. #145 Victoria Falls 1/4 of water going over that usually is there. Worst drought since 1913.
64. #148 Vervet monkey near falls.
65. #149 Game park, giraffes, water is scarce, moving some animals to private farms and ranches.
66. #153 Zambezi River, borders Zambia and Zimbabwe
67. #147 Zambezi River at sunset. Rainbow Lodge on river
68. #154 Vic Falls from Zimbabwe
69. #155 Vic Falls from Zimbabwe
70. #156 Vic Falls from Zimbabwe, called the Smoke that thunders or Mosi-oa-Tunya.
71. #157 Vic Falls
72. #159 Choma--en route to Lusaka from Livingstone Ellen Icolari and Diane Isaacs and Choma student. We had stopped here for lunch.
73. #161 Roadside on way to Lusaka. People waiting for a bus. May have to wait long time, no watches and regular schedules as we know them.
74. #168 World Vision project outside of Lusaka. 4,500 population in this area. A pump, medical center, school, mill to grind maize and 1 sewing machine. Amazing will to make it.
75. #167 World Vision people, dusty beyond belief
76. #166 World Vision children who sang for us. Probably 100-200 students on the soccer field. Maybe not visited by a busload ever before. Road there was terrible.

Teaching Africa Through The Arts

Tamara N. Sax

Fulbright-Hays Seminar-East Africa
Tamara N. Sax
Hamilton Park Pacesetter Elementary School
8301 Towns
Dallas, Texas 75230

Teaching Africa Through The Arts

This project incorporates the following art forms to teach different aspects of African culture:

1. Traditional African Fine Arts
2. Writing
3. Literature

The project is divided into four phases:

1. Observing/Evaluating East African Art
2. Creating individual African art projects
3. Participating in an Art/Pen Pal Program
4. Reading fiction based on Africa .

Who will be participate in the project?

First through sixth grade students at Hamilton Park Pacesetter Elementary School Dallas, Texas, Richardson Independent School District.

How much time will it take?

1 month
January 12, 1993-February 9, 1993

Who will organize the project at Hamilton Park Pacesetter?

1. Ms. Tamara Sax, participant-Fulbright Hays Seminar
2. Mrs. Dee Ann Mcneil, Primary Art Instructor
3. Ms. Debbie Molotsky, Intermediate Art Instructor
4. Mrs. Janet Thompson, Librarian
5. Classroom Teachers

Who are the educational contacts abroad?

1. Mr. Pelle Shaibu, Art Instructor, Arusha International School-Arusha, Tanzania
2. Mrs. Salma Dosi, Director, Arusha International School, Arusha,Tanzania
3. Mrs. Anne Swai, Director, Meru Primary School, Arusha,Tanzania

Steps of Implementation

Observing/Evaluating

1. Students will view art objects collected on the Fulbright-Hays Seminar Program. Examples include: batik, oil paintings, wood carvings, baskets, fabrics, jewelry, masks, and musical instruments. From their observations, students will identify characteristics of African culture.

2. Visual materials such as slides, photographs, children's drawings from Tanzania and maps will be used for instruction.

Creating Individual Projects

In the primary and intermediate Art classes, students will create simple versions of the following projects:

1. Batik designs
2. African tribal masks
3. Jewelry-based on Masi design
4. Musical instruments

Resource Guides

Art Teaching for Primary Schools in Africa by J.C. McKenzie

The Traditional Musical Instruments of Tanzania by G.W. Lewis and E.G. Makala

Art/Pen Pal Program

Art Exchange

Before my trip to Africa, I collected 60 drawings from our students. I gave this art work to The Arusha International School and The Meru Primary School. In return, I collected 15 drawings from the Arusha International School. The drawings depict scenes of village life, animal wildlife, and African landscapes. I will use the drawings as instructional materials. These drawings will be framed and displayed in our school. The drawings are an addition to the Hamilton Park international collection of children's art work.

Writing

On a volunteer basis, classroom teachers may choose to participate in a pen pal exchange program with the Arusha International School and the Meru Primary School, both located in Arusha,Tanzania. The teachers will integrate the letter writing project into the Hamilton Park language arts curriculum.

Reading

To gain more appreciation for African culture, our librarian will share these African stories with our students:

Children's Literature Related to Africa (General)

Baba and the Flea by Glory Van Scott

Brother to the Wind by Mildred Pitt Walter

Mufaro's Beautiful Daughters by John Steptoe

The Bushbabies by William Stevenson

Simba of the White Mane by Jocelyn Arundel

Son of the Leopard by Harold Courlander

The Third Gift by Jan Carew

Children's Literature Related to North, West and South Africa include:

The Ostrich Chase by Moses Howard

Omoteji's Baby Brother by Mary Joan Gerson

Jafta by Hugh Lewin

Jafta and the Wedding by Hugh Lewin

Jafta's Father by Hugh Lewin

Femi and Old Grandaddie by Siddie Joe Johnson

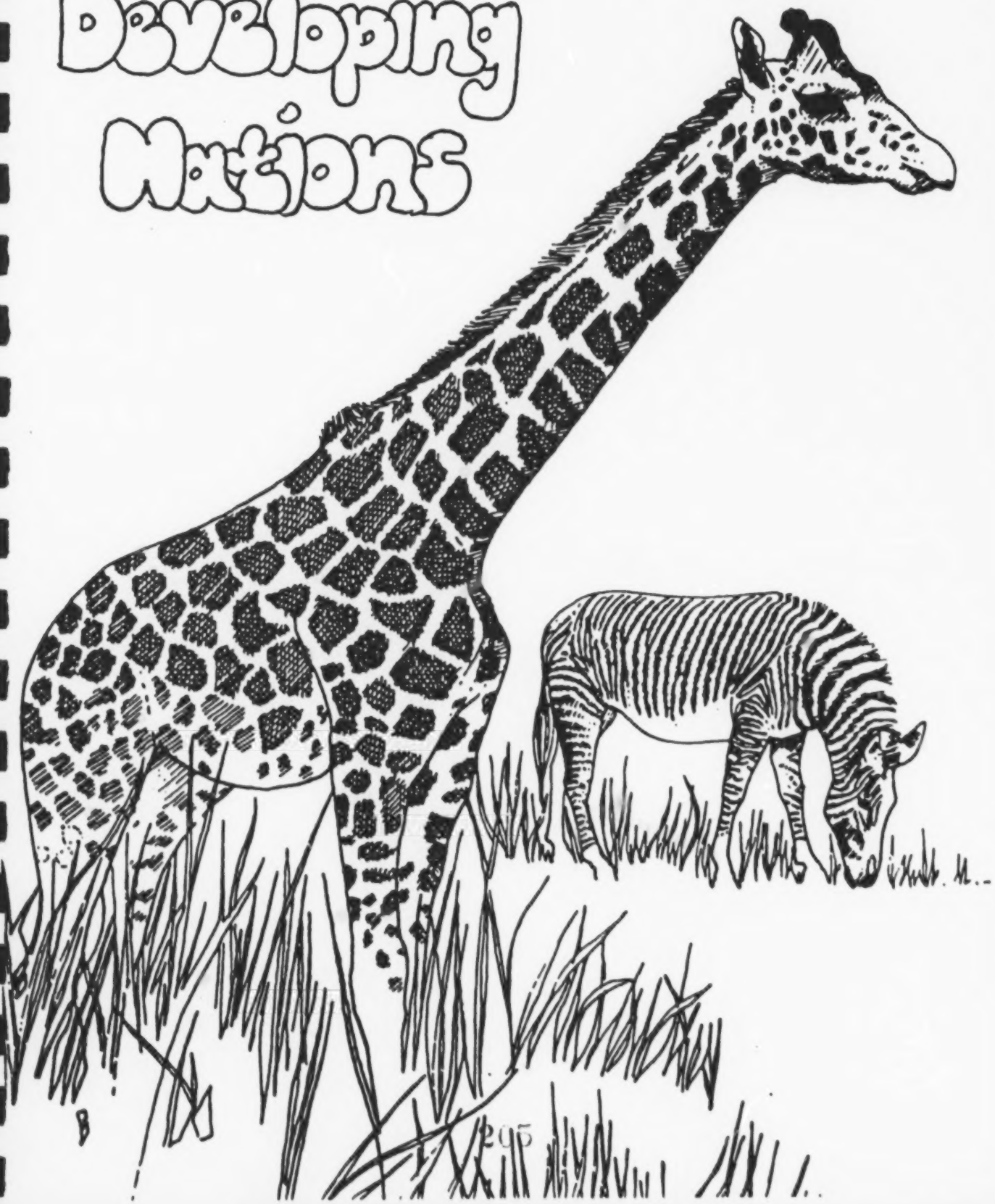
Song of the Boat by Lorene Graham

Community Program
February 9, 1992

At a PTA program, I will present a program called, "Teaching Africa Through the Arts". The program will consist of the following topics:
1. Overall view of the Fulbright-Hays Seminar
2. Explanation of project results
3. Students will share examples of pen pal letters.

Hamilton Park student African art work and The Arusha International School drawings will be displayed throughout the school.

Developing Nations



1992

FULBRIGHT SEMINAR UNIT

By Bob Scheele

Developing Nations

TITLE OF UNIT: Developing Nations - **Tanzania and Zambia**
An inquiry lesson using the 1992 Tanzania-Zambia Fulbright Seminar experience

TEACHING LEVEL: Grade 7 - 12

POSSIBLE SUBJECT AREA: Africa Studies, World Cultures, World Geography, World History, Economics, International Relation

TIME FRAME: 1 - 5 Class Periods

MATERIALS: Personal colored slides of Tanzania-Zambia showing examples of developing nations, agriculture products, transportation systems, (airports, highways, trucks, trains, boats, etc.) different popele and customs, types of schools. How developing nations use modern technology, wall map of Africa, desk maps of Africa, colored pencils.

GOALS: <u>The following are the major goals of the unit</u>:

1. To understand the characteristics of developing nations.
2. To understand how economic development can be measured.
3. To learn the different forms of foreign aid assistance.
4. To understand the major vehicle to distribute foreign aid.
5. To understand the impact of Colonialism had on Tanzania and Zambia.
6. To understand how a high population growth rate hindrances economic growth in developing nations.
7. To understand the danger of a nation's dependence on one crop or one natural resource.
8. Understand economic trade off.

FULBRIGHT SEMINAR UNIT

OBJECTIVES: <u>At the completion of this unit, the student should be able to:</u>

1. Identify various characteristics of a developing nation.
2. Identify the locations of developing nations of Africa.
3. Identify indicators how economic development can be measured.
4. To understand the relationship between population and economic development.
5. Understand the role of education and a developing nation.
6. Understand how improved health care affects a developing nation.
7. Identify problems that exist in developing nations to prevent investment in capital goods. (Example: types of government)

AWARENESS LEVEL: Concept Development

1. On the chalkboard or overhead projector, place the term "A Developing Nations".
2. Ask students to name few developing nations of the world.
3. List on the board characteristics of what is a developing nation.
4. List major obstacles that hinder progress in developing nations.
5. Where do developing nations acquire the funds for economic development?
6. What are some of the problems caused by economic development?
7. Using a classroom map of Africa, locate developing nations and developed nations of Africa.
8. Show personal color slides of Tanzania and Zambia and ask questions about characteristics of a developing nation that they see.

UNDERSTANDING LEVEL

A. The Characteristics of a Developing Nation

1. Discuss with class and list on chalkboard or overhead why developing nation exist.
2. Summarize and place on the overhead or chalkboard the following reasons.
   a. Low per capita income (per capita GNP)
   b. Rapid population growth rate
   c. Little diversity of occupation
   d. Limited resources
   e. Lack of education

Developing Nations

UNDERSTANDING LEVEL

B. Two sets of standards that are used to measure economic development
   1. The need for economic growth (GNP)
   2. The quality of life (P.C.I.)

C. What is the relation between population and economic development?

D. What is the role of education in developing nations?

E. How has improved health care affected developing nations?
   1. Solved problems
   2. Created problems

F. What problems exist in developing nations to prevent investment in capital goods?

   1. Instability of the government
   2. Local market
   3. Compete in the world market

G. How can advanced technology affect a developing nation to industrialization?

   1. Expense
   2. Education to run the technology

H. Private foreign investment can have both positive and negative consequences.

   1. Private investment (Pro-Con)
   2. Multinational corporations (Pro-Con)
      a. multinational corporations can be too economically and politically powerful within a developing nation

I. Governments sponsor two major types of foreign aid programs.

   1. Grants and loans
   2. World Bank
      a. International Development Agency (IDA)
      b. International Finance Corporation (IFC)
   3. United Nation
   4. Goods and Services
      a. Food
      b. Teachers, Scientists
      c. Tractors, Computers
      d. U.S.A. Peace Corps

Developing Nations

WORDS

The capitalist model - advantages
disadvantages
central planning
decentralized planning

trade-offs

expanding production possibilities
The Green Revolution - irrigation, fertilizers

advanced machinery, pesticides, hybrid seeds

foreign aid

economic assistance

developed nations

subsistence agriculture

one-crop economy

land reform

limited resources

scarcity

ACTIVITY

A. <u>Brainstorming Exercise</u>

1. Divide class into groups of 4 or 5 students.
2. Have one student act as recorder in each group.
3. Allow students 10 minutes in which to list characteristics of what is a developing nation.
4. Have recorder from each group list the major ideas from their group on the blackboard.

B. Discuss the economic trade off if a large Five Star hotel chain would like to build a new hotel in a developing nation.

Developing Nations

ACTIVITY

C. Locate on classroom desk World Map the following information:

1. Gross National Product (in dollars), (use different colors)

   a. low income developing countries
      (GNP per capita less than $400)
   b. lower middle income developing countures
      (GNP per capita $400 to $1600)
   c. upper middle income developing countries
      (GNP per capita $1600 to $6,000)
   d. developed countries

D. Evaluating Viewpoints: Defend or refute this statement:

For a developing nation, a capitalist decision-making model is the most effective implementing a development plan.

Evaluating of Unit Learning

1. Location on a map: List Africa's five developing nations.

Essay Questions:

2a. Explain five major characteristics of a developing nation.

b. Explain the advantage and disadvantage of colonialism.

c. List four major sources of foreign aid.

d. Explain the different pro-cons of building a Five Start Hotel in a developing nation.

e. Show one colored slide of some major economic development that shows a characteristic of a developing nation. Have student write what they see.

AFRICA

Curriculum Project

Africa Alive

Submitted by: Mary Lillian Smith
1221 Village Green
Hixson, TN 37343

October 6, 1992

Curriculum Project

Africa Alive

Goal: To develop in students an understanding and appreciation of African Culture and its effect on contemporary Society.

School objectives: The learner will compare African and American cultures.

The learner will state facts about Africa.

The learner will locate Africa and various cities and places on a map. (Objective depends on grade level)

Fifth and sixth grade objectives: The learner will compare music styles of Africa and the United States and relate the influence of African music on current American music.

The learner will write creative selections about Africa.

The learner will read selections about Africa and answer content questions.

The learner will create costumes/jewelry and art projects depecting African Culture.

The learner will debate various topics relating to current events.

Overview: This multi-disciplinary study will begin with teacher/student activities for the classroom and will lead up to an African Festival. The entire elementary school (grades K-6 and special education classes) will participate.

Project

The African study will begin in January and culminate in February, Black History Month. A committee has been selected to coordinate activities. Each teacher will be given a packet of materials on his/her grade level which will integrate all content areas of the African study.

Fifth grade students will go into each classroom and give a pretest on students' knowledge about Southeast Africa. After the festival, students will conduct post tests to determine what students have learned or what initial ideas have changed. One activity for the upper grades will be a set of 12 slides which fifth grade students will show. Students will be told that these slides were taken somewhere in the world. They will choose the country/continent where they think the picture was taken. All slides will be of East Africa and are not what the students will expect to see.

Special topics for upper grade students will include geography, lessons in Swahili, current events, endangered species, poaching and a comparision of African and American cultures and schools. Activities will include debates, cooperative learning activities, projects and evaluations.

Fifth grade students will also tell African Folk Tales to various classes.

Utilization across the curriculum will include the P.E. teacher who will teach African games and the music teacher who will teach African songs and incorporate the use of some African instruments in her lessons. African literature will be emphasized by the librarian.

A display of African art, books and pictures will be displayed in a glass case for all persons entering the school to see. Students' art projects; such as, masks, will be displayed in the halls. Special activities will include a newsletter to parents and a presentation by fifth graders to the P.T.A.

The African Festival will be held in February and will be conducted by fifth grade students. Other grades will be invited to participate in tasting African food, viewing slide presentations, listening to music and becoming involved in a variety of games and activities.

A storyteller of African Folk Teles has been invited to tell stories to the students. The festival will end for upper grades with a speaker from the Chattanooga African American MUseum.

Students and teachers will collect old textbooks which are not out dated and mail them to Zambia and Tanzanis. The project is called "Pennies for Postage". Students place pennies in a bucket until there is enough postage for books to be mailed M Bag. About 70 pounds of books will be mailed this school year.

Many students have shown an interest in having pen pals from Africa. Letters have been sent to arrange for various grade levels to correspond.

Marilyn Strelau
Simsbury High School
34 Farms Village Road
Simsbury, CT 06070

203 658-0451

OBJECTIVE: To introduce students to Africa, particularly Tanzania and Zambia

I. INTRODUCTION

* Play African music (see attached)
  While the students are listening to this music, the teacher will ask them to answer two questions:

  What do you know about Africa?

  What would you like to know?

* Use their answers as a basis for discussion

II. GEOGRAPHY

* Begin by giving the students the Sub-Saharan Africa quiz (Do not grade this.)
* Buy a large map of Africa and put it on the blackboard
* Identify all of the countries and share what the teacher and the students know about that particular country
* Identify major rivers, deserts
* Hand out blank maps of the continent of Africa
  Ask the students to decide what it looks like
  Then have the students write a poem on this image and what they know about the politics/environment/people of Africa (see attached for an example)
* Post these poems or read them to the class
* Compare the size of Tanzania and Zambia to US states
  Also, do a comparison of per capita income, literacy and other such relevant information.This can be a library exercise to have them use almanacs, encyclopedia and the computer. One of our school's computer programs plays the national anthem of each country.

III. FOLKTALES

* Read several African folktales. See attached for one of them and other collections.

* After students have discussed elements of a folktale, have them write their own.
* This assignment could be tied into library research. The students would have to find information on a particular animal and then use that as a basis for writing the folktale.
* Share the folktales the students have written.

IV. CHILDREN'S STORIES

* There are many books published in America which are based on African folktales. Select several and read them. (See attached for a few titles.)
* This part of the class could be combined with an art class. Have the students write their own folktale and then have an art class illustrate them. Furthermore, the students could then go to an elementary school to read them.

V. LIFE IN TANZANIA AND ZAMBIA

* I used postcards and postage stamps from these countries to create large posterboards which I use as teaching devices for adults and students. Be creative in your assembling of these materials so people realize the traditional and contemporary aspects of each country.

* Ask the students to answer this question:
What handicrafts do we use to define "American" culture? Ask them to name three handmade artifacts they would put in a time capsule and why they chose these three items.
Show African crafts such as baskets, carving, batiks, jewelry, khangas

* Education
Based on our visits to the schools, tell students what life is like for young people in Africa. I have a list of students for pen pals so this would be a way to communicate directly with people their own age.

* The role of women in these countries
Show the video "African Women as Farmers--Examples from Zambia"
My high school and unviersity students read NERVOUS CONDITIONS by Tsitsi Dangarembga from Zimbabwe. This book explores the responses of women to that male-dominated society. This book erases the sterotype that all conflicts

in Africa are black-white or that most people are starving. The protagonist ends up with a severe eating disorder because she fights her role as a subservient woman.

* Refugees
Read Achebe's poem. (see attached). Have students bring in pictures from magazines and newspapers. Hang these pictures on your bulletin board and write poems or imaginary journals from a refugee's viewpoint.

* AIDS
In the London airport the international edition of TIME had a major article on this disease with many quotes and pictures from Tanzania and Zambia. I have had these pages laminated and read pertinent quotes and pass the articles around the room. Again, this topic could be tied in with library research.

* The Drought
As an experiment have the students go for a day with only liquid in the morning and evening. Have them write down personal responses at two hour intervals. Based on what we were told in Zambia, we can share what it means to live through a drought.

* Agriculture
From our visits in Tanzania and Zambia, we can share what new techniques are being used to improve agriculture. The marketing of these products would also be of interest to the students.

* Culture clash between traditional/ Western values
Use Okot p'Bitek's poem, SONG OF LAWINO from Uganda
Read aloud and discuss the different perspectives; discuss cultural conflict and what it means to women in particular

* Show slides from Tanzania and Zambia. Use them to discuss life in these areas. Of course, the teacher will then share personal anecdotes about adventures in Africa.

Marilyn Strelau

A FEW RESOURCES

* Video "African Women as Farmers" from
Women's History Curriculum
Central Community Center
6300 Walker Street
St. Louis Park, MN 55416
612-928-6750

* Music The Tanzania Sound (OMA 106 C)
Smithsonian's African Art Museum
Washington, D.C.
This is not available as a CD.

Kronos Quartet: Pieces of Africa
Zimbabwe Legit
Zamb!ance
Planet Africa

All of the above CD's are available here in the U.S.

* AFRICAN FOLKTALES Selected and Retold by Roger D. Abrahams

THE LIFE AND LORE OF THE ELEPHANT --Robert Delort

THE ORPHAN BOY; A PROMISE TO THE SUN; RHINOS FOR LUNCH AND ELEPHANTS FOR SUPPER by Tololwa M. Mollel (This man is an Arusha Maasai. He now goes to school in Canada. These are beautifully illustrated children's books which I read to my students.)

TENREC'S TWIGS by Gert Kitchen (Another children's book which talks about the animals from Central and Southern Africa.)

ANANSI FINDS A FOOL by Verna Aardema

THE ELEPHANT'S WRESTLING MATCH by Judy Sierra

HANDS AROUND THE WORLD: 365 Creative Ways to Build Cultural Awareness & Global Respect by Susan Milord

NGORONGORO by Reinhard Kunkel (A wonderful book to share our experiences there. It's $75.00.)

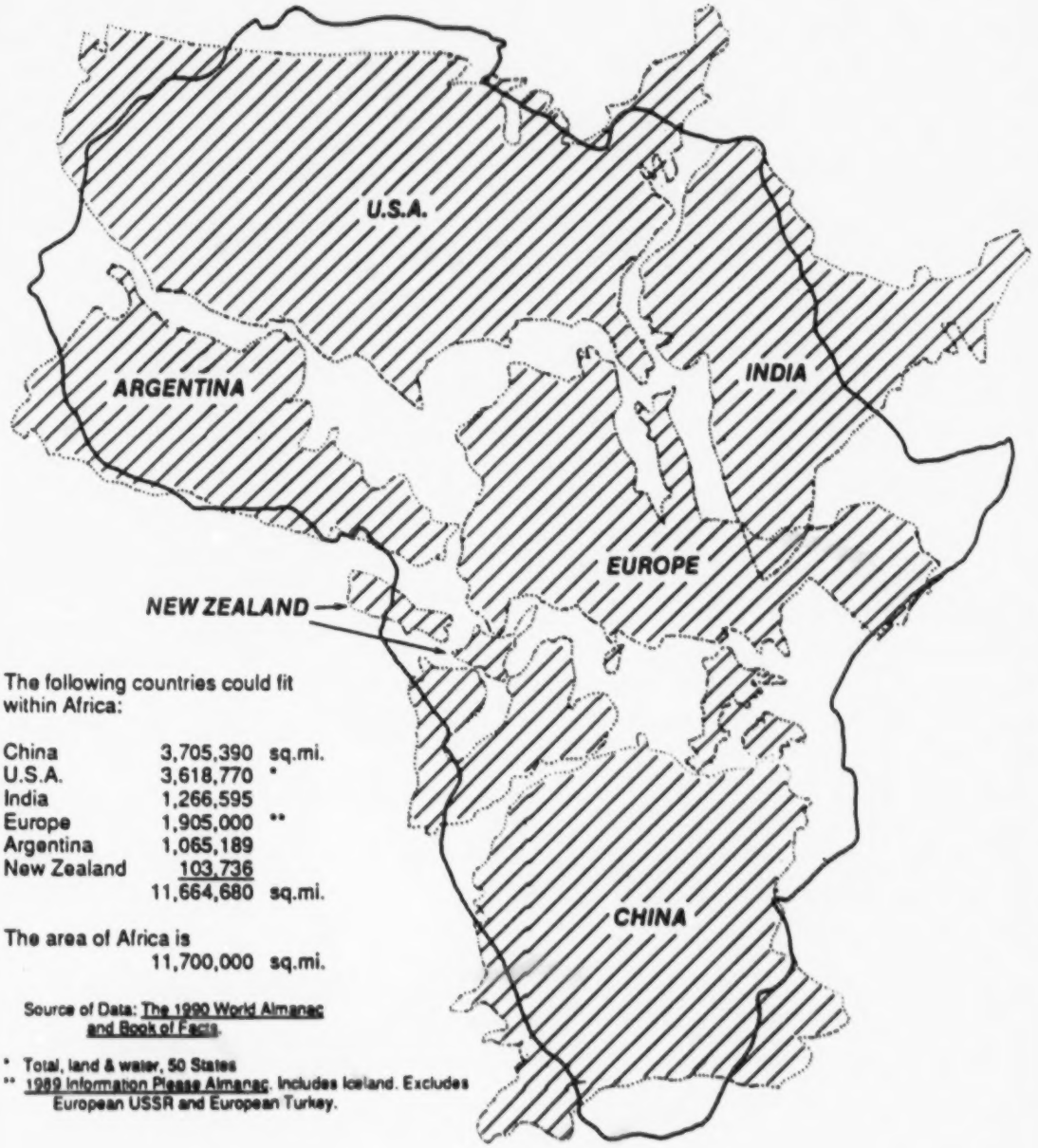
THE EYE OF THE ELEPHANT By Delia and Mark Owens
(This couple has moved to one of Zambia's game parks since they wrote their previous bestseller. A struggle to stop poachers in Zambia ended with threats against them.)

THE COMPLIMENT EAST AFRICAN FOLKTALES by W.D. Kamera and C. S. Mwakasaka

RAIN IN THE MORNING Poems and Pictures from Tanzania by Flo

POEMS FROM EAST AFRICA Ed. by David Cook and David Rubadiri

WOULD YOU BELIEVE?



The following countries could fit within Africa:

China	3,705,390	sq.mi.
U.S.A.	3,618,770	*
India	1,266,595	
Europe	1,905,000	**
Argentina	1,065,189	
New Zealand	103,736	
	11,664,680	sq.mi.

The area of Africa is
11,700,000 sq.mi.

Source of Data: The 1990 World Almanac and Book of Facts.

* Total, land & water, 50 States
** 1989 Information Please Almanac. Includes Iceland. Excludes European USSR and European Turkey.

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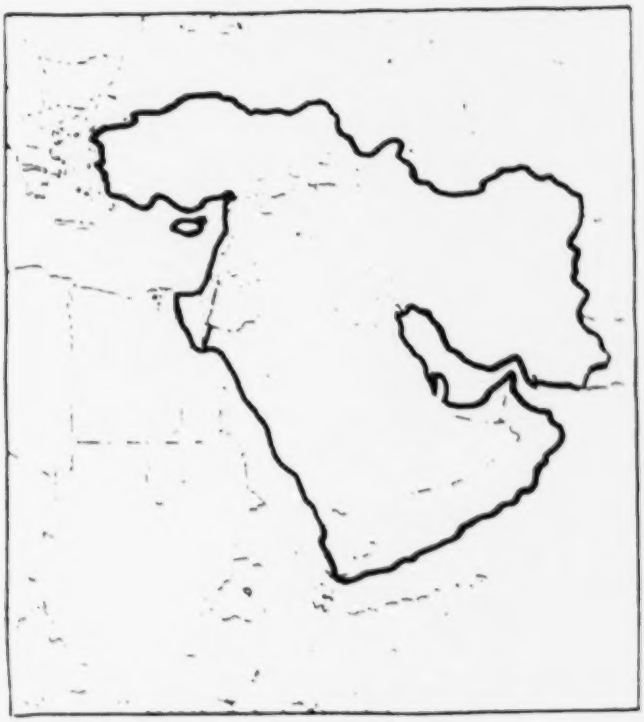
THE ANGEL IN THE EAST (Continued)

THE ANGEL OF THE EAST
by Rebecca Scott

If you could look east
across the United States,
over the Atlantic Ocean and the
Mediterranean Sea
to a place between Asia, Africa and Europe
You might see an angel --
an angel in the east --
resting on a sea of blue.
Her head hangs heavily,
bowed towards her chest
as she hold her hands
together in prayer
facing west.
A tear has fallen
from her cheek.
Her heart aches; the heart of three religions.
She would like to be the angel for all people,
but it seems remote
on this southwest peninsula.
She is battle-worn
and war-torn,
this angel in the east --
praying someday for
a new world order and peace



Use the following to define the countries that make up the angel of the Middle East. Have the students label their maps as you talk them through it, labeling your transparency as you go.

ANGEL'S HEAD	**Turkey** (her face, looking down is the Taurus Mountains); the northern coast is her hair flowing back
HER TEAR	The island of **Cyprus**
CHEST	**Syria**
RIGHT SHOULDER	**Lebanon**
RIGHT ARM	**Israel**
LEFT SHOULDER	**Iraq**
LEFT ARM	**Jordan**
HANDS IN PRAYER	**Sinai Peninsula**
FLOWING GOWN	**Saudi Arabia** (Arabian Peninsula)
BOTTOM OF GOWN TRIMMED IN LACE	**Yemen, Oman, United Arab Emirates, Qatar**
TWO BUTTONS AT BACK OF GOWN	**Kuwait** (at the upper part); **Bahrain** (loose button)
WINGS	**Iran**
HER HEART	**Jerusalem**

Rebecca Scott, ASGI 1990, Oak Hall School, Ardmore
This lesson plan was taken from the OKAGE Newsletter, a publication of the Oklahoma Geography Alliance.

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Tanzania

United Republic of Tanzania

Geography Location: Tanganyika, on eastern coast of Africa, and islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, about 25 mi (40 km) off Tanganyika coast in Indian Ocean. **Boundaries:** Burundi, Rwanda to NW; Uganda, Kenya to N; Indian Ocean to E; Mozambique, Malawi to S; Zambia to SW; Zaire to W. **Total land area:** 342,102 sq mi (886,040 sq km). **Coastline:** 885 mi (1,424 km). **Comparative area:** slightly larger than twice size of California. **Land use:** 5% arable land; 1% permanent crops; 40% meadows and pastures; 47% forest and woodland; 7% other; includes negl. % irrigated. **Major cities:** (1978 census) Dar es Salaam (capital) 757,346; Zanzibar 110,669; Mwanza 110,611; Tanga 103,409.

People Population: 25,970,843 (1990). **Nationality:** noun—Tanzanian(s); adjective—Tanzanian. **Ethnic groups:** mainland—99% native Africans of over 100 groups, 1% Asian, European, and Arab; Zanzibar—almost all Arab. **Languages:** Swahili and English (both official); English primary language of commerce, administration, and higher education; Swahili widely understood and generally used for communication between ethnic groups; first language of most people is one of local languages; primary education generally in Swahili. **Religions:** mainland—33% Christian, 33% Muslim, 33% indigenous beliefs; Zanzibar—almost all Muslim.

Government Type: republic. **Independence:** Tanganyika became independent Dec. 9, 1961 (from UN trusteeship under British administration); Zanzibar became independent Dec. 19, 1963 (from UK); Tanganyika united with Zanzibar Apr. 26, 1964. **Constitution:** Apr. 25, 1977 (Zanzibar has own Constitution but remains subject to provisions of union Constitution). **National holiday:** Union Day, Apr. 26; Independence Day, Dec. 9. **Heads of government:** Ali Hassan Mwinyi, president (since Nov. 1985); Joseph Sinde Warioba, prime minister (since Nov. 1985). **Structure:** executive—president has authority on mainland, with government policies subject to validation by party, which is technically superior to government; legislative—National Assembly with 233 members, 72 from Zanzibar, 65 appointed from mainland, and 96 directly elected from mainland; National Assembly dominated by Chama Cha Mapinduzi (Revolutionary party).

Economy Monetary unit: Tanzanian shilling. **Budget:** (1989) *income:* $568.0 mil., *expend.:* $835.0 mil. **GDP:** $5.9 bil., $235 per capita. **Chief crops:** cotton, coffee, sisal, vegetables, fruits, grain on mainland; cloves and coconuts on Zanzibar. **Livestock:** N.A. **Natural resources:** hydropower potential, tin, phosphates, large unexploited deposits of iron ore and coal, gemstones. **Major industries:** agricultural processing (sugar, beer, cigarettes, sisal twine), diamond mine, oil refinery. **Labor force:** 208,680 wage earners (1983); 90% agriculture, 10% industry and commerce. **Exports:** $394 mil. (f.o.b., 1989); coffee, cotton, sisal, cashew nuts, meat, cloves. **Imports:** $1.3 bil. (f.o.b., 1989); manufactured goods, machinery and transport equipment, cotton piece goods, crude oil, foodstuffs. **Major trading partners:** *exports:* W. Germany, UK, U.S.; *imports:* W. Germany, UK, U.S., Iran.

Intl. Orgs. Commonwealth, FAO, G-77, GATT, IAEA, IBRD, ICAO, IDA, IFAD, IFC, ILO, IMF, IMO, INTELSAT, INTERPOL, ITU, NAM, UN, UNESCO, UPU, WHO, WMO.

Tanganyika's indigenous population includes people of diverse ethnic background, including San, Bantu, and Nilotic peoples. It was the site of a number of relatively advanced and well-organized societies.

Zanzibar and the neighboring island of Pemba were a crossroads of trade in East Africa since ancient times. Trade via Zanzibar between the Tanganyika coast and the Middle East dates back to the late Roman Empire, with ivory, gold, and iron the main items of trade. The coast was dominated by various Arab and Persian powers, usually based in Zanzibar, from about the eighth century. Zanzibar and Tanganyika were visited by the Portuguese explorer Vasco da Gama in 1498, and Portugal claimed Zanzibar in 1503 and the entire Tanganyika coast in 1506. The Portuguese established coastal trading stations but did not colonize the interior.

The Portuguese were driven from Zanzibar in 1652 by the sultanate of Oman, which soon expelled them from the mainland as well. Under Omani rule, trade in gold, ivory, and gems was supplemented by a sizable slave trade, and the clove plantations of Zanzibar became commercially important. Under Sultan Seyyid Said, the capital of the sultanate of Oman was transferred to Zanzibar in 1824, and Zanzibar became independent of Oman upon his death in 1856.

Both Germany and Great Britain became active in the region in the 19th century, motivated by trade and, in the British case, by the antislavery movement. Tanganyika was organized as the colony of German East Africa in 1884, while Zanzibar became a British protectorate in 1890. Tanganyika became a secondary battlefield of World War I, with frequent clashes between German and British troops.

Britain assumed control of Tanganyika in 1920 under a League of Nations Mandate and maintained control under a UN trusteeship after 1946. The temperate southern highlands were extensively colonized by British immigrants, and railroads and mines were developed by the British administration.

Elections for a local legislature were held in Zanzibar in July 1957. The island's politics were dominated by a split between Arab and African residents. Zanzibar became independent on Dec. 19, 1963. In January 1964 an African revolt overthrew the sultan of Zanzibar and resulted in the deaths of thousands of Arab residents and the emigration of many more. Political control shifted to the African party and Abeid Karume became president.

Tanganyika became independent in 1961. Julius K. Nyerere was Tanganyika's dominant political figure. Tanzania was formed from the union of Tanganyika and Zanzibar on April 26, 1964, with Zanzibar retaining local autonomy.

The United Republic of Tanzania, under Nyerere's leadership, advocated an "African socialist" form of development and formed close ties with China. Some British settlers left the country, but despite tensions, relations with Great Britain remained important. The Tan-Zan Railroad between Dar es Salaam and Lusaka, Zambia, was built with Chinese aid between 1970 and 1975. The ruling parties of Tanganyika and Zanzibar were united in 1977 under Nyerere's leadership.

In 1979 Tanzanian troops invaded Uganda to drive Idi Amin from power there. Elections were held in 1981 and 1985, as political tensions eased and Tanzania adopted a more open and democratic political structure. Since 1985 Pres. Ali Hassan Mwinyi has pressed for free-market economic policies.

In May 1987 ministers from Kenya, Uganda, and Tanzania met to plan closer economic and political ties in East Africa. Despite some stagnation during the socialist period of 1967–85, Tanzania's economy remains fundamentally strong because of the country's extensive natural resources. Light industry, including clothing, textiles, and food processing, has been developed. The country has one of Africa's best educational systems, and literacy, in both English and Swahili, is high.

The Olduvai Gorge, part of East Africa's Great Rift Valley, has yielded extensive fossil remains of early hominids. Tanzania and Kenya supported a worldwide ban on trade in ivory.

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Zambia

Republic of Zambia

Geography **Location:** landlocked country in southern central Africa. **Boundaries:** Zaire to N, Tanzania to NE, Malawi to E, Mozambique to SE, Zimbabwe to S, Namibia to SW, Angola to W. **Total land area:** 285,994 sq. mi. (740,720 sq km). **Coastline:** none. **Comparative area:** slightly larger than Texas. **Land use:** 7% arable land; negl. % permanent crops; 47% meadows and pastures; 27% forest and woodland; 19% other; includes negl. % irrigated. **Major cities:** (1988 est.) Lusaka (capital) 870,030; Kitwe 472,255; Ndola 442,666; Kabwe (Broken Hill) 199,368.

People **Population:** 7,875,448 (1989). **Nationality:** noun—Zambian(s); adjective—Zambian. **Ethnic groups:** 98.7% African, 1.1% European, 0.2% other. **Languages:** English (official), about 70 indigenous languages. **Religions:** 50–75% Christian, 1% Muslim and Hindu, indigenous beliefs.

Government **Type:** one-party state. **Independence:** Oct. 24, 1964 (from UK). **Constitution:** Aug. 25, 1973. **National holiday:** Independence Day, Oct. 24. **Heads of government:** Kenneth David Kaunda, president (since Oct. 1964); Kebby Musokotwane, prime minister (since June 1985). **Structure:** executive—modified presidential system; legislative—unicameral National Assembly; judiciary.

Economy **Monetary unit:** kwacha. **Budget:** (1988 est.) ***income:*** $570 mil.; ***expend.:*** $939 mil. **GDP:** $4.0 bil., $530 per capita. **Chief crops:** corn, tobacco, cotton; net importer of most major agricultural products. **Livestock:** cattle, goats, pigs, sheep. **Natural resources:** copper, cobalt, zinc, lead, coal. **Major industries:** copper mining and processing, transport, construction. **Labor force:** 2.5 mil.; 85% agriculture, 9% transport and services, 6% mining, manufacturing, and construction. **Exports:** $1.2 bil. (f.o.b., 1988); copper, zinc, cobalt, lead, tobacco. **Imports:** $687 mil. (c.i.f., 1988); machinery, transport equipment, foodstuffs, fuels, manufactures. **Major trading partners:** EC, Japan, South Africa, U.S.

Intl. Orgs. Commonwealth, FAO, G-77, GATT (de facto), IAEA, IBRD, ICAO, IDA, IFAD, IFC, ILO, IMF, INTELSAT, INTERPOL, ITU, NAM, UN, UNESCO, UPU, WHO, WIPO, WMO.

Bantu peoples—including Luba, Lunda, Ngoni, and others—moved into what is now Zambia between the 15th and the 19th centuries, displacing or absorbing aboriginal populations. Occasional Portuguese explorers from Angola and Mozambique entered the region, and Angolan slave-raiders were active in the late 18th and early 19th centuries, but serious European influence did not begin until the mid-19th century. At that time British missionaries and merchants arrived, most notably David Livingstone and Cecil Rhodes.

Local rulers granted mineral concessions to Rhodes in both Northern and Southern Rhodesia (now Zambia and Zimbabwe). Rhodesia was declared a British sphere of influence in 1888, a British protectorate was established in 1891 and enlarged in 1894–95. The borders of Northern Rhodesia were established in 1911. The country was administered by the British South Africa Co. until 1924, when direct colonial rule began. Large numbers of British settlers arrived and developed extensive farms and ranches and mined the region's substantial copper deposits. A railroad was built linking Northern Rhodesia with Elizabethville in the Belgian Congo (now Lubumbashi, Zaire).

In 1953 Northern and Southern Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) were joined with Nyasaland (now Malawi) to form the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The country entered a period of unrest with native peoples demanding greater participation in government, while white settlers clung to their privileged positions.

As the result of an election in 1962, the federation was dissolved in 1963. A national assembly was created on the basis of a broader, multiracial electorate. Northern Rhodesia became independent as the Republic of Zambia on Oct. 24, 1964. Relations between Zambia and white-ruled Rhodesia (formerly Southern Rhodesia) became strained in 1965 in a dispute over ownership and administration of the railway that spanned both countries. A new constitution was promulgated in 1973, creating a stronger presidency and a unicameral legislature; the United National Independence party was made the sole legal political party. Opposition parties were allowed to form again starting in December 1990.

Pres. Kenneth Kaunda, in office since Zambia's independence, has led a generally moderate government that has won the support of both whites and blacks, despite some early white emigration from the country. Even when there was only one legal political party, elections were, and are, freely contested, and there is substantial freedom of the press.

Zambia's economy, however, has not fared well under independence. The nation's wildlife supports a small tourist industry, and ivory is exported (both legally and illegally). The agricultural sector, which produces corn, tobacco, peanuts, cotton, rubber, sugar, and livestock, was hurt by the departure of some white settlers and subsequent land redistribution. Although the country has diverse mineral resources, copper is overwhelmingly the nation's main earner of foreign exchange. A steep decline in the world price of copper since the mid-1970s has led to massive foreign debt and labor unrest at home. The IMF has demanded reforms as a condition for future aid, and in 1987 Pres. Kaunda announced a program of economic restructuring to deal with these problems. In 1990 the government survived an attempted coup precipitated by a doubling in the price of the staple food, maize meal.

In April 1987 South African troops raided Zambian bases of the African National Congress in an action that led to heavy casualties and was condemned by the United Nations. Zambia, under Pres. Kaunda, has played an active role in pan-African affairs and actively supports anticommunist and anti-South African movements in neighboring countries.

Zimbabwe

Republic of Zimbabwe

Geography **Location:** landlocked country in southern Africa. **Boundaries:** Zambia to NW, Mozambique to E, South Africa to S, Botswana to SW. **Total land area:** 149,293 sq. mi. (386,670 sq km). **Coastline:** none. **Comparative area:** slightly larger than Montana. **Land use:** 7% arable land; negl. % permanent crops; 12% meadows and pastures; 62% forest and woodland; 19% other; includes negl. % irrigated. **Major cities:** (1982 census) Harare (Salisbury, capital) 656,000; Bulawayo 413,800; Chitungwiza 172,600; Gweru (Gwelo) 78,900; Mutare (Umtali) 69,600.

People **Population:** 10,392,161 (1990). **Nationality:** noun—Zimbabwean(s); adjective—Zimbabwean. **Ethnic groups:** 98% African (71% Shona, 16% Ndebele, 11% other), 1% white, 1% mixed and Asian. **Languages:** English (official), ChiShona, Si Ndebele. **Religions:** 50% syncretic (part Christian, part indigenous beliefs), 25% Christian, 24% indigenous beliefs, 1% Muslim.

Government **Type:** presidential system with bicameral legislature. **Independence:** Apr. 18, 1980 (from UK). **Constitution:** Dec. 21, 1979. **National holiday:** Apr. 18. **Heads of government:** Robert Gabriel Mugabe, president (since Dec. 1987). **Structure:** executive—cabinet led by president; legislative—parliament consisting of 100-member House of Assembly and 40-member Senate; judiciary—high court is supreme judicial authority.

Economy **Monetary unit:** Zimbabwean dollar. **Budget:** (1990) ***income:*** $2.4 bil.; ***expend.:*** $3.0 bil. **GDP:** $4.6 bil., $470 per capita (1988 est.). **Chief crops:** tobacco, corn, tea, sugar, cotton. **Livestock:** cattle, goats, sheep, pigs, asses. **Natural resources:** coal, chromium ore, asbestos, gold, nickel. **Major industries:** mining, steel, clothing and footwear. **Labor force:** 3.1 mil. (1987); 74% agriculture, 16% transport and services, 10% mining, manufacturing, construction. **Exports:** $1.6 bil. (f.o.b., 1988); 34% agricultural (21% tobacco, 13% other), 19% manufactures, 11% gold, 11% ferrochrome. **Imports:** $1.1 bil. (c.i.f., 1988); 37% machinery and transport equipment, 22% manufactures, 16% chemicals, 15% fuels. **Major trading partners:** ***exports:*** 55% Europe (41% EC, 6% Netherlands, 8% other), 22% Africa (12% S. Africa, 10% other), 6% U.S.; ***imports:*** 31% EC, 29% Africa (21% S. Africa, 8% other), 8% U.S., 4% Japan.

Intl. Orgs. Commonwealth, FAO, G-77, GATT, IBRD, ICAO, IDA, IFAD, IFC, ILO, IMF, INTERPOL, NAM, UN, UNESCO, UPU, WHO, WMO.

Massive stone structures at Great Zimbabwe give evidence of a sizable urban society that flourished from the ninth to the 13th centuries and dominated iron-age trade in southeastern Africa. Bantu peoples migrated into the region beginning in the 15th century; the Mashona dominated until the early 19th century, when they were displaced by the Matebele.

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Portuguese slave raiders from Mozambique were active in Zimbabwe from the 16th to the mid-19th centuries. Mineral concessions were granted to Cecil Rhodes by local rulers in the late 19th century, and the region became a British protectorate in 1888. Salisbury (now Harare) was founded in 1890, and the territory comprising Zimbabwe and Zambia was named Rhodesia in 1895. Rhodesia was governed by the British South Africa Co. until 1923, when it was partitioned into Northern and Southern Rhodesia. Northern Rhodesia became a British colony, whereas Southern Rhodesia, rejecting union with South Africa, became a self-governing (and white-ruled) state within the British Empire.

Southern Rhodesia had been heavily settled by whites from Great Britain, South Africa, and elsewhere, who developed extensive farms and ranches, forest products industries, and the country's rich mines. The country prospered but with little native participation in government except at the most local level.

In 1953 Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia, and Nyasaland were joined in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Increasing agitation for black participation in government, especially in the north and in Nyasaland, led to the dissolution of the federation in 1963. Northern Rhodesia subsequently became independent as Zambia, Nyasaland as Malawi. In 1961 Southern Rhodesia had adopted a constitution that guaranteed the continuation of white rule. White resistance to black political demands led to the rise of the Rhodesian Front party, whose leader, Ian D. Smith, became prime minister of Rhodesia (formerly Southern Rhodesia). After British-led negotiations for a biracial political compromise broke down, the Smith government on Nov. 11, 1965, issued a unilateral declaration of independence, which was declared illegal and invalid by the British government.

The UN condemned the Smith government and imposed economic sanctions; the government was supported by South Africa and Mozambique (before that country's independence in 1975). In May 1968 the UN voted to impose a trade embargo on Rhodesia.

A constitution adopted in 1970 effectively barred black participation in national politics. A British-initiated political settlement of 1972 was dropped because of black opposition. By 1974 mounting pressure from other African countries led the Smith government to enter into more serious negotiations. Guerrilla warfare pitting black nationalist groups against white settlers and mercenaries raged sporadically throughout the country, and many white settlers emigrated. A conference in Geneva in 1976 broke down, but a 1977 British-American proposal for majority rule provided the basis for a settlement of the crisis. An "internal settlement" was announced in April 1978 by Smith and three major nationalist leaders: Bishop Abel Muzorewa, leader of the United African National Congress; the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole, former leader of the Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU); and Chief Jeremiah Chirau. The settlement was rejected by the Patriotic Front that united ZANU (now led by Robert Mugabe) and Joshua Nkomo's Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU).

Elections were held in April 1979 and Bishop Muzorewa assumed office on June 1 as prime minister of "Zimbabwe-Rhodesia," but the Patriotic Front continued to oppose the government. On Dec. 10 the "Zimbabwe-Rhodesia" parliament dissolved itself, and the country reverted briefly to British colonial rule. On Dec. 21 all parties agreed to a cease-fire and to a period of transitional British rule leading to independence. International economic sanctions were lifted.

Elections held in February 1980 resulted in a clear majority for Mugabe's ZANU party. Zimbabwe became independent, with Mugabe as prime minister, on April 18. As Mugabe embarked on an ambitious program of national reconstruction, Nkomo became leader of the opposition. Guerrillas linked to ZAPU, with Nkomo's tacit (or perhaps active) leadership and with alleged support from South Africa, continued to engage in sporadic warfare against Mugabe's government, and banditry and sabotage disrupted the countryside.

The elections of 1985 increased ZANU's majority in parliament. In 1987 the constitution was amended to strengthen the presidency and to end the separate role of blacks and whites in government; new elections were held for black members of parliament to fill seats formerly reserved for whites. Guerrillas renewed attacks on white-owned farms.

In December 1987 Mugabe and Nkomo agreed to merge ZANU and ZAPU, creating a de facto one-party state under Mugabe's leadership. This fragile political settlement remains in force, though scattered political and ethnic armed unrest persists, and Nkomo's commitment to Mugabe's government remains in doubt. In 1989 a new opposition party was organized by Edgar Z. Tekere.

Zimbabwe's economy is one of the strongest in sub-Saharan Africa. Agriculture is the major employer, and mineral resources are the country's major source of foreign earnings. An excellent transportation network and ample electric power (both hydroelectric and coal-fired) support a strong industrial base; major industries include steel, heavy equipment, ore processing, motor vehicle assembly, textiles, and food processing. Drought in the 1980s led to some food shortages, but Zimbabwe has exported food to all its neighbors, including South Africa, and as far afield as Ethiopia.

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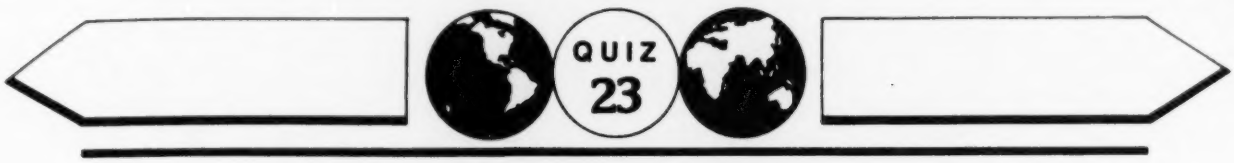


SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA

Most of the people in Sub-Saharan Africa still live in villages and farm for a living. More are moving to cities daily, but Africa remains the least urban continent. It also has the poorest soil sand the highest birthrate. And in many areas where the soil remains fertile, people use it not to grow food but to produce cash crops for sale abroad, because many governments are more interested in profit than in feeding people. If you read newspapers, you know what sort of trouble these facts add up to. We see one version in Uganda and another, with black-white racism mixed in, in South Africa. These troubles grow out of history and geography, of course. In places like these, geography is there to starve in, fight over, or run to.

1. Where is
   a Tombouctu?
   b Khartoum?

2. What country in Africa has the most people?

3. What country in Africa is the largest in area?

4. Name two of the four countries that border Lake Chad.

5. Match the tribe or ethnic group with the country most of it lives in:

1 Ashanti	**a** Sudan
2 Afrikaner	**b** Kenya
3 Baggara	**c** Liberia
4 Dinka	**d** Botswana
5 Falasha	**e** Senegal
6 Fellahin	**f** South Africa
7 Ibo	**g** Egypt
8 Kikuyu	**h** Ethiopia
9 Kru	**i** Ghana
10 Masai	**j** Madagascar
11 Merina	**k** Nigeria
12 Ndebele	**l** Zimbabwe
13 Tswana	
14 Wolof	
15 Zulu	

6. Name the two great rivers of Africa that join to become the Nile—and where do they join?

7. What country is the "Switzerland of Africa"?

8. Three regions of present-day Africa provided most of the slaves to the New World. Where are they?

9. In many African countries—including Botswana, Lesotho, Swaziland, and the Central African Republic—many men have left their country to find work elsewhere. What has this meant to the work force at home?

10. In what country did Albert Schweitzer build his hospital?

11. In many areas of the world, food production is rising due to improved methods of agriculture. But in _____ food production per capita has fallen.

12. Name some ways in which Pygmies are different from most other people.

13. Which African country did Winston Churchill term the "pearl of the Nile"?

14. Which African country had its colonial capital outside its borders?

15. Which four African countries were founding members of the United Nations? Hint: This is the same as asking which were independent in 1945, the year the U.N. was founded.

16. Which African country is the continent's major exporter of oil?

17. Which part of the Sudan would like to be another country?

18. Which parts of Ethiopia would rather be a separate country?

19. The most media-visible characteristic of the Idi Amin regime in Uganda, between 1971 and 1979, was the terrorizing and murder of Ugandan citizens by representatives of their government. At last, the Amin regime was overturned, and Milton Obote returned to the presidency in 1980. About how many Ugandan citizens were killed in political strife between 1980 and 1984?
- a A handful, if any
- b Possibly a few hundred
- c About 100,000

20. Which of these African countries has the greatest percentage of its people in exile?
Guinea
Nigeria
Kenya
Ethiopia

21. What country's motto is "The Love of Liberty Brought Us Here"?

22. The general greeting in Botswana is *pula*. What does this mean? Hint: Most of Botswana's territory is in the Kalahari Desert.

23. Many of black Africa's countries are now named from their indigenous languages: Nigeria, Sierra Leone, and so on. Right?

24. What city was the capital of the British South Africa Company?

25. What are the "rift valleys" of Africa?

26. What characteristic of Africa vis-à-vis South America was noticed so early by explorers that Francis Bacon mentioned it in the 1620s?

27. Where is Gondwana Land?

28. Why are there so few mountains in Africa? (Hint: It has to do with plate tectonics.)

29. Black Africa (another term for Africa south of the Sahara) contains about 8 percent of the world's population (360 million people or more). But it has an even more impressive share of something else—a full third of the world's _____. Fill in the blank.

30. Africa has a rich heritage of folklore, poetry, art objects, buildings, law codes, and habits of social behavior, and Africa may have been the very cradle of humankind itself. Yet among the ignorant, the cultures of Black Africa are sometimes denigrated as impoverished or uncreative. Can you explain this?

31. Here is Africa, in the tropics, with an ocean on each side, and yet there is drought across much of the continent. How can this be?

32. Here is Africa, colonized centuries ago by the most advanced civilizations of Europe, and yet most of its people are still subsistence farmers in remote villages. Why?

33. There is a single tiny creature—some people even joke about it—that prevents vast areas of Africa from being usable as cattle range. What creature is this?

34. Salt and ivory. Explain what these products had to do with the trading patterns of western Africa before the Europeans arrived.

35. What caused the west African savannah cities like Tombouctu to lose influence to newer coastal cities? Hint: Think about what was being traded.

36. If Africans themselves owned slaves before Europeans got into the slave trade—and they did—what was so terrible about the Europeans doing it too?

37. When the Europeans colonized Africa, each country developed a different style of rule. Match the country with its method:

1 Britain	**a** Paternalism
2 Belgium	**b** Indirect rule
3 France	**c** Exploitation
4 Portugal	**d** Assimilation

38. Why are the countries of Africa that you see on maps shaped the way they are?

39. Can you name the literary-philosophical movement that focuses on the virtues of blackness and on African cultural history and that was born not in Africa but rather in France and the Caribbean?

40. What is a "periodic market"?

41. Kenya and Tanzania are adjacent countries on the Indian Ocean. One has its population, most of whom are subsistence farmers, spread throughout the territory; is socialistic; has many different ethnic groups; has integrated them all into the country's economic and social life; and has managed to attain relative political stability. The other has much of its population concentrated in a core area that is relatively prosperous; is capitalistic; has a larger gross national product than the first country; is largely controlled by one ethnic group, the Kikuyu; and has great gaps between economic classes. Can you tell which is which?

42. In Nairobi, who are the *Wa-Benzi?*

43. A single country in southern Africa has more white inhabitants than all other countries in Black Africa combined. Which country is this?

44. In terms of resources, what is the richest country in all Sub-Saharan Africa?

45. In southern Africa, what country is entirely within the borders of another country?

46. In South Africa, what is the official name of apartheid?

SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA

1. **a** Tombouctu is in Mali.
   b Khartoum is in the Sudan.
2. Nigeria, with about 85 million people.
3. Sudan.
4. One of the countries bordering Lake Chad is Chad; the other three are Nigeria, Niger, and Cameroon.
5. 1–i
   2–f
   3–a
   4–a
   5–h
   6–g
   7–k
   8–b
   9–c
   10–b
   11–j
   12–l
   13–d/f
   14–e
   15–f
6. The Blue Nile and the White Nile join at Khartoum, in the Sudan, to form the fabled Nile. The Blue Nile begins in Lake Tana, in the Ethiopian highlands. The White Nile tumbles out of Lake Victoria in Uganda, and nearly dries up in the great swampland of southern Sudan, the Sudd, before it joins the Blue Nile.
7. The Switzerland of Africa is Swaziland.
8. The Guinea Coast, particularly regions of modern Nigeria, Ghana, and Ivory Coast provided many slaves to North America. Mozambique and the Congo-Angola Coast shipped people chiefly to Brazil.
9. In these countries, there are more women wage earners than men.

10. Schweitzer built his hospital in present-day Gabon, on the Atlantic coast of Africa. Today Gabon is third only to Namibia and South Africa in the number of hospital beds, with more than 600 per 100,000 persons—a rate comparable to that of western Europe.
11. In the early 1980s, in all of Black Africa between the Mediterranean countries and South Africa, food production per capita was only 80 percent of what it was in the early 1960s.
12. The Mbuti Pygmies of Zaire's Ituri Forest are smaller than other people, to be sure, with men averaging four feet eight inches and women four feet six inches. They are at least as "primitive" as any other group of people on earth. They have the fewest lines and ridges in their fingerprints. Anthropologists do not know what this means, if anything. By the time an Mbuti woman is twenty-five, she will have walked, barefoot and heavily loaded, a distance equal to the circumference of the earth.
13. Uganda, a country of beautiful green hills, but murderous modern politics.
14. As the Bechuanaland Protectorate, Botswana was administered by the British from Mafeking in South Africa. A new capital, Gaborone, was built in 1966 when Botswana became independent.
15. Egypt, Ethiopia, Liberia, and South Africa were UN members from the start.
16. Nigeria exports more oil than any other African country. It has large deposits beneath the Niger River delta.
17. The southern region of the Sudan would like to be independent. The people here are quite unlike the Islamic, Arabic majority of the country. They are black, Christian or animist, and not adapted—or interested in becoming adapted—to the desert life of the rest of the Sudan.
18. The provinces of Tigre and Eritrea in the north of Ethiopia would love to be separate. These are Islamic, Saharan lands, quite unlike the Amharic, humid highlands of the country's central region, which surrounds the capital.
19. The answer is *c;* at least 100,000 Ugandan civilians have been killed since Amin's downfall. Obote is gone again, and a new military government is trying to sort things out, again.
20. This is hard to answer, because nearly every African country has exiles, and many of them harbor exiles. Political refugees seem to be everywhere. But the probable winner (or loser) is Guinea, a former French colony in West Africa where, during the reign of Sekou Toure (1958–85), about 1.5 million or fully one-fifth of the population left. Toure operated some of the world's worst political prisons.
21. Liberia was founded in western Africa in 1822 by freed American slaves. Slave descendants became an elite aristocracy who ruled the country, with the help of American business interests, for more than 150 years.
22. *Pula* means "rain," and any greeting is a fervent wish for some. The Botswana government has named its unit of currency the *pula*.
23. Some African nations now carry true African names. But most of the names are recent corruptions of colonizers' names, which in turn were corruptions of African words: Zambia, after the Zambezi River; Nigeria, after the Niger River; Namibia, after the Namib Desert. Sierra Leone is European also. *Serra lyoa* was the name Portuguese navigators gave to the thunderstorms that roared out of the region's low mountains.
24. Salisbury, Rhodesia, was the capital of the British South Africa Company. It is now called Harare, Zimbabwe.
25. The rift valleys are huge trenches, usually running north-south, that formed when the earth's crust cracked and portions of it sank to become valleys. They run from Swaziland in the south to the far northern end of the Red Sea. Some, like Lake Nyasa, are filled with water.
26. Bacon, and others, noticed very early that the shape of Africa's west coast looked very much as if it would match the shape of South America's east coast if the two were pushed together—or as if they had once been together. This fact, coupled with many others (including the existence of the rift valleys), helped scientists develop the theory of plate tectonics.
27. Gondwana Land no longer exists. It was not a country, but a supercontinent (also known as Gondwana) that is thought to have existed, with Africa as its central core, before the southern continents as we know them began to drift apart. South America moved away to the west and south, India moved to the northeast, Australia to the east. Africa itself apparently moved a little to the north from its initial position nearer Antarctica. This movement appears to be continuing.
28. Africa indeed has few mountains, and those few it has are often individual volcanic ones, rather than great buckled ranges. The reason, once again, is the

drifting continents. As the other continents moved, they folded and buckled upward, the way a towel would if you tried to push it along a carpet. This made mountains. Since Africa was the place from which other continents drifted away, it has few mountains.

29. Black Africa contains fully a third of the countries of the world.

30. Besides racism, the main reason many people are ignorant of Black Africa's cultural richness and contributions is that Africa has an oral tradition, rather than a written one, so that beyond a certain point, little written history exists.

31. Africa is often dry because rainfall in most places is not great. Rainfall in much of the continent is concentrated in short seasons with long dry spells in between. The heat evaporates much of the rain that does fall so that it cannot be used by plants. Great tropical forests are widespread only in the Zaire basin.

32. Most Africans are still subsistence farmers in villages. This is because the colonizers never intended to modernize Africa, only to exploit its resources. Life for most Africans who were not enslaved or brought to work for Europeans went on unchanged.

33. The tsetse fly infests great areas of tropical Africa, preventing them from being used to grow cattle. The fly is dangerous to humans as well, because it carries African sleeping sickness.

34. Salt is plentiful in the north of Africa, but farther south climates are too humid for deposits to form. Elephants lived in the south, but not in the arid north. People from these different environments traded commodities back and forth, also trading ideas and establishing cultural links. People of the savannah areas in between created entire cities to facilitate this trade. These cities were hubs of commerce and education. But times have changed, and the name of one such city is today a symbol of remoteness and isolation: Tombouctu.

35. The sort of trading that Tombouctu existed to facilitate began to die out when a more profitable trading began: the trade in slaves. For this, coastal cities arose, and the interior declined.

36. The Africans owned slaves differently. For one thing, only a few Africans were rich enough to have them. They treated them well, kept slave families together, permitted marriage, generally provided decent quarters, and made them part of the family. Furthermore, the total number of slaves was very small. What the Arabs and Africans did in collaboration with the whites was to kidnap millions of Africans—perhaps as many as 30 million—allow many of them to die miserably, and then mistreat virtually all the rest.

37. The British method of ruling its African colonies was *indirect rule*. They left the native power structure relatively intact and simply coopted it, ruling through puppet chieftains, who collaborated with the Crown. The Belgians were *paternalistic*, tutoring Africans in European ways as if they were very slow children who were not expected to catch up ever. The French wanted the Africans to *become* French, making the colonies part of overseas France and cramming them with French cultural values and the French way of life. The Portuguese simply *exploited* the African territories, not even pretending to give anything back.

38. The size, shape, and composition of today's African countries have very little relation to the cultures or geography of that continent. They were created by Europeans for their convenience, and after a lot of haggling during which no African was represented, at a conference in Berlin in 1884. The Europeans simply chopped Africa into pieces and handed it out, splitting tribal territories the way the slavers had split families and with as little regard for the long-term effects of their greed and insensitivity. We see these effects today. Or, as one geographer, Harm J. de Blij, puts it, "The African politico-geographical map is a permanent liability resulting from three months of ignorant, greedy acquisitiveness during Europe's insatiable search for minerals and markets."

39. Negritude is the name of the literary-philosophical movement that began among black scholars and writers abroad. One of its leaders, Leopold Senghor, eventually became president of Senegal.

40. A periodic market is a market that takes place at regular intervals—say every three or nine days—in different places in rotation. This African institution is a kind of floating flea market. It serves also as social center and grapevine. Moving the market periodically allows different neighborhoods to gain the profits and benefits of being its host.

41. The first country is Tanzania and the second is Kenya.

42. The *Wa-Benzi*, in Nairobi, are that class of people who own and drive expensive automobiles.

43. South Africa has more whites than all other Black African countries combined. But whites are still vastly in the minority there. Of its 29 million people, 21

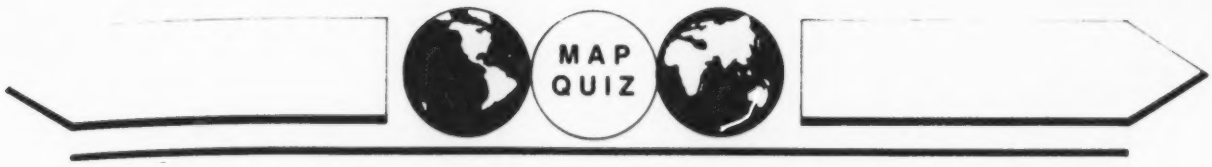
million are Africans and only 4.5 million are white. The rest are "Coloureds" (2.5 million, of mixed white and African ancestry) and Asians (1 million, mostly of Indian ancestry).

44. South Africa is the richest country in Sub-Saharan Africa—by far.

45. The country of Lesotho is entirely within the country of South Africa. But while South Africa is very rich, mountainous Lesotho is very poor.

46. The official name of apartheid is "separate development."

SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA



SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA

ate the following on the accompanying map of Sub-haran Africa (countries are marked with letters; cities with numbers; rivers, lakes, and mountains with double letters):

South Africa _____
Kenya _____
Zaire _____
Madagascar _____
Congo/Zaire River _____
Angola _____
Zambia _____
Nile River _____
Nigeria _____
Ethiopia _____
Sudan _____
Gabon _____
Dakar _____
Lake Nyasa _____
Chad _____
Niger River _____
Lake Victoria _____
Ivory Coast _____
Monrovia _____
Johannesburg _____
Tanzania _____
Somalia _____
Dar es Salaam _____
Zimbabwe _____
Central African Republic _____
Zambezi River _____
Vaal River _____
Khartoum _____
Mozambique _____
Antananarivo _____
Kano _____
Mali _____
Namibia _____
Conakry _____
Bangui _____
Gaborone _____
Nairobi _____
Accra _____
Luanda _____

SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA MAP QUIZ

South Africa **A**
Kenya **L**
Zaire **I**
Madagascar **F**
Congo/Zaire River **aa**
Angola **H**
Zambia **G**
Nile River **cc**
Nigeria **T**
Ethiopia **N**
Sudan **P**
Gabon **R**
Dakar **4**

Lake Nyasa **dd**
Chad **Y**
Niger River **ff**
Lake Victoria **gg**
Ivory Coast **W**
Monrovia **5**
Johannesburg **2**
Tanzania **K**
Somalia **M**
Dar es Salaam **6**
Zimbabwe **D**
Central African Republic **Q**
Zambezi River **hh**

Vaal River **bb**
Khartoum **7**
Mozambique **E**
Antananarivo **14**
Kano **9**
Mali **Z**
Namibia **B**
Conakry **15**
Bangui **16**
Gaborone **17**
Nairobi **11**
Accra **10**
Luanda **18**

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from When Hippo Was Hairy and Other Tales from Africa

Told by Nick Greaves

In the Beginning...

The Bushman believes that the Creator made the earth and then the plants upon it. Next, He thought up the many different animals which were to live in the world.

Striking a huge baobab tree, He caused the animals to walk into the light of day for the first time. As each one appeared through a great rent in the tree's roots, He named it and gave it a place to live. Even though He was assisted by Mantis, who was a super-being and the Creator's helper, the animals took a long time to come out of the tree and be named. Last of all came man.

By then, there was only one role left in the great scheme of things, so the Creator and Mantis assigned this place to the Bushman — that of Hunter-Gatherer. The Bushman fulfilled his designated role faithfully, living in close harmony with the animals, birds and the plants upon the earth.

Though the details of this story vary from tribe to tribe, they all record that the animals came before man.

According to Swazi folklore, animals all lived together in peace before the coming of man, and only when he finally appeared, did predation, or meat-eating, spread through the world. Man preyed upon beast; beasts then preyed upon their former friends — even the reptiles and birds copied the deadly example of man. With the coming of man into the world, so fear was born.

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Why Giraffe and the Oxpecker are Good Friends

(A Bushman legend)

In ancient times before the coming of man, when all the animals lived together peacefully, a huge bushfire swept through the land, started by a bolt of lightning. The tinder dry grass burst into flames and the strong winds that are common before the rainy season, quickly spread a wall of flames from horizon to horizon. Unable to do anything to put it out, the animals fled in panic before the deadly flames.

A pair of oxpeckers had made their nest in a hole in a tree trunk and had just hatched out their chicks, but the tree stood in the path of the advancing flames. The oxpeckers pleaded with the passing animals to help them rescue their little chicks, but they took no notice as they ran from the deadly flames.

Just when the desperate oxpeckers were about to give up hope, the kind giraffe came along and seeing the birds so distressed asked what was wrong. "Oh Giraffe," the oxpeckers wailed, "Our nest will soon be burned and our chicks with it. Please carry it away from the fire for us."

Giraffe took pity on the oxpeckers in their dreadful plight and rushed to the tree through the dense smoke and the flying sparks. Because of his long legs and neck, Giraffe was able to reach to the top of the tree

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and pluck the nest and the young fledglings from the hole and carry them to safety.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, kind Giraffe," said the much relieved oxpeckers, "How can we ever repay you for your kindness?"

"That will be quite easy," replied the Giraffe, "I am always troubled by ticks. If you like you can ride on my back and pick the ticks off for me."

"We will gladly do this service for you for ever and ever," replied the overjoyed oxpeckers.

Today, if you go into the African bush you will nearly always see oxpeckers

riding along on Giraffe, crawling over his neck, flanks and even into his ears, meticulously keeping their promise.

Why the Giraffe has a Long Neck

(An East African story)

In the beginning, the Creator gave Giraffe the same legs and neck as all the other animals; in fact Giraffe resembled some of the larger antelope such as Eland and Kudu.

All was well until one year a terrible drought afflicted the land. All the animals began to go hungry, as the best grazing and browsing were eaten. All that remained were the bitter tufts of yellowed turpentine grass and dry, shriveled twigs. There was great competition among the animals and they had to walk many weary miles each day between feeding areas and the few remaining waterholes. In times like these, only the fittest and strongest of the animals could survive.

One day, Giraffe met his friend Rhino out on the scorched plains where the dust-devils whirled and the horizon shimmered in the terrible heat. They trudged wearily along the trail back to the waterhole, and as they walked they complained about the hard times and the lack of food.

"Ah, my friend," said Giraffe, "See how there are too many animals searching out here on the plains — all they do is trample the remaining grass into the dust. And yet look at those tall acacia trees over there."

"OOMPHhh," said Rhino. (He wasn't — and still isn't — a very gifted talker.)

"How lovely it would be," continued Giraffe, "to be able to reach the topmost branches, where the tender green leaves are. Now there you have plenty of food, but I can't climb trees and I don't suppose you could either."

Rhino agreed, squinting nearsightedly up at the beautiful canopy of thick green leaves. "Perhaps," he said, "we could see the Man-Magician." He paused. "He's very wise and powerful." And he nibbled a dry twig, thinking.

"What a good idea!" said Giraffe, "Which way, old friend? Do you think he could help us?" And the two friends set off into the sunset, stopping on the way for a quick drink at the muddy waterhole.

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After a long and tiring walk through the night and half-way through the next day, Rhino and Giraffe finally found the dwelling of the witchdoctor and explained their problem.

The Man-Magician laughed and said, "Oh, that is fairly easy. Come here tomorrow at noon and I will give you both a magic herb to eat. It will make your legs and your necks grow so long, that you will be able to reach the tree tops!"

The Man-Magician busied himself preparing his magic, and Giraffe and Rhino, both greatly excited, went back to the waterhole.

The next day, only Giraffe was at the witchdoctor's hut at the arranged time. Poor dimwitted Rhino had found a patch of nice green grass which had somehow escaped the notice of the other animals. And, quite forgetting about his noon appointment, he was greedily tucking into his unexpected meal.

After waiting for some time for Rhino to appear, the Man-Magician finally grew impatient. He gave Giraffe all of the magic herbs and disappeared into the shade of his hut. Giraffe ate them all up, and as soon as he had finished, he felt the strangest tingling feeling in his legs and neck. He blinked. The ground was getting further away! What a funny feeling!

Giraffe closed his eyes in half-fear, half-giddiness. Then he opened them again. Oh, how the world had changed! He was high up in the air, he could see for miles! He looked down at his long, long legs and his long, long neck, and smiled. The magic had worked wonderfully well. And there, level with his eyes and not two paces away, was the thick green canopy of a tall acacia tree.

Eventually Rhino remembered where he was supposed to be, and trotted hurriedly up to the witchdoctor's hut. He was too late. He saw the new tall, elegant giraffe browsing from the tree tops to his heart's content, free from the competition of all the other animals. When the Man-Magician told him that there was no magic herb left, Rhino lost his temper. Thinking that the Man-Magician had tricked him, he lowered his great sharp horn and charged, chasing him a long way into the bush.

Some say that to this day, Rhino is always very bad-tempered, and chases people whenever he is reminded of the Giraffe's greatest gift, his long beautiful neck.

The Giraffe in the Sky

(An ancient Bushman legend)

At the very beginning of time, say the Bushmen, the Sun did not know its way around the heavens. Giraffe had a habit of staring curiously at everything, and so the Creator thought that it would be a good idea to give Giraffe the task of watching over the Sun, so that it didn't go astray.

Giraffe took his job very seriously. (Indeed, he was so good at it that the Sun never again took a wrong turn.) The Creator was very proud of Giraffe, and He decided to honor him. He rearranged a few stars so that they made a giraffe shape in the sky, and you can still see it to this day.

The Bushmen call the pattern Tutwa (Giraffe), and use it to guide them when they travel at night. English-speaking people call Tutwa the Southern Cross, and use it as a guide, too.

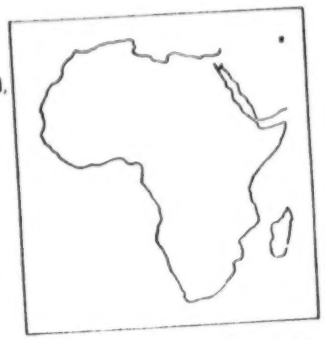
FACTS ABOUT GIRAFFES

SPECIES:

GIRAFFE *(Giraffa camelopardalis)*

Males mainly solitary; females form small, loose herds of up to 20.

	Male	Female
Height (total)	18 ft	16 ft
Weight	2640 lb	1980 lb
Weight at Birth	220 lb	220 lb
Age at Weaning	6 months	6 months
Age at Maturity	5 years	4 years
Gestation Period	—	15 months
Number of Young	—	1
Lifespan	20 years	20 years



Identification No animal could be easier to identify than the giraffe, with its enormously long neck. It is the tallest animal in the world, reaching up to 18 feet (5.5 m). It has seven vertebrae in the neck, the same as other mammals,

Refugee Mother and Child

No Madonna and Child could touch
that picture of a mother's tenderness
for a son she soon will have to forget.

The air was heavy with odours
of diarrhoea of unwashed children
with washed-out ribs and dried-up
bottoms struggling in laboured
steps behind blown empty bellies. Most
mothers there had long ceased
to care but not this one; she held
a ghost smile between her teeth
and in her eyes the ghost of a mother's
pride as she combed the rust-coloured
hair left on his skull and then –
singing in her eyes – began carefully
to part it . . . In another life this
would have been a little daily
act of no consequence before his
breakfast and school; now she
did it like putting flowers
on a tiny grave.

Chinua Achebe

Discussion

1 How do you know that the child is going to die? What phrases does Achebe use to tell us this? Why are these phrases so effective?
2 What does the poem tell us of Achebe's thinking and feeling about the situation he describes?

Written work

Most of us have seen newsreel coverage of camps of the starving. Does this poem create the same kind of effect? Comment on the similarities and the differences between this poem and a news item describing a similar scene. How does each attract the attention and then create a reaction in the reader or viewer? Be specific.

FROM TRADEWINDS: CHINESE, INDIAN, PAKISTINI
AFRICAN, CARIBBEAN POETRY IN ENGLISH

EDITED BY RB HEATH (Longman, 1989)

SONG OF LAWINO by Okot p'Bitek

Chapter Three - I Do Not Know the Dances of the White People

It is true
I am ignorant of the dances of
foreigners
And how they dress
I do not know.
Their games I cannot play,
I only know the dances of our
people.

I cannot dance the rumba,
My mother taught me
The beautiful dances of Acoli.
I do not dance the dances of
White People.
I will not deceive you,
I cannot dance the shamba!
You once saw me at the orak
dance
The dance for youths
The dance of our People.

When the drums are throbbing
And the black youths
Have raised much dust
You dance with vigour and
health
You dance naughtily with pride
You dance with spirit,
You compete, you insult, you
provoke
You challenge all!
And the eyes of the young men
beome red!

The son of a man
And the daughter of a man
Shine forth in the arena.
Slave boys and girls
Dance differently from true-
borns.

You dance with confidence
And you sing
Provocative songs,
Insulting and abusive songs
Songs of praise
Sad songs of broken loves
Songs about shortage of cattle.
Most of the songs make
someone angry.

It is danced in broad daylight
In the open,
You cannot hide anything,
Bad stomachs that have swollen
up,
Skin diseases on the buttocks
Small breasts that have just
emerged,
And large ones full of boiling
milk,
Are clearly seen in the arena,
Breasts that are tired
And are about to fall,

Weak and bony chests of
weaklings
Strong lion chests
Large scars on the thighs

Beautiful tattoos below the belly
button
Tattoos that have become sores
on the chest;

All parts of the body
Are shown in the arena!
Health and liveliness
Are shown in the arena!

When the daughter of the Bull
Enters the arena
She does not stand here
Like stale beer that does not
sell,
She jumps here
She jumps there.
When you touch her
She says "Don't touch me!"

The tattoos on her chest
Are like palm fruits,
The tattoos on her back
Are like stars on a black night;
Her eyes sparkle like the
fireflies,
Her breasts are ripe
Like the full moon.
When the age-mate of her
brother sees them,

When, by accident,
The eyes of her lover
Fall on her breasts
Do you think the young man
sleeps?
Do you know what fire eats his
inside?

It is true, Ocol
I cannot dance the ballroom
dance.
Being held so tightly
I feel ashamed,
Being held so tightly in public
I cannot do it,
It looks shameful to me!

They come to dance dead
drunk
They drink white men's drinks
As well as waragi.
They close their eyes,
And they do not sing as they
dance,
They dance silently like wizards.

Each man has a woman
Although she is not his wife,
They dance inside a house
And there is no light.
Shamelessly, they hold each
other
Tightly, tightly,
They cannot breathe!

Women lie on the chests of men
They prick the chests of their
men
With their breasts
They prick the chests of their
men
With the cotton nests
On their chests.

You kiss her on the cheek
As white people do,

You kiss her open-sore lips

As white people do,
You suck slimy saliva
From each other's mouths

As white people do.

And the lips of the men become
bloody
With blood dripping from the
red-hot lips;
Their teeth look
As if they have been boxed in
the mouth.

Women throw their arms
Around the necks of their
partnérs
And put their cheeks
On the cheeks of their men.
Men hold the waists of the
women
Tightly, tightly...

And as they dance
Knees touch knees;
And when the music has stopped
Men put their hands in the
trouser-pockets...

My husband laughs at me
Because I cannot dance white
men's dances;
He despises Acoli dances
He nurses stupid ideas
That the dances of his People
Are sinful, That they are mortal sins.

I am completely ignorant
Of the dances of foreigners
And I do not like it.
Holding each other
Tightly, tightly
In public,
I cannot.
I am ashamed.
Dancing without a song
Dancing silently like wizards,
Without respect, drunk...

If someone tries
To force me to dance this
dance
I feel like hanging myself
Feet first!

I wish I could become
A meteorite
And I would know
Where to fall!

Chapter headings for Song of Lawino

Chapter One - My Husband's Tongue is Bitter (topic: husband's western views)

Chapter Two - The Woman With Whom I Share My Husband (topic: the westernized African woman)

Chapter Three - I Do Not Know the Dances of White People

Chapter Four - My Name Blew Like a Horn Among the Payira (topic: Ocol's neglect)

Chapter Five - The Giraffee Cannot Become the Monkey (topic: Acoli hair styles vs. western hairstyles)

Chapter Six - The Mother Stone Alone Has a Hollow Stomach (topic: Acoli food vs. western food)

Chapter Seven - There is No Fixed Time for Brest Feeding (topic: western concept of time vs. traditional culture's concept of time)

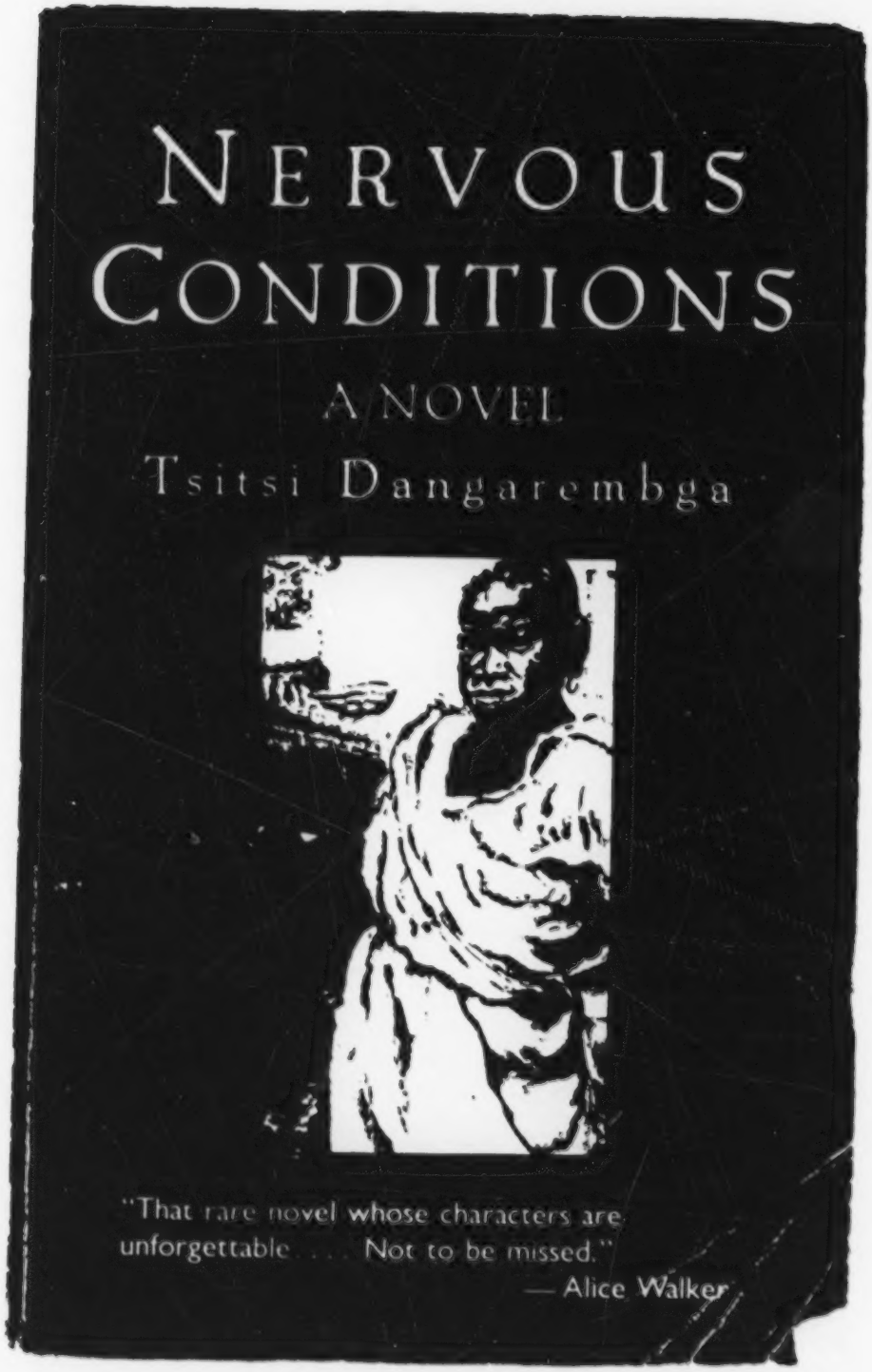
Chapter Eight - I am Ignorant of the Good Word in the Clean Book (topic: religious beliefs)

Chapter Nine - From the Mouth of Which River (topic: questions about religion)

Chapter Ten - The Last Safari to Pagak (topic: traditional medicine vs. western)

Chapter Eleven - The Buffalos of Poverty Knock the People Down (topic: politics)

Chapter Twelve - My Husband's House is a Dark Forest (topic: western education vs. traditional education)


NERVOUS CONDITIONS
A NOVEL
Tsitsi Dangarembga
"That rare novel whose characters are unforgettable . . . Not to be missed."
— Alice Walker

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A brilliant debut by Zimbabwe's Tsitsi Dangarembga, this is both a moving story of a girl's coming of age and a compelling narrative of the devastating human loss involved in the colonization of one culture by another.

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"*Nervous Conditions* is that rare novel whose characters are unforgettable. Tambu and Nyasha, its most fascinating pair, are women on the threshold of understanding almost too much about the bitter reality of women's lives in modern Africa. Yet, they persist in their determination to be both free Africans and free women in a patriarchal society that is decidedly unhappy with this commendable daring.

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